THE

WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS;

WITH

HIS LIFE,

BY

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

"HIGH CHIEF of Scottish Song!
That could'st alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong;
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage."

CAMPBELL.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

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TO

JOHN LOCH, ESQ.

LATE CHAIRMAN

OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY,

THIS EDITION

OF

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF

ROBERT BURNS

IS

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

NOTICE.

My work is now done; and I am not unconscious of having given to the world the most complete and elegant edition which has hitherto appeared of the Works of Robert Burns. Nor do I claim much merit in having done so: to trace his fortunes, and arrange and illustrate his works was to me a pleasure rather than a toil. My knowledge of the domestic manners, feelings, and opinions of the husbandmen and mechanics of Scotland, and my acquaintance with all that pertains to the plough, the loom, the anvil, the axe, the mallet and the mill, rendered the labour light. Yet no one deficient in such intelligence may hope to write the Life, and edite the Works of Burns with success: he is essentially the Poet of human nature, as it is seen in the cottagers of Scotland, among whom he has diffused more happiness than any other bard of these our later days. He is the chief too of the Peasant, or native school of British Song, and as such is entitled to the services, as well as homage, of a humble follower.

In this equally agreeable and necessary labour, I have had difficulties to contend with unknown to those who can afford to make literature the business

of their lives. I live remote from the land of Burns, and am consequently cut off from all such information as personal application might hope to collect on the Nith and the Ayr: but the kindness of friends, not a few of whom the first volume procured for me, has more perhaps than compensated for my absence; and so successful has been their enquiries that I am willing to believe little is left dark or mystical in either the Life or Works of the Poet.

In editing the productions of one who wrote freely, and sometimes fiercely, I have given pain I fear to the over-sensitive; but I never wantonly offended—nay, I have been mild where I might have been stern, had sternness been necessary. One gentleman, indeed, complains that I have injuriously classed him with fiddlers and bagpipers: but surely the Editor of The Scottish Melodies might have remembered to whom Burns ascribes the renovation of northern music, and felt comforted.

> "A royal ghaist that had been cased
> A prisoner eighteen year awa',
> He fir'd a fiddler in the north,
> That dang them tapselteerie O."

As the work proceeded, I intimated to whose kindness I was indebted for original letters, verses, anecdotes, and other valuable intelligence:* some names I am not authorized to give, and I regret this the more since I feel that their communications were valuable. I ought sooner perhaps to have stated that George H. King, Esq. supplied me not

only with verse and prose from the pen of Burns, but likewise with useful information respecting the intercourse between the poet and one of his earliest friends, Gavin Hamilton, of Mossgiel. Nor should the kind and useful communications of Gabriel Neil, Esq., or of William Gardner, Esq., be forgotten. To that distinguished scholar, E. H. Barker, Esq., I owe the use of a volume, containing many valuable remarks on the works of Burns, by the late Rev. Mark Noble: to the kindness of Mr. Burn, I am indebted for the use of Dr. Currie's manuscript of the correspondence with George Thomson, which offers many interesting and curious variations: to Mr. James Cochrane for presenting me with the original MS. of The Cottar's Saturday Night, and other works of the immortal Bard: while, to Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq., the historian of Scotland, I owe the use of sundry of the Poet's manuscripts, which enabled me to correct the text, and supply the blanks in various passages. The Public Press too has been kind and liberal: Editors, north and south, have encouraged and commended my undertaking: nor have I hesitated to profit by their remarks, and avail myself of their emendations.

The genius of Hill has added largely to the beauty and value of the work: poetic subjects have been poetically treated, and a visible grace and elegance communicated to scenes dear to all lovers of the Muse.

Few seasons pass without removing some of the personal friends and familiars of Burns. Dr. Maxwell died lately at Edinburgh in ripe old age :—he generously attended the Poet, free of all expense, during his last illness, and aided liberally in promoting the happiness of the widow and her helpless children. To him the Poet bequeathed the pistols (now the property of the Editor) which he carried in his expeditions against the smugglers on the Solway, and of which he thus wrote to Blair of Birmingham, who made them : "I have tried them, and will say for them what I would not say of the bulk of mankind,—they are an honour to their maker" I take leave of the subject in rhymes which though homely are sincere.

My task is ended—fareweel, Robin!
My prentice muse stands sad and sobbin'
To think thy country kept thee scrubbin'
Her barmy barrels,
Of strains immortal mankind robbin',
And thee of laurels.

Let learning's Greekish grubs cry humph!
Hot zealots groan, cold critics grumph,
And ilka starr'd and garter'd sumph
Yawn, hum and ha;
In glory's pack thou art a trumph,
And sweeps them a'.

Round thee flock'd scholars mony a cluster,
And dominies came in a fluster,
In words three span lang 'gan they bluster
Of classic models,
Of Tully's light and Virgil's lustre,
And shook their noddles,

Ye laugh'd, and muttering, "Learning! d—n her!"
Stood bauldly up, but start or stammer
Wi' Nature's fire for lore and grammar,
And classic rules,
Crush'd them as Thor's triumphant hammer
Smash'd paddock stools.

And thou wert right and they were wrang—
The sculptor's toil, the poet's sang,
In Greece and Rome frae nature sprang,
And bauld and free,
In sentiment and language strang
They spake like thee.

Thy muse came like a giggling taupie
Dancing her lane; her sangs sae sappy
Cheer'd men like drink's inspiring drappie—
Then, grave and stern,
High moral truths sublime and happy
She made them learn.

Auld grey-beard Lear, wi' college lantern,
O'er rules of Horace stoitering, venturin',
At song, glides to oblivion saunterin'
And starless night;
Whilst thou, up cleft Parnassus canterin',
Lives on in light.

In light thou liv'st. While birds lo'e simmer,
Wild bees the blossom, buds the timmer,
And man lo'es woman—rosie limmer!
I'll prophecie
Thy glorious halo nought the dimmer
Will ever be.

For me—though both sprung from ae mother
I'm but a weakly young half brother,
Sae O! forgive my musing swither,
Mid toils benighted,
'Twas lang a wish that nought could smother
To see thee righted.

Frae Kyle, wi' music in her bowers;
Frae fairy glens, where wild Doon pours;
Frae hills, bedropp'd wi' sunny showers,
On Solway strand,
I've gather'd, Burns, thy scatter'd flowers
Wi' filial hand.

And O! bright and immortal Spirit,
If ought that lessens thy rare merit
I've utter'd—like a god thou'lt bear it,
Thou canst but know
Thy stature few or none can peer it
Now born below.

A. C.

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W. NICOL, 51, PALL-MALL, LONDON.

REMARKS

BY

BURNS

ON

SCOTTISH SONGS AND BALLADS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN;

WITH

ANECDOTES OF THEIR AUTHORS.

"There needs na' be so great a phrase
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wad na gi'e our ain Strathspeys
For half a hundred score o 'em :
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie ;
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum :
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their Allegroes, and a' the rest,
They cannot please a Scottish taste,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum."

Rev. John Skinner.



REMARKS

ON

SCOTTISH SONGS AND BALLADS

[THE following Strictures on Scottish Song exist in the hand-writing of Burns, in the interleaved copy of Johnson's Musical Museum, which the Poet presented to Captain Riddel, of Friar's Carse; on the death of Mrs. Riddel, these precious volumes passed into the hands of her niece, Eliza Bayley, of Manchester, who kindly permitted Mr. Cromek to transcribe and publish them in the Reliques.

Of this portion of the Reliques Sir Walter Scott observed, "The Strictures might have adorned with great propriety a second edition of the work in question, or any other collection of Scottish Songs: but separated from the verses to which they relate, how can any one be interested in learning that "Down the burn Davie" was the composition of David Maigh, keeper of the blood-hounds to the

laird of Riddel: that "Tarry Woo" was, in the opinion of Burns, a very pretty song; or even that "the author of "Polwarth on the Green" was Captain John Drummond Macgregor, of the family of Bochaldie." In the justice of these observations Mr. Cromek silently acquiesced, by publishing the Songs in two volumes, accompanied by the Remarks of Burns, and other information and anecdotes with which two journies to Scotland had supplied him. The same course will be followed in the present republication: a verse or two of the song will enable the reader to appreciate the accuracy of the Poet's strictures: nor will the editor hesitate to add now and then such intelligence of his own as may increase the interest of the note, or help to brighten what is obscure. Ed.]

THE HIGHLAND QUEEN.

This Highland Queen, music and poetry, was composed by Mr. McVicar, purser of the Solebay man of war.—This I had from Dr. Blacklock.

[Their Highland Majesties were happy in each other's love, and might therefore be less particular about the excellence of the strains in which they sung of their affections: here is a specimen.

He.

How blest that man whom gentle fate
Has destin'd for so fair a mate,
Has all these wond'ring gifts in store,
And each returning day brings more;
No youth so happy can be seen,
Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.

She.

Jamie, the pride of a' the green,
Is just my age, e'en gay fifteen:
When first I saw him 'twas the day
That ushers in the sprightly May;
Then first I felt love's powerful sting,
And sighed for my dear Highland King.

He.

No sordid wish, or trifling joy,
Her settled calm of mind destroy;
Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
And adds a lustre to the whole:
A matchless shape, a graceful mien,
All centre in my Highland Queen.]

BESS THE GAWKIE.

This song shews that the Scottish Muses did not all leave us when we lost Ramsay and Oswald, as I have good reason to believe that the verses and music are both posterior to the days of these two gentlemen. It is a beautiful song, and in the genuine Scots taste, We have few pastoral compositions, I mean the pastoral of nature, that are equal to this.

[Tradition ascribes the composition of this song to William Morehead, the minister of Urr, in Galloway: he was a maker of verses, and falling under the lash of Burns, avenged himself by some satiric lines which have much ill nature but no wit. Oswald was a music-seller in London, where he published a collection of Scottish tunes, called "The Caledonian's Pocket Companion;" Tytler, in his treatise on music, observes, that his genius in composition was natural and pathetic. The song of Bess the Gawkie gives a lively image of the northern manners;

Blythe young Bess to Jean did say,
Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,
Where flocks do feed and herds do stray,
And sport awhile wi' Jamie?
Ah na, lass, I'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak nae care,
Nor about Jamie tak nae care,
For he's taen up wi' Maggy!

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
Did I not see your Jamie pass,
Wi' meikle gladness in his face,
  Out o'er the muir to Maggy.
I wat he gae her mony a kiss,
And Maggy took them ne'er amiss;
'Tween ilka smack, pleas'd her with this,
  That Bess was but a gawkie.

In the midst of the conversation Jamie makes his appearance.

But whisht!—nae mair of this we'll speak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet;
Instead of Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,
  I trow he likes the gawkie.
O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
When I came by, your gown sae new,
I think you've got it wat wi' dew;
  Quoth she, that's like a gawkie.]

OH, OPEN THE DOOR, LORD GREGORY.

It is somewhat singular, that in Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, Wigton, Kirkcudbright, and Dumfries-shires, there is scarcely an old song or tune which, from the title, &c. can be guessed to belong to, or be the production of these counties. This, I conjecture, is one of these very few; as the ballad, which is a long one, is called both by tradition and in printed collections, "The Lass of Lochroyan," which I take to be Lochroyan, in Galloway.

[The song in the Museum is a portion of the exquisite old ballad, "The Lass of Lochroyan."

Oh, open the door, Lord Gregory,
Oh, open and let me in;
The rain rains on my scarlet robes,
The sleet dreeps o'er my chin.

If you are the lass that I loved once,
As I trow you are not she,
Come gie me some of the tokens
That pass'd 'tween you and me.

The tokens were peculiar enough—they are intimated obliquely.

Ah, wae be to you, Gregory,
An ill death may you die;
You will not be the death of one,
But you'll be the death of three.]

THE BANKS OF THE TWEED.

This song is one of the many attempts that English composers have made to imitate the Scottish manner, and which I shall, in these strictures, beg leave to distinguish by the appellation of Anglo-Scottish productions. The music is pretty good, but the verses are just above contempt.

[The song, such as it is, has the form of a pastoral drama: a shepherdess sings of the object of her love: the swain hears, and is enraptured:—the strain concludes with the following verse:

For to visit my ewes, and to see my lambs play,
By the banks of the Tweed and the groves I did stray;
But my Jenny, dear Jenny, how oft have I sigh'd
And have vow'd endless love if you wou'd be my bride.

To the altar of Hymen, my fair one repair,
Where a knot of affection will tie the fond pair,
To the pipe's sprightly tones the gay dance we will lead,
And will bless the dear grove by the banks of the Tweed.]

THE BEDS OF SWEET ROSES.

This song, as far as I know, for the first time appears here in print.—When I was a boy, it was a very popular song in Ayrshire. I remember to have heard those fanatics, the Buchanites, sing some of their nonsensical rhymes, which they dignify with the name of hymns, to this air.

[With the Buchanites, tradition avers that Burns was more than well acquainted. A certain western damsel, with a light foot and an ensnaring eye, was captivated by the pictures of primitive enjoyment which "our lady" (so her followers called Mrs. Buchan) painted, and, leaving Kyle, united herself to the household of that singular fanatic. The poet, it is said, spent a whole day and night in an attempt to persuade the fair enthusiast to return: she preferred the multitude, and Burns returned to his plough and his poetry. Of the song of "The Beds of Sweet Roses" one verse will suffice:

"As I was a walking one morning in May,
The little birds were singing delightful and gay;
The little birds were singing delightful and gay;
Where I and my true love did often sport and play,
Down among the beds of sweet roses,
Where I and my true love did often sport and play,
Down among the beds of sweet roses."]

ROSLIN CASTLE.

THESE beautiful verses were the production of a Richard Hewit, a young man that Dr. Blacklock, to whom I am indebted for the anecdote, kept for some years as an amanuensis. I do not know who is the author of the second song to the tune. Tytler, in his amusing history of Scots music, gives the air to Oswald; but in Oswald's own collection of Scots tunes, where he affixes an asterisk to those he himself composed, he does not make the least claim to the tune.

[Richard Hewit, Ritson observes, was taken when a boy, during the residence of Dr. Blacklock in Cumberland, to lead him.—He addressed a copy of verses to the Doctor on quitting his service. Among the verses are the following lines:

" How oft these plains I've thoughtless prest;
Whistled or sung some fair distrest,
When fate would steal a tear."

" Alluding," as it said in a note, " to a sort of narrative songs, which make no inconsiderable part of the innocent amusements with which the country people pass the wintry nights, and of which the author of the present piece was a faithful rehearser."

ROSLIN CASTLE.

" 'Twas in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay.

Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung;
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring,
With rapture warms; awake and sing!
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song;
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
O! bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn!

O, hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song:
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms."]

SAW YE JOHNNIE CUMMIN? QUO' SHE.

This song for genuine humour in the verses, and lively originality in the air, is unparalleled. I take it to be very old.

["Saw ye Johnnie cummin? quo' she,
Saw ye Johnnie cummin,
O saw ye Johnnie cummin, quo' she;
Saw ye Johnnie cummin,
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie runnin, quo' she;
And his doggie runnin?

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;
Fee him, father, fee him:

For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel doin';
And a' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she;
Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, hussy?
What will I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gie him.
I hae twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gie him,
And for a mark of mair fee,
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she;
Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she;
Weel do I lo'e him:
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;
Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll haud the pleugh, thrash i' the barn,
And lie wi' me at e'en, quo' she;
Lie wi' me at e'en."]

CLOUT THE CALDRON.

A TRADITION is mentioned in the "Bee,' that the second Bishop Chisholm, of Dunblane, used to say, that if he were going to be hanged, nothing would soothe his mind so much by the way as to hear "Clout the Caldron" played.

I have met with another tradition,--that the old song to this tune

"Hae ye ony pots or pans,
Or onie broken chanlers,"

was composed on one of the Kenmure family, in

the cavalier times; and alluded to an amour he had, while under hiding, in the disguise of an itinerant tinker. The air is also known by the name of

"The Blacksmith and his Apron,"

which, from the rhythm, seems to have been a line of some old song to the tune.

[The song of "Clout the Caldron" is familiar to all who love native humour: it is still sung over the punch-bowl, and continues to exercise its old influence when sung as a gifted friend of the editor sings it, with true simplicity and pawkie naïveté:

"Hae ye ony pots or pans,
Or ony broken chanlers,
For I'm a tinker to my trade,
And newly come frae Flanders,
As scant o' siller as of grace,
Disbanded we've a bad run,
Gar tell the lady o' the place,
I'm come to clout her caldron."]

SAW YE MY PEGGY.

This charming song is much older, and indeed superior to Ramsay's verses, "The Toast," as he calls them. There is another set of the words, much older still, and which I take to be the original one, but though it has a very great deal of merit, it is not quite ladies' reading.

The original words, for they can scarcely be

called verses, seem to be as follows; a song familiar from the cradle to every Scottish ear,

"Saw ye my Maggie,
Saw ye my Maggie,
Saw ye my Maggie
Linkin o'er the lea?

High kilted was she,
High kilted was she,
High kilted was she,
Her coat aboon her knee.

What mark has your Maggie,
What mark has your Maggie,
What mark has your Maggie,
That ane may ken her be?"

Though it by no means follows that the silliest verses to an air must, for that reason, be the original song; yet I take this ballad, of which I have quoted part, to be old verses. The two songs in Ramsay, one of them evidently his own, are never to be met with in the fire-side circle of our peasantry; while that which I take to be the old song, is in every shepherd's mouth. Ramsay, I suppose, had thought the old verses unworthy of a place in his collection.

["Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Coming o'er the lea?
Sure a finer creature
Ne'er was form'd by nature,
So complete each feature,
So divine is she.

O! how Peggy charms me;
Every look still warms me;

Every thought alarms me;
  Lest she love nae me.
Peggy doth discover
Nought but charms all over;
Nature bids me love her,
  That's a law to me."]

THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

This song is one of the many effusions of Scots Jacobitism.—The title 'Flowers of Edinburgh,' has no manner of connexion with the present verses, so I suspect there has been an older set of words, of which the title is all that remains.

By the bye, it is singular enough that the Scottish Muses were all Jacobites.—I have paid more attention to every description of Scots songs than perhaps any body living has done, and I do not recollect one single stanza, or even the title of the most trifling Scots air, which has the least panegyrical reference to the families of Nassau or Brunswick; while there are hundreds satirizing them.—This may be thought no panegyric on the Scots Poets, but I mean it as such. For myself, I would always take it as a compliment to have it said, that my heart ran before my head,—and surely the gallant though unfortunate house of Stewart, the kings of our fathers for so many heroic ages, is a theme * * * *
* * * *

[Some one passed a pen through the remaining words of the sentence, and the poet's eulogium on our native race of Princes must remain imperfect. A verse or two of the Song will enable the reader to taste its spirit :

" My love was once a bonnie lad ;
He was the flow'r of a' his kin ;
The absence of his bonnie face
Has rent my tender heart in twain.
I day nor night find no delight—
In silent tears I still complain ;
And exclaim 'gainst those, my rival foes,
That hae taen frae me my darling swain.

Despair and anguish fill my breast
Since I have lost my blooming rose ·
I sigh and moan while others rest ;
His absence yields me no repose.
To seek my love I'll range and rove
Thro' every grove and distant plain ;
Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days
T' hear tidings from my darling swain."]

JAMIE GAY.

JAMIE Gay is another and a tolerable Anglo-Scottish piece.

[Of Jamie Gay it will be enough for all Scotsmen to quote the first line :

" As Jamie Gay gang'd blythe his way."

A Scottish bard would have written :

" As Jamie gay, gaed blythe his way·"]

MY DEAR JOCKIE.

Another Anglo-Scottish production.

[The lamentation of Jenny, though rather commonplace, seems very sincere. This is one of the many songs which are heard for a day or two in the streets and public places, and then become silent for ever. I add the first two verses of the lady's lament "For Jock and another Gentleman":

"My laddie is gane far away o'er the plain,
While in sorrow behind I am forced to remain.
Tho' blue bells and violets the hedges adorn,
Tho' trees are in blossom and sweet blows the thorn,
No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay;
There's nothing can please me now Jockey's away;
Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
'Haste, haste, my dear Jockey to me back again.'

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,
They dance and they sing, and they laugh and they chat,
Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
I can't, without envy, their merriment see:
Those pleasures offend me, my shepherd's not there!
No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share;
It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,
I wish my dear Jockey returned back again."]

FYE, GAE RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

It is self-evident that the first four lines of this song are part of a song more ancient than Ramsay's beautiful verses which are annexed to them. As music is the language of nature; and poetry, particularly songs, are always less or more localized (if I may be allowed the verb) by some of the modifications of time and place, this is the reason why so many of our Scots airs have outlived their original, and perhaps many subsequent sets of verses; except a single name, or phrase, or sometimes one or two lines, simply to distinguish the tunes by.

To this day among people who know nothing of Ramsay's verses, the following is the song, and all the song that ever I heard:

" Gin ye meet a bonie lassie,
 Gie her a kiss and let her gae;
But gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
 Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae.

Fye, gae rub her, rub her, rub her,
 Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae.
An' gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
 Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae."

[" Ramsay's spirited imitation," says Cromek, " of the '*Vides ut alta stet nive candidum, Socrate,*' of Horace,

is considered as one of the happiest efforts of the author's genius.—For a very elegant critique on the poem, and a comparison of its merits with those of the original, the reader is referred to Lord Woodhouselee's "*Remarks on the Writings of Ramsay.*"

"Look up to Pentland's tow'ring tap,
  Bury'd beneath great wreaths of snaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scar, and slap,
  As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their baws frae whins or tee,
  There's no nae gowfers to be seen,
Nor dousser fowk wysing a-jee
  The byass-bouls on Tamson's Green.

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
  And beek the house baith butt and ben,
That mutchkin stowp it hads but dribs,
  Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time,
  Then, lads and lasses, while it's May,
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
  Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes of delyte,
  When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
  On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

'Haith, ye're ill-bred,' she'll smiling say,
  'Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook,'
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
  And hide hersell in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place
  Where lies the happiness you want,
And plainly tells you to your face,
  Nineteen nay-says are haff a grant."

THE LASS O' LIVISTON.

THE old song, in three eight line stanzas, is well known, and has merit as to wit and humour; but it is rather unfit for insertion.—It begins,

" The bonie lass o' Liviston,
  Her name ye ken, her name ye ken,
And she has written in her contract,
  To lie her lane, to lie her lane."
&c. &c.

[The ancient strain, though a little wild in its language, was more natural than the song which took its place:

" Pain'd with her slighting Jamie's love,
  Bell dropt a tear, Bell dropt a tear;
The gods descended from above,
  Well pleased to hear, well pleased to hear.
They heard the praises of the youth
  From her own tongue, from her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth,
  And thus she sung, and thus she sung.

Bless'd days when our ingenuous sex,
  More frank and kind, more frank and kind,
Did not their loved adorers vex,
  But spoke their mind, but spoke their mind.
Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
  Would he return, would he return,
She ne'er again would give him care,
  Or cause to mourn, or cause to mourn."

The maiden owns her love so loudly that her lover hears her as well as the gods, and owns himself avenged and happy.]

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

RAMSAY found the first line of this song, which had been preserved as the title of the charming air, and then composed the rest of the verses to suit that line. This has always a finer effect than composing English words, or words with an idea foreign to the spirit of the old title. Where old titles of songs convey any idea at all, it will generally be found to be quite in the spirit of the air.

[There are fine verses in "The last time I came o'er the Moor," though some fastidious critics pronounce the song overwarm :

"Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chastely sporting,
We kiss'd and promised time away,
Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Even kings, when she was nigh me;
In rapture I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me;
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
And feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses."]

JOCKIE'S GRAY BREEKS.

Though this has certainly every evidence o. being a Scottish air, yet there is a well-known tune and song in the North of Ireland, called "The Weaver and his Shuttle O," which, though sung much quicker, is every note the very tune.

[I have heard older and more graphic verses than these sung to this air; but the rapturous language in which the lady indulged would scarcely be reckoned decorous in these our purer times. Burns, when a lad, wrote verses to the tune beginning, "My father was a Farmer upon the Carrick border." The song in the "Museum" is not without merit:

"He was a handsome fellow;
His humour was baith frank and free,
His bonny locks sae yellow,
Like gowd they glitter'd in my ee:—
His dimpl'd chin and rosy cheeks,
And face sae fair and ruddy;
And then a-days his gray breeks,
Was neither auld nor duddy.

But now they're threadbare worn,
They're wider than they wont to be;
They're tashed-like, and sair torn,
And clouted sair on ilka knee.
But gin I had a simmer's day,
As I have had right mony,
I'd make a web o' new gray,
To be breeks to my Johnny."]

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

ANOTHER, but very pretty, Anglo-Scottish piece.

[Four lines will make the reader sufficiently acquainted with the merits of this lyric:

"How blest has my time been, what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own;
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless and roving a pain."]

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

IN Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, this song is localized (a verb I must use for want of another to express my idea) somewhere in the north of Scotland, and likewise is claimed by Ayrshire.—The following anecdote I had from the present Sir William Cunningham of Robertland, who had it from the last John Earl of Loudon. The then Earl of Loudon, and father to Earl John before mentioned, had Ramsay at Loudon, and one day walking together by the banks of Irvine water, near New-Mills, at a place called Patie's Mill, they were struck with the appearance of a beautiful

country girl. His lordship observed that she would be a fine theme for a song.—Allan lagged behind in returning to Loudon Castle, and at dinner produced this identical song.

[The "Lass of Patie's Mill" is one of the happiest of all Ramsay's songs. The poet said in his preface to the "Tea-Table Miscellany," that he had omitted in his collection all songs liable to raise a blush on the cheek of beauty: this fine lyric has been pointed out as likely to do what he desired to shun—but with how little reason, these verses will prove:

"The lass of Patie's mill,
  So bonny, blyth, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
  She stole my heart away
When tedding of the hay,
  Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
  And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth,
  Breasts rising in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
  To press 'em with his hand:
Thro' all my spirits ran
  An ecstacy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand
  Wrapt in a balmy kiss."]

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

There is a stanza of this excellent song for lotal humour, omitted in this set,—where I have placed the asterisms.

"They tak the horse then by te head,
And tere tey mak her stan', man;
Me tell tem, me hae seen te day,
Tey no had sic comman', man."

[A highlander laments, in a half-serious and half-comic way, the privations which the act of parliament anent kilts has made him endure, and the miseries which turnpike roads and toll-bars have brought upon his country:

"Hersell pe highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man;
And mony alterations seen
Amang te lawland whig, man.

First when her to the lawlands came,
Nainsell was driving cows, man;
There was nae laws about him's nerse,
About the preeks or trews, man

Nainsell did wear the philabeg,
The plaid prick't on her shouder;
The guid claymore hung pe her pelt,
De pistol sharg'd wi' pouder.

Every ting in de highlands now
Pe turn'd to alteration;
The sodger dwall at our door-sheek,
And tat's te great vexation.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
An' laws pring on de cager;
Nainsell wad durk him for his deeds,
But oh! she fear te sodger.

Anither law came after dat,
Me never saw de like, man;
They mak a lang road on de crund,
And ca' him *Turnimspike*, man.

* * * * *

But I'll awa to the Highland hills,
Where te'il a ane dare turn her,
And no come near your Turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her."]

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

As this was a favourite theme with our later Scottish muses, there are several airs and songs of that name. That which I take to be the oldest, is to be found in the "Musical Museum," beginning, "I hae been at Crookie-den." One reason for my thinking so is, that Oswald has it in his collection by the name of "The auld Highland Laddie." It is also known by the name of "Jinglan Johnie," which is a well-known song of four or five stanzas, and seems to be an earlier song than Jacobite times. As a proof of this, it is little known to the peasantry by the name of "Highland Laddie;" while every body knows "Jinglan Johnie." The song begins

"Jinglan John, the meickle man
He met wi' a lass was blythe and bonie."

Another "Highland Laddie" is also in the "Mu-

seum," vol. v., which I take to be Ramsay's original, as he has borrowed the chorus—"O my bonie Highland lad," &c. It consists of three stanzas, besides the chorus; and has humour in its composition—it is an excellent, but somewhat licentious song.—It begins

"As I cam o'er Cairney-Mount,
And down amang the blooming heather."

This air, and the common "Highland Laddie," seem only to be different sets.

Another "Highland Laddie," also in the "Museum," vol. v., is the tune of several Jacobite fragments. One of these old songs to it, only exists as far as I know, in these four lines—

"Whare hae ye been a' day,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie?
Down the back o' Bell's brae,
Courtin Maggie, courtin Maggie."

Another of this name is Dr. Arne's beautiful air, called the new "Highland Laddie."

[The following was found in a memorandum-book belonging to Burns:

THE HIGHLANDER'S PRAYER, AT SHERIFF-MUIR.

"O Lord, be thou with us; but, if thou be *not* with us, be not against us; *but leave it between the red coats and us!*"]

THE GENTLE SWAIN.

To sing such a beautiful air to such execrable verses, is downright prostitution of common sense! The Scots verses indeed are tolerable.

[Any four lines of the song will do more than confirm the sentence of the poet:

> "Now smiling Spring again appears,
> With all the beauties of her train;
> Love soon of her arrival hears,
> And flies to wound the gentle swain."]

HE STOLE MY TENDER HEART AWAY.

This is an Anglo-Scottish production, but by no means a bad one.

> ["The fields were green, the hills were gay,
> And birds were singing on each spray,
> When Colin met me in the grove,
> And told me tender tales of love.
> Was ever swain so blythe as he,
> So kind, so faithful, and so free?
> In spite of all my friends could say,
> Young Colin stole my heart away."

There are two more verses, with a line or two better, and some lines worse than these.]

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

It is too barefaced to take Dr. Percy's charming song, and by means of transposing a few English words into Scots, to offer to pass it for a Scots song.—I was not acquainted with the Editor until the first volume was nearly finished, else, had I known in time, I would have prevented such an impudent absurdity.

[The verses of Percy are very beautiful—little need be quoted of a song so popular:

"O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
  Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
  The lowly cot and russet gown?

No longer drest in silken sheen,
  No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, when thou'rt far away,
  Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
  Nor shrink before the wintry wind?

O can that soft and gentle mien
  Extremes of hardship learn to bear;
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?"]

THE BLAITHRIE O'T.

The following is a set of this song, which was the earliest song I remember to have got by heart. When a child, an old woman sung it to me, and I picked it up, every word, at first hearing.

"O Willy weel I mind, I lent you my hand
To sing you a song which you did me command;
But my memory's so bad, I had almost forgot
That you called it the gear and the blaithrie o't.—

I'll not sing about confusion, delusion, or pride,
I'll sing about a laddie was for a virtuous bride;
For virtue is an ornament that time will never rot,
And preferable to gear and the blaithrie o't.—

Tho' my lassie hae nae scarlets or silks to put on,
We envy not the greatest that sits upon the throne;
I wad rather hae my lassie, tho' she cam in her smock,
Than a princess wi' the gear and the blaithrie o't.—

Tho' we hae nae horses or menzie at command,
We will toil on our foot, and we'll work wi' our hand;
And when wearied without rest, we'll find it sweet in any spot,
And we'll value not the gear and the blaithrie o't.—

If we hae ony babies, we'll count them as lent;
Hae we less, hae we mair, we will ay be content;
For they say they hae mair pleasure that wins but a groat,
Than the miser wi' his gear and the blaithrie o't.—

I'll not meddle wi' th' affairs o' the kirk or the queen;
They're nae matters for a sang, let them sink, let them swim;
On your kirk I'll ne'er encroach, but I'll hold it still remote,
Sae tak this for the gear and the blaithrie o't."

["*Shame fall the gear and the blad'ry o't,*" is the turn of an old Scottish song, spoken when a young handsome girl marries an old man, upon the account of his wealth.—*Kelly's Scots Proverbs, p.* 296.]

MAY EVE, OR KATE OF ABERDEEN.

"Kate of Aberdeen" is, I believe, the work of poor Cunningham the player; of whom the following anecdote, though told before, deserves a recital. A fat dignitary of the church coming past Cunningham one *Sunday*, as the poor poet was busy plying a fishing-rod in some stream near Durham, his native country, his reverence reprimanded Cunningham very severely for such an occupation on such a day. The poor poet, with that inoffensive gentleness of manners which was his peculiar characteristic, replied, that he hoped God and his reverence would forgive his seeming profanity of that sacred day, "*as he had no dinner to eat, but what lay at the bottom of that pool!*" This, Mr. Woods, the player, who knew Cunningham well, and esteemed him much, assured me was true.

[Cunningham was a native of Dublin; an indifferent actor, a very pretty poet, and a very worthy man. He was unaffected in his manners, and quite a simpleton, as the following anecdote will shew. His volume of poems was dedicated to Garrick, whom in his admiration of theatrical talent he naturally esteemed the first man that ever existed. He trudged up to the

metropolis to present his volume to this celebrated character. He saw him; and, according to his own phrase, he was treated by him *in the most humiliating and scurvy manner imaginable.* Garrick assumed a cold and stately air; insulted Cunningham by behaving to im as to a common beggar, and gave him a couple of guineas, accompanied with this *speech:—Players, Sir,* as well as *Poets are always poor.*"

The blow was too severe for the poet. He was so confused at the time, that he had not the use of his faculties, and indeed never recollected that he ought to have spurned the offer with contempt, till his best friend, Mrs. Slack, of Newcastle, reminded him of it by giving him a sound box on the ear.

His fine song of "Kate of Aberdeen" commences in these words:

'The silver moon's enamour'd beam
  Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
  And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go balmy sleep,
  ('Tis where you've seldom been,)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
  With Kate of Aberdeen!

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
  In primrose chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
  And gives the promised May.
The nymphs and swains shall all declare,
  The promised May when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
  As Kate of Aberdeen!"]

TWEED SIDE.

In Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany, he tells us that about thirty of the songs in that publication were the works of some young gentlemen of his acquaintance; which songs are marked with the letters D. C. &c.—Old Mr. Tytler, of Woodhouselee, the worthy and able defender of the beauteous Queen of Scots, told me that the songs marked C, in the *Tea-table*, were the composition of a Mr. Crawford, of the house of Achnames, who was afterwards unfortunately drowned coming from France. —As Tytler was most intimately acquainted with Allan Ramsay, I think the anecdote may be depended on. Of consequence, the beautiful Song of Tweed Side is Mr. Crawford's, and indeed does great honour to his poetical talents. He was a Robert Crawford; the Mary he celebrates, was a Mary Stewart, of the Castle-Milk family, afterwards married to a Mr. John Ritchie.

I have seen a song, calling itself the original Tweed Side, and said to have been composed by a Lord Yester. It consisted of two stanzas, of which I still recollect the first—

"When Maggy and I was acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu' hie;
Nae lintwhite on a' the green plain,
Nor gowdspink sae happy as me:

But I saw her sae fair, and I lo'ed:
  I woo'd, but I came nae great speed,
So now I maun wander abroad,
  And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.—

[Crawford's song is still popular, as well it deserve to be: he has been rather profuse of his flowers.

What beauties doth Flora disclose!
  How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
  Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
  Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently through those
  Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
  The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
  With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
  Let us see how the primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
  And love while the feather'd folks sing.]

THE POSY.

It appears evident to me that Oswald composed his *Roslin Castle* on the modulation of this air.—In the second part of Oswald's, in the three first bars, he has either hit on a wonderful similarity to, or else he has entirely borrowed the three first bars of the old air; and the close of both tunes is almost exactly the same. The old verses to which it was

sung, when I took down the notes from a country girl's voice, had no great merit.—The following is a specimen :

There was a pretty May, and a milkin she went ;
Wi' her red rosy cheeks, and her coal black hair ;
And she has met a young man a comin o'er the bent,
With a double and adieu to thee fair May.

O where are ye goin, my ain pretty May,
Wi' thy red rosy cheeks, and thy coal black hair ?
Unto the yowes a milkin, kind sir, she says,
With a double and adieu to thee fair May.

What if I gang alang wi' thee, my ain pretty May,
Wi' thy red rosy cheeks, and thy coal black hair ;
Wad I be aught the warse o' that, kind sir, she says,
With a double and adieu to thee, fair May.

MARY'S DREAM.

The Mary here alluded to is generally supposed to be Miss Mary Macghie, daughter to the Laird of Airds, in Galloway. The Poet was a Mr. John Lowe, who likewise wrote another beautiful song, called Pompey's Ghost.—I have seen a poetic epistle from him in North America, where he now is, or lately was, to a lady in Scotland.—By the strain of the verses, it appeared that they allude to some love affair.

[The epistle which Burns saw still exists, and part of it has been published : Lowe had played the scoundrel, and he tried to play the poet : the aim and tendency of the strain was to convince Mary Mc Ghie that though he

had broken his vows he was still faithful, suffering in heart, but unblemished in honour. The Galloway lady's wrongs were more than avenged by an American spouse, who was at once imperious and unfaithful. He died a humbled and disappointed man. His exquisite song of Mary's dream will do for his name what neither the Epistle, nor Pompey's Ghost, would of themselves accomplish. The first verse will recal the rest of the song to the memories of many readers.

"The moon had climb'd the highest hill,
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tow'r and tree:
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
When soft and low a voice was heard,
Saying, Mary weep no more for me."

Pompey's Ghost is another sort of composition.

"From perfect and unclouded day,
From joys complete without allay,
From joys complete without allay,
And from a spring without decay;
I come by Cynthia's borrow'd beams
To visit my Cornelia's dreams,
And give them still sublimer themes.

I am the man you lov'd before,
Those streams have wash'd away my gore,
Those streams have wash'd away my gore,
And Pompey he shall bleed no more;
Nor shall my vengeance be withstood,
Nor unattended by a flood
Of Roman or Egyptian blood.

Cæsar himself it shall pursue,
His days shall troubl'd be and few,
His days shall troubl'd be and few,
And he shall fall by treason too.
He by a justice all divine,
Shall fall a victim to my shrine;
As I was his, he shall be mine."]

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

BY MR. DUDGEON.

THIS Dudgeon is a respectable farmer's son in Berwickshire.

["'The maid that tends the goats' has an original and unborrowed air about it:

Up amang yon cliffy rocks
Sweetly rings the rising echo
To the maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes.
Hark, she sings young Sandie's kind,
And he's promis'd ay' to lo'e me,
Here's a brooch, I ne'er shall tine,
Till he's fairly married to me.
Drive away ye drone time,
And bring about our bridal day.]

I WISH MY LOVE WERE IN A MIRE.

I NEVER heard more of the words of this old song than the title.

[The old song commenced with these characteristic words:

" I wish my love were in a mire,
That I might pou her out again."

The verses in the Museum are in a different strain:

they are a translation from Sappho by Ambrose Phillips, and not without spirit.

" Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee;
And hears and sees thee all the while,
So softly speak, and sweetly smile."]

ALLAN WATER.

This Allan Water, which the composer of the music has honoured with the name of the air, I have been told is Allan Water, in Strathallan.

[To Robert Crawford, of Auchnames, we are indebted for this song: some of his lyrics are in a happier mood.

" What numbers shall the muse repeat,
What verse be found to praise my Annie;
On her ten thousand graces wait,
Each swain admires and owns she's bonnie."]

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

This is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots, or any other language.—The two lines,

" And will I see his face again!
And will I hear him speak!"

as well as the two preceding ones, are unequalled

almost by any thing I ever heard or read . and the lines,

> "The present moment is our ain,
> The neist we never saw."—

are worthy of the first poet. It is long posterior to Ramsay's days. About the year 1771, or 72, it came first on the streets as a ballad ; and I suppose the composition of the song was not much anterior to that period.

[This song some years ago occasioned a curious controversy : the merit of composing it was claimed for a certain Jean Adams, who taught a school in the neighbourhood of Greenock, and who frequently sung it, and seemed willing to be considered as its author. The Rev. John Sim, on the other hand contended, from imperfect and interlined copies of the song found among the papers of Mickle, translator of the Lusiad, that he was the author of it; and Cromek, to whom both parties appealed, inclined to think with Sim. To strengthen Mickle's claim, it may be mentioned that he is now known to be the author of many beautiful pieces of poetry, published as old in Evans's Collection of Ballads. The song is indeed a fine one : but one of the best verses was the work of Dr. Beattie.

> "Sae true his words, sae smooth his speech,
> His breath like caller air,
> His very foot has music in't
> When he comes up the stair :
> And will I see his face again !
> And will I hear him speak !
> I'm downright dizzy with the thought,
> In troth I'm like to greet."]

TARRY WOO.

This is a very pretty song; but I fancy that the first half stanza, as well as the tune itself, are much older than the rest of the words.

[The first half stanza of the old version of Tarry Woo is as follows:

" O tarry woo is ill to spin,
Card it weel e'er ye begin;
Card it weel and draw it sma',
Tarry woo's the best of a'.

In the modern song the writer has departed from the starting sentiment of the old, yet he has composed a pretty song.]

GRAMACHREE.

The song of Gramachree was composed by a Mr. Poe, a counsellor at Law in Dublin. This anecdote I had from a gentleman who knew the lady, the "Molly," who is the subject of the song, and to whom Mr. Poe sent the first manuscript of his most beautiful verses. I do not remember any single line that has more true pathos than

" How can she break that honest heart that wears her in its core!"

But as the song is Irish, it had nothing to do in this collection,

THE COLLIER'S BONNIE LASSIE.

The first half stanza is much older than the days of Ramsay.—The old words began thus :

"The collier has a dochter, and, O, she's wonder bonnie !
A laird he was that sought her, rich baith in lands and money
She wad nae hae a laird, nor wad she be a lady ;
But she wad hae a collier, the colour o' her daddie."—

[The concluding verse of the song in Johnson has some merit ; Allan Ramsay's songs are not indeed his happiest works, yet they have always nature to recommend them.

"My bonnie collier's daughter
Let naithing discompose ye,
'Tis no your scanty tocher
Shall ever gar me lose ye ·
For I have gear in plenty,
And love says 'tis my duty
To ware what heaven has lent me,
Upon your wit and beauty."]

MY AIN KIND DEARIE—O.

The old words of this song are omitted here, though much more beautiful than these inserted ; which were mostly composed by poor Fergusson, in one of his merry humours. The old words began thus :

"I'll rowe the o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O,
I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O,
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wat,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O;
I'll rowe the o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.—

[Nor are the verses of Fergusson void of merit:

"Nae herds wi' kent and collie there
Shall ever come to fear ye O,
But laverocks whistling in the air
Shall woo like me, their dearie O!
While others herd their lambs and ewes,
And toil for world's gear, my jo,
Upon the lee my pleasure grows,
Wi' you, my kind dearie O!"]

MARY SCOTT, THE FLOWER OF YARROW.

Mr. Robertson, in his statistical account of the parish of Selkirk, says, that Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow, was descended from the Dryhope, and married into the Harden family. Her daughter was married to a predecessor of the present Sir Francis Elliot, of Stobbs, and of the late Lord Heathfield.

There is a circumstance in their contract of marriage that merits attention, and it strongly marks the predatory spirit of the times. The father-in-law agrees to keep his daughter for some time after

the marriage; for which the son-in-law binds himself to give him the profits of the first Michaelmas moon!

["Near the lower extremity of St. Mary's Lake, (a beautiful sheet of water, forming the reservoir from which the Yarrow takes its source), are the ruins of Dryhope tower, the birth-place of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott, of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott, of Harden, no less renowned for his depredations, than his bride for her beauty. Her romantic appellation was, in latter days, with equal justice, conferred on Miss Mary Lilias Scott, the last of the elder branch of the Harden family." Mr. Scott proceeds to relate, that "he well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name: and that the words usually sung to the air of 'Tweed-Side,' beginning, 'What beauties does Flora disclose,' were composed in her honour." *Sir Walter Scott.*]

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

I have been informed, that the tune of "Down the Burn, Davie," was the composition of David Maigh, keeper of the blood slough hounds, belonging to the Laird of Riddel, in Tweeddale.

[Honest David has made us his debtor for a very pretty air · the authorship of the song has been disputed :

" When trees did bud, and fields were green,
  And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
When Mary was compleat fifteen,
  And love laugh'd in her e'e ;
Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move,
  To speak her mind thus free,
'Gang down the burn Davie, love,
  And I shall follow thee.'

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
  That dwalt on yon burn side,
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
  Just meet to be a bride ;
Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,
  Her een were bonie blue ;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
  Her lips like dropping dew."]

BLINK O'ER THE BURN, SWEET BETTIE.

The old words, all that I remember, are,—

" Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
  It is a cauld winter night ;
It rains, it hails, it thunders,
  The moon she gies nae light :
It's a' for the sake o' sweet Betty,
  That ever I tint my way ;
Sweet, let me lie beyond thee
  Until it be break o' day.—

O, Betty will bake my bread,
And Betty will brew my ale,
And Betty will be my love,
When I come over the dale:
Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
Blink over the burn to me,
And while I hae life, dear lassie,
My ain sweet Betty thou's be."

THE BLITHSOME BRIDAL.

I FIND the "Blithsome Bridal" in James Watson's collection of Scots poems, printed at Edinburgh, in 1706. This collection, the publisher says, is the first of its natnre which has been published in our own native Scots dialect—it is now extremely scarce.

[The inimitable "Blithsome Bridal" is too long for quotation; and who would venture to describe it? There is singular ease of expression and great force of graphic delineation. The witty catalogue of guests, and the humourous list of dinner dishes, are only equalled by Smollett's entertainment in the manner of the ancients. There is a maritime savour about the feast, which inclines me to think that it was spread somewhere on the sea coast. For the guests, take the following verse:

"And there will be sow-libber Patie,
And plookie-faced Wat i' the mill;
Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,
That wons i' the howe o' the hill;
And there will be Alister Sibbie,
Wha' in wi' black Bessie did mool;
With sniveling Lillie and Tibbie,
The lass that stands aft on the stool."

The dishes were not unworthy of the bridal party:

"And there will be fadges and brochan,
Wi' fouth o' gude gabbocks o' skate,
Powsowdie and drammoch and crowdie,
And caller nowt feet on a plate;
And there will be partans and buckies,
And whitings and speldings anew:
With singed sheep heads and a haggis,
And scadlips to sup till ye spew."

The authorship of this hearty old Scottish song has been claimed by the noble family of Napier for an ancestor who lived upon the Border.]

JOHN HAY'S BONNIE LASSIE.

JOHN *Hay's "Bonnie Lassie" was daughter of* John Hay, Earl or Marquis of Tweeddale, and late Countess Dowager of Roxburgh. — She died at Broomlands, near Kelso, some time between the years 1720 and 1740.

[The heroine of the song had store of charms, if we may put faith in the Muse:

"She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good-morrow;
The sward o' the mead, enamelled wi' daisies,
Look wither'd and dead when twinn'd of her graces.
But if she appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flow'rs smell the sweeter;
'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a flowing,
Her smiles and bright een set my spirits a glowing."

We may accept this as a picture of one of the noble beauties of the north a hundred years and odd ago.]

THE BONIE BRUCKET LASSIE.

The two first lines of this song are all of it that is old. The rest of the song, as well as those songs in the "Museum" marked T., are the works of an obscure, tippling, but extraordinary body of the name of Tytler, commonly known by the name of Balloon Tytler, from his having projected a balloon: a mortal, who, though he drudges about Edinburgh as a common printer, with leaky shoes, a sky-lighted hat, and knee-buckles as unlike as George-by-the-grace-of-God, and Solomon-the-son-of David; yet that same unknown drunken mortal is author and compiler of three-fourths of Elliot's pompous Encyclopedia Britannica, which he composed at half a guinea a week!

[Two verses will enable the reader to judge of the merits of Balloon Tytler's—the remaining stanzas are rather peculiar and graphic.

"The bonie brucket lassie,
  She's blue beneath the e'en;
She was the fairest lassie
  That danced on the green:
A lad he loo'd her dearly,
  She did his love return;
But he his vows has broken,
  And left her for to mourn.

'My shape,' says she, 'was handsome,
  My face was fair and clean;
But now I'm bonie brucket,
  And blue beneath the e'en:
My eyes were bright and sparkling,
  Before that they turn'd blue;
But now they're dull with weeping,
  And a', my love, for you."]

SAE MERRY AS WE TWA HA'E BEEN.

This song is beautiful.—The chorus in particular is truly pathetic. I never could learn any thing of its author.

CHORUS.

"Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
  Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;
My heart is like for to break,
  When I think on the days we ha'e seen."

[We owe this song to the industry of Herd: the first

line of the chorus gave the name to the air two hundred years ago.

"A lass that was laden with care
Sat heavily under yon thorn;
I listen'd awhile for to hear,
When thus she began for to mourn:
Whene'er my dear shepherd was there,
The birds did melodiously sing,
And cold nipping winter did wear
A face that resembled the spring.

But now he is far from my sight,
Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
Which makes me lament day and night,
That ever I granted my love.
At eve, when the rest of the folk
Were merrily seated to spin,
I set myself under an oak,
And heavily sighed for him."]

THE BANKS OF FORTH.

This air is Oswald's.

["Here's anither—it's no a Scots tune, but it passes for ane—Oswald made it himsel I reckon. He has cheated mony a ane, but he canna cheat Wandering Willie." Sir Walter Scott.]

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

This is another beautiful song of Mr. Crawford's composition. In the neighbourhood of Traquair, tradition still shews the old "Bush;" which, when I saw it in the year 1787, was composed of eight or nine ragged birches. The Earl of Traquair has planted a clump of trees near by, which he calls "The new Bush."

[Crawford's songs were long and justly popular: "The Bush aboon Traquair" is still a favourite.

"Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Tho' thus I languish and complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded never move her;
The bonny bush aboon Traquair,
Was where I first did love her.

That day she smiled and made me glad,
No maid seemed ever kinder;
I thought mysel' the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I tried to sooth my amorous flame
In words that I thought tender;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her."

"The Bush aboon Traquair;" "The Broom o' the Cowden-knowes;" "The Birks of Aberfeldy," and "The Birks of Invermay," continue to supply the curious with snuff-boxes and drinking-cups.]

CROMLET'S LILT.

The following interesting account of this plaintive dirge was communicated to Mr. Riddel by Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq. of Woodhouselee.

"In the latter end of the 16th century, the Chisolms were proprietors of the estate of Cromlecks (now possessed by the Drummonds). The eldest son of that family was very much attached to a daughter of Sterling of Ardoch, commonly known by the name of Fair Helen of Ardoch.

"At that time the opportunities of meeting betwixt the sexes were more rare, consequently more sought after than now; and the Scottish ladies, far from priding themselves on extensive literature, were thought sufficiently book-learned if they could make out the Scriptures in their mother tongue. Writing was entirely out of the line of female education. At that period the most of our young men of family sought a fortune, or found a grave, in France. Cromlus, when he went abroad to the war, was obliged to leave the management of his correspondence with his mistress to a lay-brother of the monastery of Dumblain, in the immediate neighbourhood of Cromlecks, and near Ardoch. This man, unfortunately, was deeply sensible of Helen's charms. He artfully prepossessed her with stories to the disadvantage of

Cromlus; and by misinterpreting or keeping up the letters and messages intrusted to his care, he entirely irritated both. All connexion was broken off betwixt them: Helen was inconsolable, and Cromlus has left behind him, in the ballad called 'Cromlet's Lilt,' a proof of the elegance of his genius, as well as the steadiness of his love.

"When the artful monk thought time had sufficiently softened Helen's sorrow, he proposed himself as a lover: Helen was obdurate: but at last, overcome by the persuasions of her brother with whom she lived, and who, having a family of thirty-one children, was probably very well pleased to get her off his hands — she submitted, rather than consented to the ceremony; but there her compliance ended; and, when forcibly put into bed, she started quite frantic from it, screaming out, that after three gentle taps on the wainscot, at the bed-head, she heard Cromlus's voice, crying, 'Helen, Helen, mind me!' Cromlus soon after coming home, the treachery of the confidant was discovered,—her marriage disannulled,—and Helen became lady Cromlecks."

N. B. Marg. Murray, mother to these thirty-one children, was daughter to Murray of Strewn, one of the seventeen sons of Tullybardine, and whose youngest son, commonly called the Tutor of Ardoch, died in the year 1715, aged 111 years.

[The starting stanza of "Cromlet's Lilt" is no unfair sample of the whole strain.

CROMLET'S LILT.

"Since all thy vows, false maid,
Are blown to air,
And my poor heart betray'd
To sad despair,
Into some wilderness,
My grief I will express,
And thy hard-heartedness,
O cruel fair."]

MY DEARIE, IF THOU DIE.

ANOTHER beautiful song of Crawford's.

[Who the Peggy was of whose charms Crawford sung so sweetly, no one has told us.

"Love never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee,
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My Peggy, if thou die.
Thy beauty doth such pleasure give,
Thy love's so true to me,
Without thee I can never live,
My dearie, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray!
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs, the silent day.
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see;
Then I'll renounce all woman kind,
My Peggy, after thee."]

SHE ROSE AND LOOT ME IN.

The old set of this song, which is still to be found in printed collections, is much prettier than this; but somebody, I believe it was Ramsay, took it into his head to clear it of some seeming indelicacies, and made it at once more chaste and more dull.

[The first verse shows that the author was deep in the mystery of northern wooing.

"The night her silent sables wore,
And gloomy were the skies,
Of glittering stars appeared no more,
Save those in Nelly's eyes.
When to her father's door I came,
Where I had often been,
I begged my fair, my lovely dame,
To rise and let me in.

Fu' soon soon I return'd again
When stars were streaming free;
Oh! slowly, slowly came she down
And stood and gazed on me:
Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
Repenting her rash sin;
And aye she mourn'd the fatal hour
She rose and loot me in."]

GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.

I AM not sure if this old and charming air be of the South, as is commonly said, or of the North of Scotland. There is a song apparently as ancient as "Ewe-bughts Marion," which sings to the same tune, and is evidently of the North.—It begins thus :

"The Lord o' Gordon had three dochters,
  Mary, Marget, and Jean,
They wad na stay at bonie Castle Gordon,
  But awa to Aberdeen."

[The lover begins his courtship in a way very simple and effective.

"Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
  And wear in the sheep wi' me;
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
  But nae haff sae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,
  And the blyth blinks in her e'e;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
  Gin Marion wad marry me.]

LEWIS GORDON.

THIS air is a proof how one of our Scots tunes comes to be composed out of another. I have one

of the earliest copies of the song, and it has prefixed,

"Tune of Tarry Woo."—

Of which tune a different set has insensibly varied into a different air.—To a Scots critic, the pathos of the line,

"Tho' his back be at the wa,"

—must be very striking. It needs not a Jacobite prejudice to be affected with this song.

The supposed author of "Lewis Gordon" was a Mr. Geddes, priest, at Shenvai, in the Ainzie.

["Oh! send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I manna name;
Tho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa!
Oh hon! my Highland man,
Oh, my bonny Highland man;
Weel would I my true-love ken,
Amang ten thousand Highland men.

Oh! to see his tartan-trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes;
Philabeg aboon his knee;
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'!
Oh hon! &c.

Oh to see this Princely One,
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a' would disappear,
Then begins the Jub'lee year!
Oh hon! &c."

Lord Lewis Gordon, younger brother to the Duke of Gordon, commanded a detachment for the Chevalier, and acquitted himself with great gallantry and judgment. He died in 1754.]

O HONE A RIE.

Dr. Blacklock informed me that this song was composed on the infamous massacre of Glencoe.

["Oh! was not I a weary wight!
Maid, wife, and widow, in one night!
When in my soft and yielding arms,
O! when most I thought him free from harms.
Even at the dead time of the night,
They broke my bower, and slew my knight.
With ae lock of his jet black hair,
I'll tye my heart for evermair;
Nae sly-tongued youth, or flat'ring swain,
Shall e'er untie this knot again;
Thine still, dear youth, that heart shall be,
Nor pant for aught, save heaven and thee."]

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

This is another of Crawford's songs, but I do not think in his happiest manner.—What an absurdity, to join such names as *Adonis* and *Mary* together!

["One day I heard Mary say
How shall I leave thee,
Stay, dearest Adonis, stay,
Why wilt thou grieve me."]

CORN RIGS ARE BONIE.

All the old words that ever I could meet to this air were the following, which seem to have been an old chorus :

"O corn rigs and rye rigs,
O corn rigs are bonie;
And where'er you meet a bonie lass,
Preen up her cockernony."

[Ramsay wrote this song for the Gentle Shepherd : but no one will say that the excellence of the lyrics of our great pastoral drama gave it a hold on the heart of Scotland.

"My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy."

Scraps of curious old song are scattered over all Scotland : here is a fragment concerning Corn Riggs :

"There was a piper had a cow
An' he had nought to gie her;
He took his pipes and play'd a tune,
And bade the cow consider.
The cow considered very well,
And gae the piper a penny
To play the same tune owre again,
Corn riggs are bonnie."]

THE MUCKING OF GEORDIE'S BYRE.

The chorus of this song is old; the rest is the work of Balloon Tytler.

BIDE YE YET.

There is a beautiful song to this tune, beginning,

"Alas, my son, you little know"—

which is the composition of Miss Jenny Graham, of Dumfries.

[The song which Burns commended commences thus:

"Alas, my son, ye little know
The sorrows that from wedlock flow;
Farewell to every day of ease,
When you have got a wife to please.
Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide ye yet;
The half of that will gane ye yet,
Gif a wayward wife obtain ye yet.

Your experience is but small,
As yet you've met with little thrall;
The black cow on your foot ne'er trod,
Which gars you sing along the road."

The authoress was a maiden lady; she lived to a good old age and died of an asthma, the pain of which she alleviated in composing humourous Scottish songs. She was a fine dancer in her youth; a young nobleman was so much charmed with her graceful movements, and the music of her feet, that he enquired in what school she was taught. "In my mother's washing tub," was the answer.]

WAUKIN O' THE FAULD.

There are two stanzas still sung to this tune, which I take to be the original song whence Ramsay composed his beautiful song of that name in the Gentle Shepherd.—It begins

> "O will ye speak at our town,
> As ye come frae the fauld."

I regret that, as in many of our old songs, the delicacy of this old fragment is not equal to its wit and humour.

[Here the first volume of the Musical Museum concludes: the second volume has the following preface from the pen of Burns:—

"In the first volume of this work two or three airs, not of Scots composition, have been inadvertently inserted; which, whatever excellence they may have, was improper, as the collection is meant to be solely the music of our own country. The songs contained in this volume, both music and poetry are all of them the work of Scotsmen. Wherever the old words could be recovered they have been preferred: both as suiting better the genius of the tunes, and to preserve the productions of those earlier sons of the Scottish muses, some of whose names deserved a better fate than has befallen them,—" Buried 'midst the wreck of things which were." Of our more modern songs, the Editor

has inserted the author's names as far he can ascertain them; and as that was neglected in the first volume, it is annexed here. If he have made any mistakes in this affair, which he possibly may, he will be very grateful at being set right.

"Ignorance and prejudice may perhaps affect to sneer at the simplicity of the poetry or music of some of these poems; but their having been for ages the favourites of nature's judges—the common people,—was to the Editor a sufficient test of their merit. Edin. March 1, 1788."]

TRANENT-MUIR.

"Tranent-Muir," was composed by a Mr. Skirving, a very worthy respectable farmer near Haddington. I have heard the anecdote often, that Lieut. Smith, whom he mentions in the ninth stanza, came to Haddington after the publication of the song, and sent a challenge to Skirving to meet him at Haddington, and answer for the unworthy manner in which he had noticed him in his song. "Gang away back," said the honest farmer, "and tell Mr. Smith that I hae nae leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here, and I'll tak a look o' him, and if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him; and if no, I'll do as he did—*I'll rin awa*."—

[Stanza ninth, to which the anecdote refers, shews

that the anger of the Lieutenant was any thing but unreasonable.

" And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
Was brought down to the ground, man;
His horse being shot, it was his lot,
For to get mony a wound, man:
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
And wadna be gainsaid, man!"

The song and the story of the challenge went long hand in hand: the latter usually ushered in the former, and Lieutenant Smith, as Archibald Skirving, son of the author, observed to me, "Ance ill was aye waur."

POLWARTH ON THE GREEN.

The author of "Polwarth on the Green," is Capt. John Drummond McGregor, of the family of Bochaldie.

[This is one of the songs of which Sir Walter Scott says, the authorship ascribed by Burns might be questioned. In the traditions of the muse, Scott will generally be found correct: his decisions were the result of many enquiries, and as he had a memory which never deceived him, and a sagacity that rarely erred, he may be safely followed in all matters connected with song. Chalmers says, "Polwarth on the Green" was written

by Allan Ramsay: and in this he is followed by all authorities of any value, with the single exception of Burns. The internal evidence of the song is in favour of Ramsay.

"At Polwarth on the green,
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where lasses do conveen
To dance about the thorn,
A kindly welcome ye shall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A lover and a lad compleat—
The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say na
As lang as e'er they please,
Seem caulder than the snaw,
While inwardly they bleeze."

The last sentiment may remind the reader of Young's lines:

"Zara resembles Etna crowned with snows,
Without she freezes and within she glows."

Polwarth is a pleasant village in Berwickshire, in the middle of which stand two venerable thorns, round which the Polwarth maidens, when they became brides, danced with their partners on the day of the bridal.]

STREPHON AND LYDIA.

The following account of this song I had from Dr. Blacklock.

The Strephon and Lydia mentioned in the song, were perhaps the loveliest couple of their time. The gentleman was commonly known by the name of Beau Gibson. The lady was the "Gentle Jean," celebrated somewhere in Hamilton of Bangour's poems.—Having frequently met at public places, they had formed a reciprocal attachment, which their friends thought dangerous, as their resources were by no means adequate to their tastes and habits of life. To elude the bad consequences of such a connexion, Strephon was sent abroad with a commission, and perished in Admiral Vernon's expedition to Carthagena.

The author of the song was William Wallace, Esq. of Cairnhill, in Ayrshire.

["All lonely on the sultry beach,
Expiring Strephon lay,
No hand the cordial draught to reach,
Nor cheer the gloomy way,—
Ill-fated youth! no parent nigh,
To catch thy fleeting breath,
No bride to fix thy swimming eye,
Or smooth the face of death.

Far distant from the mournful scene,
Thy parents sit at ease,
Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,
And all the spring to please.
Ill-fated youth! by fault of friend,
Not force of foe depress'd,
Thou fall'st, alas! thyself, thy kind,
Thy country, unredress'd!"]

MY JO, JANET.

Johnson, the publisher, with a foolish delicacy, refused to insert the last stanza of this humourous ballad.

[The sly humour of Allan Ramsay is visible in this song: it is believed, however, that he only retouched an old song, communicating to the strain some of his own peculiar glee. Johnson, a devout man, shook his head at the figurative language of the last verse.

" O, sweet Sir, for your courtesie,
When ye come by the Bass then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking-glass then.
Keek into the draw well,
Janet, Janet;
And there you'll see your bonny sell,
My jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
What if I should fa' in then;
Syne a' my kin will say and swear,
I drowned mysell for sin, then.
Had the better by the brae,
Janet, Janet;
Had the better by the brae,
My jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your courtesie,
Coming thro' Aberdeen then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of sheen then.

Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet;
A pair may gain ye ha'f a year,
My jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,
An' skipping like a mawkin,
If they should see my clouted sheen,
Of me they will be tauking.
Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet;
Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,
My jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,
When ye gae to the cross then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing horse then.
Pace upo' your spinning wheel,
Janet, Janet;
Pace upo' your spinning wheel,
My jo Janet.

My spinning wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't winna stand, Sir;
To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
Employs right aft my hand, Sir.
Make the best o' that ye can,
Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a man,
My jo Janet."]

THE SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

The words by a Mr. R. Scott, from the town or neighbourhood of Biggar.

FIFE, AND A' THE LANDS ABOUT IT.

This song is Dr. Blacklock's. He, as well as I, often gave Johnson verses, trifling enough perhaps, but they served as a vehicle to the music.

[The poetry of the amiable Blacklock has little passion, and not much original nature: he sung such sentiments as other poets sung, nor can it be said that he has added much to the poetry of Caledonia.

"Allan by his griefs excited,
Long the victim of despair,
Thus deplored his passion slighted,
Thus addressed the scornful fair.
'Fife and all the lands about it,
Undesiring I can see;
Joy may crown my days without it,
Not my charmer without thee.

Must I then for ever languish,
Still complaining, still endure;
Can her form create an anguish,
Which her soul disdains to cure!
Who by hapless passion fated,
Must I still those eyes admire,
Whilst unheeded, unregretted,
In her presence I expire.'"

The air to which this song is written is very old: the old name is supposed to have been "Let Jamie's Lad alane."]

WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT I WAD DIE.

Lord Hailes, in the notes to his collection of ancient Scots poem, says that this song was the composition of a Lady Grisel Baillie, daughter of the first Earl of Marchmont, and wife of George Baillie, of Jerviswood.

[There are few songs superior to this—the last verse has obtained a melancholy importance from being applied by Burns to his own condition, when he found himself neglected by his country and descending to the grave.

" There was anes a May, and she loo'd na men,
She biggit her bonny bow'r down in yon glen ;
But now she cries dool ! and a well-a-day.
Come down the green gate, and come here away.

When bonny young Johnny came o'er the sea,
He said he saw naithing sae lovely as me ;
He hecht me baith rings and mony braw things :
And were na my heart light I wad die.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
Because I was twice as bonny as she ;
She rais'd such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart light, I wad die.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die ;
She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, What had he to do with the like of me?
Albeit I was bonny, I was na for Johny:
And were na my heart light, I wad die.

They said, I had neither cow nor caff,
Nor dribbles of drink rins throw the draff,
Nor pickles of meal rins throw the mill-ee,
And were na my heart light, I wad die.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,
She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee;
And then she ran in and made a loud din,
Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.

His bonnet stood ay fou round on his brow;
His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new:
But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.

And now he gaes dandering about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his ee,
And were na my heart light, I wad die.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
We shou'd hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it on the lily-white lee;
And wow gin I were but young for thee!"]

THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.

THIS song is the composition of Balloon Tytler.

[The original merit of Tytler's songs is not great: all that he wrote was in the haste of a man hungering for bread—he could not afford leisure to give his talents fair play.]

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Dr. Blacklock told me that Smollett, who was at the bottom a great Jacobite, composed these beautiful and pathetic verses on the infamous depredations of the Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden.

["The Tears of Scotland" was a bold strain to be written as it was in the year 1746. The picture of desolation was as true as it is moving.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground.
Thy hospitable roofs no more,
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees, afar,
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in ev'ry clime,
Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?

Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay,
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe;
While the pale phantoms of the slain,
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh! baneful cause—oh! fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their father stood;
The parent shed his children's blood!
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel.

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!]

AH! THE POOR SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

Tune—"Gallashiels."

The old title, "Sour Plums o' Gallashiels," probably was the beginning of a song to this air, which is now lost.

The tune of Gallashiels was composed about the beginning of the present century by the Laird of Gallashiel's piper.

[William Hamilton, of Bangour, was an amiable and accomplished gentleman, and one of our sweetest lyric poets. "His mind is pictured," says the author of the the life of Lord Kames, "in his verses. They are the easy and careless effusions of an elegant fancy and a chastened taste: and the sentiments they convey are the genuine feelings of a tender and susceptible heart, which perpetually owned the dominion of some fair mistress; but whose passion generally evaporated in song, and made no serious or permanent impression." Hamilton died in March 1754, aged fifty years. The song which follows is one of his best; it was censured by Dr. Johnson for an ill-paired rhyme—wishes and blushes—but harmony of rhyme is one thing, and true poetry another, and none knew this better than the critic.

"Ah! the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish!

Yet eager looks and dying sighs,
  My secret soul discover;
While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
  Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
  O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak,
  A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
  Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush and modest air,
  So fatally beguiling!
The every look and every grace,
  So charm whene'er I view thee;
'Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
  Still will my hopes pursue thee:
Then when my tedious hours are past,
  Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
  And die in sight of heaven."]

MILL, MILL O.—

The original, or at least a song evidently prior to Ramsay's is still extant.—It runs thus,

CHORUS.

" The mill, mill O, and the kill, kill O,
  And the coggin o' Peggy's wheel O,
The sack and the sieve, and a' she did leave,
  And danc'd the miller's reel O.—

As I cam down yon waterside,
  And by yon shellin-hill O,
There I spied a bonie bonie lass,
  And a lass that I lov'd right weel O."—

[That Burns had the verses as well as the air of the "Mill, Mill O" in his mind when he wrote "The Poor and Honest Sodger," seems pretty evident: he has, however, mended the morality of the song, as well as heightened its poetry. The story of the original cannot well be repeated, nor can a verse be detached as a sample without bringing with it some of the original sin of the composition.]

WE RAN AND THEY RAN.

The author of "We ran and they ran"—was a Rev. Mr. Murdoch M'Lennan, minister at Crathie, Dee-side.

["We ran and they ran" is a rough rude chaunt composed in honour of some and in derision of others who fought, or fled, or fell in the battle of Sherrifmuir. The verse on Robertson of Struan, the poet, is one of the best:

> But Clephane acted pretty,
> And Strowan the witty,
> A poet that pleases us a' man;
> For mine is but rhyme,
> In respect of what's fine,
> Or what he is able to draw man."]

WALY, WALY.

In the west country I have heard a different edition of the 2d stanza.—Instead of the four lines, beginning with, "When cockle-shells, &c." the other way ran thus :—

O wherefore need I busk my head,
Or wherefore need I kame my hair,
Sin my fause luve has me forsook,
And says, he'll never luve me mair."

[This is a very old as well as a very beautiful song : it first appeared in the "Tea Table Miscellany," and seems to have been retouched and altered by a very skilful hand. Some of the verses of the old song are not yet forgotten :

"Hey trolly lolly, but love be jolly,
Awhile while it is new ;
When it is auld it grows fu' cauld—
Wae worth all love untrue."

It is one of Sir Walter Scott's theories, that the finer and more poetic passages in our old oral verse have been injured, and oftentimes lost, as the ballads to which they belonged drifted along the stream of time :

"O waly waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly by yon burn side,
Where I and my love were wont to gae.
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trustie tree ;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,
And sae my true love did lyghtlie me.

O waly waly gin love be bonny
  A little time while it is new ;
But when its auld it waxeth cauld,
  And fades awa' like morning-dew.
O wherefore shu'd I busk my head ?
  Or wherefore shu'd I kame my hair ?
For my true love has me forsook,
  And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,
  The sheits shall neir be fyl'd by me :
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
  Since my true love's forsaken me
Marti'mas wind, whan wilt thou blaw,
  And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?
O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum ?
  For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
  Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie ;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
  But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
Whan we came in by Glasgowe town,
  We were a comely sight to see ;
My love was clad i' th' black velvet,
  And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kisst,
  That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
  And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh ! if my young babe were borne,
  And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysell were dead and gone,
  For a maid again I'll never be."]

DUMBARTON DRUMS.

This is the last of the West Highland airs; and from it over the whole tract of country to the confines of Tweed-side, there is hardly a tune or song that one can say has taken its origin from any place or transaction in that part of Scotland.—The oldest Ayrshire reel, is Stewarton Lasses, which was made by the father of the present Sir Walter Montgomery Cunningham, alias Lord Lysle; since which period there has indeed been local music in that country in great plenty.—Johnnie Faa is the only old song which I could ever trace as belonging to the extensive county of Ayr.

[The author of this song is unknown, nor is it very distressing, for the poetic merit of the ditty is but little: there is some good sense, nevertheless, in the lady's musings:

"My love is a handsome laddie O,
Genteel but ne'er foppish nor gaudie O,
Tho' commissions are dear
Yet I'll buy him one this year,
For he shall serve no longer a cadie O;
A soldier has honour and bravery O;
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery O.
He minds no other thing
But the ladies or the King,
For every other care is but slavery O."]

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

This song is by the Duke of Gordon.—The old verses are,

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Strathbogie;
When ilka lad maun hae his lass,
Then fye, gie me my coggie.

CHORUS.

My coggie, Sirs, my coggie, Sirs,
I cannot want my coggie:
I wadna gie my three-girr'd cap
For e'er a quene on Bogie.—

There's Johnie Smith has got a wife,
That scrimps him o' his coggie,
If she were mine, upon my life
I wad douk her in a bogie."

["The Cauld Kail" of his Grace of Gordon has long been a favourite in the north, and deservedly so, for it is full of life and manners. It is almost needless to say that kail is colewert, and much used in broth; that castocks are the stalks of the common cabbage, and that coggie is a wooden dish for holding porridge; it is also a drinking vessel.

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Stra'bogie;
Gin I but hae a bonny lass,
Ye're welcome to your cogie:

And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid day-light;
Gie me a lass baith clean and tight,
To dance the Reel of Bogie.

In cotillons the French excel;
John Bull loves countra-dances;
The Spaniards dance fandangos well;
Mynheer an allemande prances:
In foursome reels the Scotch delight,
The threesome maist dance wond'rous light;
But twasome's ding a' out o' sight,
Danc'd to the Reel of Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners well,
Wale each a blythsome rogie;
I'll tak this lassie to mysel,
She seems sae keen and vogie!
Now piper lad bang up the spring;
The countra fashion is the thing,
To prie their mou's e'er we begin
To dance the Reel of Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass,
Save yon auld doited fogie;
And ta'en a fling upo' the grass,
As they do in Stra'bogie:
But a' the lasses look sae fain,
We canna think oursel's to hain,
For they maun hae their come again
To dance the Reel of Bogie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best,
Like true men of Stra'bogie;
We'll stop awhile and tak a rest,
And tipple out a cogie:
Come now, my lads, and tak your glass,
And try ilk other to surpass,
In wishing health to every lass
To dance the Reel of Bogie."]

FOR LAKE OF GOLD.

The country girls in Ayrshire, instead of the line—

"She me forsook for a great duke,"

say,

"For Athole's duke she me forsook;"

which I take to be the original reading.

These were composed by the late Dr. Austin, physician at Edinburgh.—He had courted a lady, to whom he was shortly to have been married; but the Duke of Athole having seen her, became so much in love with her, that he made proposals of marriage, which were accepted of, and she jilted the doctor.

[The doctor gave his woes an airing in song, and then married a very agreeable and beautiful lady, by whom he had a numerous family. Nor did Jean Drummond, of Megginch, break her heart when James, Duke of Athole, died: she dried her tears, and gave her hand to Lord Adam Gordon. The song is creditable to the author.

"For lake of gold she has left me, oh!
And of all that's dear bereft me, oh!
She me forsook for a great Duke,
And to endless care has left me, oh!
A star and garter has more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart
For empty titles we must part,
And for glitt'ring show she left me, o

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injured heart again to love,
Thro' distant climates I must rove,
  Since Jeanie she has left me, oh!
Ye pow'rs above, I to your care
Commit my lovely charming fair,
Your choicest blessings on her share,
  Tho' she's for ever left me, oh!"]

HERE'S A HEALTH TO MY TRUE LOVE, &c.

THIS song is Dr. Blacklock's. He told me that tradition gives the air to our James IV. of Scotland.

[" Scottish traditions," says Joseph Ritson, " are to be received with great caution." He might have said the same of all things oral; but I see not why northern traditions are more liable to suspicion than the legends of other lands. Had the composition of an air or a song been imputed to one of his own Henrys or Edwards, he might have questioned it; but all the Stuarts were gifted men: James the First and Fifth were accomplished poets and musicians. The whole family were lovers of music and verse; it was not, therefore, wonderful that one of them should compose a pretty piece of music.]

HEY TUTTI TAITI.

I HAVE met the tradition universally over Scotland, and particularly about Stirling, in the neighbourhood of the scene, that this air was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn.

["It does not seem at all probable," says Ritson, "that the Scots had any martial music in the time of this monarch; it being their custom, at that period, for every man in the host to bear a little horn, with the blowing of which, as we are told by Froissart, they would make such a horrible noise as if all the devils of hell had been among them. It is not, therefore, likely that these unpolished warriors would be curious

> ——— 'to move
> In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
> Of flutes and self recorders.'

These horns, indeed, are the only music ever mentioned by Barbour, to whom any particular march would have been too important a circumstance to be passed over in silence; so that it must remain a moot point, whether Bruce's army were cheered by the sound of even a solitary bagpipe."

Of the two songs which accompany this air in the "Musical Museum," one is an ordinary tippling chaunt, while the other is a drunken Jacobite effusion, in which

many valorous words are used and many brimming cups drunk. The former makes the toper address his cup.

> "Cog an ye were ay fou,
> Cog an ye were ay fou,
> I wad sit and sing to you,
> Cog an ye were ay fou."

While the latter exclaims,

> "Fill up your bumpers high
> We'll drink a' yere barrels dry,
> Out upon them, fy, fy,
> That winna do't again.
> Here's to the chieftains
> Of the Scots Highland clans,
> They hae done it mair than ance,
> And will do't again."

It has been observed of the gentlemen who were attached to the now extinct cause of the Stuarts, that those who fought worst drank best, while those who drank best did little else well. The glorious song of "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled" has made this air immortal. That animating strain is now sung wherever freedom is felt and the British language understood. The more like recitation it is sung, the effect is better; scientific ornament injures the simple vigour of the words and air.]

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

A PART of this old song, according to the English set of it, is quoted in Shakspeare.

[In the drinking scene in Othello—Iago sings:

" King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor lown;
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee."

The economic spirit of Stephen has been transferred by a northern minstrel to Robert Bruce: the song, of which the following is a part, is one of our best as well as oldest.

" In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, with his blasts sae bauld,
Was threatning a' our ky to kill:
Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife,
She said to me right hastily,
Get up, goodman, save Cromy's life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromie is an useful cow,
And she is come of a good kyne,
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou,
And I am laith that she shou'd tyne.

Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
  The sun shines in the lift sae hie,
Sloth never made a gracious end,
  Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
  When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scantly worth a groat,
  For I have worn't this thirty year!
Let's spend the gear that we have won,
  We little ken the day we'll die:
Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
  To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
  His trews they cost but haff a crown;
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
  And call'd the taylor thief and loun.
He was the king that wore a crown,
  And thou the man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
  Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee."]

YE GODS, WAS STREPHON'S PICTURE BLEST?

Tune—" Fourteenth of October."

The title of this air shews that it alludes to the famous king Crispian, the patron of the honourable corporation of shoemakers.—St. Crispian's day falls on the fourteenth of October old style, as the old proverb tells:

" On the fourteenth of October
Was ne'er a sutor sober,"

[William Hamilton, of Bangour, wrote this song on hearing that a young lady of birth and beauty wore his picture in her bosom. Ramsay obtained a copy from the author, and published it in the Tea Table Miscellany.

"Ye gods, was Strephon's picture blest
With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast;
Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
Oh gently throb, too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
For Strephon was the bliss design'd;
For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
Did'st thou prefer his wand'ring shade.

And thou bless'd shade, that sweetly art
Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
Its wretched master's ardent prayer,
Ingrossing all that beauteous heaven
That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: were I lord
Of all the wealth these breasts afford;
I'd be a miser too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive.
Oh! smile not thus, my lovely fair,
On these cold looks that lifeless are:
Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
With eager love and soft desire."

Pastoral designations were the fashion of Hamilton's day: how the ladies would have blushed and fluttered their fans to have been spoken of in song in the language of life.]

SINCE ROBB'D OF ALL THAT CHARM'D MY VIEWS.

The old name of this air is, "the Blossom o' the Raspberry." The song is Dr. Blacklock's.

[The verse is smooth, and the sentiments unobjectionable; the complaint is a common one—unrequited love.]

YOUNG DAMON.

This air is by Oswald.

[This is one of the hurried effusions of Robert Fergusson: his attempts in lyric composition were few, and not very happy.

"Amidst a rosy bank of flowers
  Young Damon mourn'd his forlorn fate,
In sighs he spent his languid hours,
  And breath'd his woes in lonely state;
Gay joy no more shall ease his mind,
  No wanton sports can sooth his care,
Since sweet Amanda prov'd unkind,
  And left him full of black despair.

His looks, that were as fresh as morn,
  Can now no longer smiles impart;
His pensive soul on sadness borne,
  Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart;
Turn, Fair Amanda, cheer your swain,
  Unshroud him from this vale of woe;
Range every charm to soothe the pain,
  That in his tortur'd breast doth grow."]

KIRK WAD LET ME BE.

Tradition in the western parts of Scotland tells, that this old song, of which there are still three stanzas extant, once saved a covenanting clergyman out of a scrape. It was a little prior to the revolution, a period when being a Scots covenanter was being a felon, that one of their clergy, who was at that very time hunted by the merciless soldiery, fell in, by accident, with a party of the military. The soldiers were not exactly acquainted with the person of the reverend gentleman of whom they were in search; but, from suspicious circumstances, they fancied that they had got one of that cloth and opprobrious persuasion among them in the person of this stranger. "Mass John" to extricate himself, assumed a freedom of manners, very unlike the gloomy strictness of his sect; and among other convivial exhibitions, sung (and some traditions say, composed on the spur of the occasion), "Kirk wad let me be," with such effect, that the soldiers swore he was a d——d honest fellow, and that it was impossible *he* could belong to those hellish conventicles; and so gave him his liberty.

The first stanza of this song, a little altered, is a favourite kind of dramatic interlude acted at country weddings, in the south-west parts of the kingdom. A young fellow is dressed up like an old beggar; a

peruke, commonly made of carded tow, represents hoary locks; an old bonnet; a ragged plaid, or surtout, bound with a straw rope for a girdle; a pair of old shoes, with straw ropes twisted round his ancles, as is done by shepherds in snowy weather: his face they disguise as like wretched old age as they can: in this plight he is brought into the wedding house, frequently to the astonishment of strangers, who are not in the secret, and begins to sing—

> "O, I am a silly auld man,
> My name it is auld Glenae,* &c."

He is asked to drink, and by and bye to dance, which after some uncouth excuses he is prevailed on to do, the fiddler playing the tune, which here is commonly called, "Auld Glenae;" in short he is all the time so plied with liquor that he is understood to get intoxicated, and with all the ridiculous gesticulations of an old drunken beggar, he dances and staggers until he falls on the floor; yet still in all his riot, nay, in his rolling and tumbling on the floor, with some or other drunken motion of his body, he beats time to the music, till at last he is supposed to be carried out dead drunk.

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* Glenae, on the small river Ae, in Annandale; the seat and designation of an ancient branch, and the present representative, of the gallant and unfortunate Dalzels of Carnwath.—This is the *Author's* note.

[There are many versions of this Nithsdale song; here is one of the least objectionable, but not the least curious.

"I am a silly puir man,
Gaun hirplin owre a tree,
For courting a lass in the dark
The kirk came haunting me.
If a' my rags were off,
And nought but hale claes on,
O I could please a young lass
As well as a richer man.

The parson he ca'd me a rogue,
The session an' a thegither,
The justice he cried you dog,
Your knavery I'll consider:
Sae I drapt down on my knee
And thus did humbly pray,
O, if ye'll let me gae free,
My hale confession ye'se hae.

'Twas late on tysday at e'en
When the moon was on the grass;
O, just for charity's sake,
I was kind to a beggar lass.
She had begged down Annan side,
Lochmaben and Hightae;
But diel an amous she got,
Till she met wi' auld Glenae.

The song goes on to relate what passed between the Sinner and the Session; but we cannot lift the curtain higher from this rustic drama.]

JOHNNY FAA, OR THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

The people in Ayrshire begin this song—

"The gypsies cam to my Lord Cassili's yett."—

They have a great many more stanzas in this song than I ever yet saw in any printed copy.—The castle is still remaining at Maybole, where his lordship shut up his wayward spouse, and kept her for life.

[As tradition strongly vouched for the truth of the story upon which this ballad is founded, Mr. Finlay, with a laudable curiosity, resolved to make the necessary inquiries, the result of which, without much variation, he published in his "Scottish Ballads," and is as follows:

"That the Earl of Cassilis had married a nobleman's daughter contrary to her wishes, she having been previously engaged to another; but that the persuasion and importunity of her friends at last brought her to consent: That Sir John Faw, of Dunbar, her former lover, seizing the opportunity of the Earl's absence on a foreign embassy, disguised himself and a number of his retainers as gypsies, and carried off the lady, 'nothing loth:' That the Earl having returned opportunely at the time of the commission of the act, and nowise inclined to participate in his

consort's ideas on the subject, collected his vassals, and, pursued the lady and her paramour to the borders of England, where, having overtaken them, a battle ensued, in which Faw and his followers were all killed or taken prisoners, excepting one,

——— the meanest of them all,
Who lives to weep and sing their fall.

"It is by this survivor that the ballad is supposed to have been written. The Earl, on bringing back the fair fugitive, banished her *a mensa et thoro*, and, it is said, confined her for life in a tower at the village of Maybole, in Ayrshire, built for the purpose; and, that nothing might remain about this tower unappropriated to its original destination, eight heads, carved in stone, below one of the turrets, are said to be the effigies of *so many* of the gypsies. The lady herself, as well as the survivor of Faw's followers, contributed to perpetuate the remembrance of the transaction; for if he wrote a song about it, she wrought it in tapestry; and this piece of workmanship is still preserved at Culzean Castle. It remains to be mentioned, that the ford, by which the lady and her lover crossed the river Doon from a wood near Cassilis-house, is still denominated the Gypsies' Steps.

"There seems to be no reason for identifying the hero with Johnie Faa, who was king of the gypsies about the year 1590. The coincidence of names, and the disguise assumed by the lover, is perhaps the foundation on which popular tradition has raised the structure. Upon authority so vague, nothing can be assumed; and indeed I am inclined to adopt the opinion of a correspondent, that the whole story may have been the invention of some feudal or political rival,

to injure the character and hurt the feelings of an opponent; at least, after a pretty diligent search, I have been able to discover nothing that in the slightest degree confirms the popular tale."

"The gypsies came to our good lord's gate
And wow but they sang sweetly;
They sang sae sweet, and sae very complete,
That down came the fair ladie.

And she came tripping down the stair,
And a' her maids before her;
As soon as they saw her weelfar'd face,
They coost the glamour o'er her.

'Gar tak frae me this gay mantile,
And bring to me a plaidie;
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

'Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,
And my good lord beside me;
This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
Whatever shall betide me.'

Come to your bed, says Johny Faa,
Oh! come to your bed, my deary;
For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.

'I'll go to bed to my Johny Faa,
And I'll go to bed to my deary;
For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,
That my lord shall nae mair come near me."

'Ill mak a hap to my Johny Faa,
And I'll mak a hap to my deary;
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
And my lord shall nae mair come near me.'

And when our lord came home at e'en,
And speir'd for his fair lady,
The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,
She's away wi' the gypsie laddie.

'Gae saddle to me the black, black steed,
Gae saddle and mak him ready;
Before that I either eat or sleep,
I'll gae seek my fair lady.'

And we were fifteen well-made men,
Altho' we were nae bonny;
And we were a' put down for ane,
A fair young wanton lady."

Many variations might be added: I shall make room for one stray verse.

"My ladie's skin, like the driven snaw,
Looked through her satin cleedin',
Her white hause, as the wine ran down,
It like a rose did redden."

My friend, John Martin, the distinguished Painter, who has all the love of a true Borderer for the strains which gladdened his ancestors, recites a Northumberland version of this strain, which calls the fortunate and unfortunate hero Gypsie Geordie.]

TO DAUNTON ME.

The two following old stanzas to this tune have some merit:

"To daunton me, to daunton me,
O ken ye what it is that'll daunton me?—
There's eighty-eight and eighty-nine,
And a' that I hae borne sinsyne,
There's cess and press and Presbytric,
I think it will do meikle for to daunton me.

But to wanton me, to wanton me,
O ken ye what it is that wad wanton me—
To see gude corn upon the rigs,
And banishment amang the Whigs,
And right restor'd where right sud be,
I think it would do meikle for to wanton me.

[A third verse runs thus :

" But to wanton me, to wanton me,
O ken ye what maist wad wanton me ?
To see King James at Enburgh Cross
Wi' fifty thousand foot and horse ;
And the usurper forc'd to flee,
O this is that maist wad wanton me."]

THE BONNIE LASS MADE THE BED TO ME.

" The Bonnie Lass made the Bed to me," was composed on an amour of Charles II. when skulking in the North, about Aberdeen, in the time of the usurpation. He formed *une petite affaire* with a daughter of the House of Portletham, who was the " lass that made the bed to him :"—two verses of it are,

" I kiss'd her lips sae rosy red,
While the tear stood blinkin in her e'e ;
I said my lassie dinna cry,
For ye ay shall make the bed to me.

She took her mither's holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me ;
Blythe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me."

[A version of this old song, retouched by the master hand of Burns, is printed in the 4th volume.]

ABSENCE.

A song in the manner of Shenstone.

This song and air are both by Dr. Blacklock.

[From this strain, in the manner of Shenstone, we may extract some pastoral touches,

" Ye harvests that wave in the breeze,
As far as the view can extend;
Ye mountains umbrageous with trees,
Whose tops so majestic ascend,
Your landscape what joy to survey,
Were Melissa with me to admire,
Then the harvests would glitter how gay,
How majestic the mountains aspire."]

I HAD A HORSE AND I HAD NAE MAIR.

This story is founded on fact. A John Hunter, ancestor to a very respectable farming family, who live in a place in the parish, I think, of Galston, called Bar-mill, was the luckless hero that " had a horse and had nae mair."—For some little youthful follies he found it necessary to make a retreat to the West-Highlands, where " he feed himself to a *Highland* Laird," for that is the expression of all the oral

editions of the song I ever heard.—The present Mr. Hunter, who told me the anecdote, is the great grandchild of our hero.



[David Herd found, no one knows where, these capital comic verses, and published them in his collection. Johnson added the original music.

" I had a horse, and I had nae mair,
  I gat him frae my daddy;
My purse was light, and my heart was sair,
  But my wit it was fu' ready.
And sae I thought me on a time,
  Outwittens of my daddy,
To fee mysel to a lawland laird,
  Wha had a bonny lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began,
  " Madam, be not offended,
I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
  And care not tho' ye kend it:
For I get little frae the laird,
  And far less frae my daddy,
And I would blythely be the man
  Would strive to please my lady."

She read my letter, and she leugh,
  " Ye needna been sae blate, man;
You might hae come to me yoursel,
  And tauld me o' your state, man:
You might hae come to me yoursel,
  Outwittens o' ony body,
And made *John Gowkston* of the laird,
  And kiss'd his bonny lady."

Then she pat siller in my purse,
  We drank wine in a coggie;
She feed a man to rub my horse,
  And wow! but I was vogie.

But I gat ne'er sa sair a fleg,
Since I came frae my daddy,
The laird came, rap rap, to the yett,
When I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me below a chair,
And happ'd me wi' a plaidie;
But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
And wish'd me wi' my daddy.
The laird went out, he saw na me,
I went when I was ready:
I promis'd, but I ne'er gade back
To kiss my bonny lady."]

UP AND WARN A' WILLIE.

This edition of the song I got from Tom Niel, of facetious fame, in Edinburgh. The expression "Up and warn a' Willie," alludes to the Crantara, or warning of a Highland Clan to arms. Not understanding this, the Lowlanders in the west, and south, say, " Up and *waur* them a'", &c.

[The ballad given in Johnson is a sort of Gazette account of the battle of Sherriffmuir, where both generals claimed the victory; nor has the rustic minstrel decided the question. The song no sooner made its appearance than it was parodied in a scoffing ballad, of which the following is the starting verse.

"Up an' waur them a' Willie,
Up an' waur them a',
Up and sell your sour milk,
And craw aboon them a' Willie.
Up an' waur them a' Willie,
Up an' waur them a',
Ye'se be prince o' Musselburgh,
And king in Fisherraw, Willie.

Tom Niel, who gave the song to Burns, was a carpenter in Edinburgh, and lived chiefly by making coffins. He was also Precentor, or Clerk, in one of the churches. He had a good strong voice, and was greatly distinguished by his powers of mimickry, and his humorous manner of singing the old Scottish ballads.]

AULD ROB MORRIS.

It is remark-worthy that the song of "Hooly and Fairly," in all the old editions of it, is called "The Drunken wife o' Galloway," which localizes it to that country.

[Auld Rob Morris and "The Drunken Wife o' Gallowa," are two first-rate old lyrics; the former was printed as an ancient strain in Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany: the latter was not discovered so early, yet it is equally authentic.

MOTHER.

"There's Auld Rob Morris wha wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' gude fellows, and wale o' auld men;
Has fourscore o' black sheep, and fourscore too,
And auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DAUGHTER.

Haud your tongue mither, and let that abee,
For his eild and my eild can never agree;
They'll never agree, and that will be seen,
For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

MOTHER.

Haud your tongue daughter, and lay by your pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, and yse be the bride;
He shall lie by your side, and kiss ye too,
Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DAUGHTER.

Auld Rob Morris, I ken him fou weel,
His back sticks out like ony peat-creel;
He's outshinn'd, inkneed, and ringle-ied too,
Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll neer loo.

MOTHER.

Though auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,
Yet his auld brass it will buy a new pan;
Then daughter ye shouldna be sae ill to shoo,
For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DAUGHTER.

But auld Rob Morris I never will hae,
His back is so stiff, and his beard is so gray;
I had rather die than live wi' him a year,
Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear.

The "Drunken Wife o' Gallowa" is in another strain: the idea is original, and it cannot be denied that the author, whoever he was, has followed up the conception with great spirit. A verse or two will prove this.

"Down in yon valley a couple did tarry,
The wife she drank naithing but sack and canary;
The man to her friends complained right early,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank cromie, and syne she drank garie,
Then she has drunken my bonnie gray mearie,
That carried me through the dub and the lairie,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

The very grey mittens that gade on my hans,
To her ain neibour wife she has laid them in pawns,
Wi' my bane-headed staff that I loe'd sae dearly,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

An when she gets drink she aye lays on the lads,
And ca's a' the lasses baith limmers and jads;
And I my ain sell an auld cuckold carlie,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!"]

NANCY'S GHOST.

This song is by Dr. Blacklock.

[Burns seldom praises the songs of Blacklock; he asked him to write for the Museum, but the verses which he contributed are not his best.]

TUNE YOUR FIDDLES, &c.

This song was composed by the Rev. John Skinner, Nonjuror Clergyman at Linshart, near

Peterhead. He is likewise author of Tullochgorum, Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn, John o' Badenyond, &c., and what is of still more consequence, he is one of the worthiest of mankind. He is the author of an ecclesiastical history of Scotland. The air is by Mr. Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon; the first composer of strathspeys of the age. I have been told by somebody, who had it of Marshall himself, that he took the idea of his three most celebrated pieces, The Marquis of Huntley's Reel, His Farewell, and Miss Admiral Gordon's Reel, from the old air, "The German Lairdie."

[Skinner seems to have written these verses as a sort of task; there is generally a dance of words in his lyric compositions, which show that his heart was in harmony with the music: though this is not wanting here, the sentiments are not so happy as those of his "John of Badenyond."

"Lay aside your sour grimaces,
Clouded brows, and drumlie faces;
Look about and see their graces,
How they smile delighted.
Now's the season to be merry,
Hang the thoughts of Charon's ferry;
Time enough to turn camstary,
When we're old and doited."]

GIL MORICE.

This plaintive ballad ought to have been called Child Maurice, and not Gil Morice. In its present dress, it has gained immortal honour from Mr. Home's taking from it the ground-work of his fine tragedy of Douglas. But I am of opinion that the present ballad is a modern composition; perhaps not much above the age of the middle of the last century; at least I should be glad to see or hear of a copy of the present words prior to 1650. That it was taken from an old ballad, called "Child Maurice," now lost, I am inclined to believe; but the present one may be classed with "Hardyknute," "Kenneth," "Duncan, the Laird of Woodhouselie," "Lord Livingston," "Binnorie," "The Death of Monteith," and many other modern productions, which have been swallowed by many readers as ancient fragments of old poems. This beautiful plaintive tune was composed by Mr. M^rGibbon, the selector of a collection of Scots tunes.

R. B.

In addition to the observations on Gil Morice, I add, that of the songs which Capt. Riddel mentions, "Kenneth" and "Duncan" are juvenile compositions of Mr. M^cKenzie, "The Man of Feeling."—M^cKenzie's father shewed them in MSS. to Dr.

Blacklock, as the productions of his son, from which the Doctor rightly prognosticated that the young poet would make, in his more advanced years, a respectable figure in the world of letters.

This I had from Blacklock.

[From a ballad so well known, it is needless to make any extracts: for pathetic simplicity it is all but unrivalled.]

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

This song was the work of a very worthy facetious old fellow, John Lapraik, late of Dalfram, near Muirkirk; which little property he was obliged to sell in consequence of some connexion as security for some persons concerned in that villanous bubble, THE AYR BANK. He has often told me that he composed this song one day when his wife had been fretting o'er their misfortunes.

[This is the very song "that some kind husband had addrest to some sweet wife," alluded to with such exquisite delicacy in the "Epistle to J. Lapraik."

" There was ae *sang* amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife :
It thrill'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life."

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

' When I upon thy bosom lean,
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
I glory in the sacred ties
That made us ane, wha ance were twain :
A mutual flame inspires us baith,
The tender look, the melting kiss :
Even years shall ne'er destroy our love
But only gie us change o' bliss.

Hae I a wish ? it's a' for thee ;
I ken thy wish is me to please ;
Our moments pass sae smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gaze,
Weel pleas'd they see our happy days,
Nor envy's sel find aught to blame ;
And ay when weary cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and take my rest,
And if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drap a tear :
Hae I a joy ! its a' her ain ;
United still her heart and mine ;
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
That's twin'd till death shall them disjoin.']

THE HIGHLAND CHARACTER.

This tune was the composition of Gen. Reid, and called by him "The Highland, or 42d Regiment's March." The words are by Sir Harry Erskine.

[Sir Harry Erskine was a wit, an orator, and something of a poet: his song on the Highland character was once very popular: the commencement is indeed agreeable to national vanity, as well as suitable to the music.

"In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-covered mountains of Scotia we come,
Where the Romans endeavoured our country to gain;
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our race,
Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,
So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
As swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes."]

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

There is in several collections, the old song of "Leader Haughs and Yarrow." It seems to have been the work of one of our itinerant minstrels, as he calls himself, at the conclusion of his song, "Minstrel Burn."

[Who Minstrel Burn was, is a question which antiquaries are unable to solve: that he was a borderer seems probable from the subject of his song, and that he had not a little of the poet's spirit, his song survives to prove. The first and last verses are very beautiful.

"When Phœbus bright, the azure skies
With golden rays enlight'neth,
He makes all Nature's beauties rise,
Herbs, trees, and flow'rs he quick'neth:
Amongst all those he makes his choice,
And with delight goes thorough,
With radiant beams and silver streams
O'er Leader-Haughs and Yarrow.

But Minstrel Burn cannot assuage
His grief, while life endureth,
To see the changes of this age,
That fleeting time procureth:
For mony a place stands in hard case,
Where blyth fowk kend nae sorrow,
With Homes that dwelt on Leaderside,
And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow."]

THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.

THE first half-stanza is old, the rest is Ramsay's. The old words are—

" O this is no mine ain house,
  My ain house, my ain house ;
This is no mine ain house,
  I ken by the biggin o't.

Bread and cheese are my door-cheeks,
  My door-cheeks, my door-cheeks ;
Bread and cheese are my door-cheeks,
  And pan-cakes the riggin o't.

This is no my ain wean,
  My ain wean, my ain wean ;
This is no my ain wean,
  I ken by the greetie o't.

I'll tak the curchie aff my head,
  Aff my head, aff my head ;
I'll tak the curchie aff my head,
  And row't about the feetie o't."

The tune is an old Highland air, called " Shuan truish willighan."

[The verses which Allan Ramsay added are not at all happy: they want even the liquid ease which lyrical compositions require.]

LADDIE, LIE NEAR ME.

This song is by Blacklock.

[The chief fault of the lyric compositions of this poet is want of simplicity: with how much ease Burns and the old minstrels commenced their strains, compared to the starting stanza of "Laddie, lie near me."

"Hark the loud tempest shakes the earth to its centre,
How mad were the task on a journey to venture;
How dismal's my prospect, of life I am weary,
O! listen, my love, I beseech thee to hear me,
Hear me, hear me, in tenderness hear me;
All the long winter night, laddie, lie near me.

Nights though protracted, tho' piercing the weather,
Yet summer was endless when we were together;
Now since thy absence I feel most severely,
Joy is extinguished and being is dreary,
Dreary, dreary, painful and dreary;
All the long winter night, laddie, lie near me."

With far more natural ease the author of the old verses glides into his subject.

"Lang hae we parted been, lassie, my dearie,
Now we are met again, lassie, lie near me,
Near me, near me, lassie, lie near me;
Lang hast thou lien thy lane lassie lie near me.

A' that I hae endured, lassie, my dearie,
Here in thy arms is cured, lassie, lie near me,
Near me, near me, lassie, lie near me;
Lang hast thou lien thy lane lassie lie near me."

These words have a Jacobite hue: the song was composed, it is said, by one of the Scottish exiles on returning to his family after the act of oblivion.]

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

THE Gaberlunzie Man is supposed to commemorate an intrigue of James the Vth. Mr. Callander of Craigforth, published some years ago, an edition of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," and the "Gaberlunzie Man," with notes critical and historical. James the Vth. is said to have been fond of Gosford, in Aberlady Parish, and that it was suspected by his cotemporaries, that in his frequent excursions to that part of the country, he had other purposes in view besides golfing and archery. Three favourite ladies, Sandilands, Weir, and Oliphant (one of them resided at Gosford, and the others in the neighbourhood), were occasionally visited by their royal and gallant admirer, which gave rise to the following advice to his Majesty, from Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount, Lord Lyon.

"Sow not your seed on Sandilands,
Spend not your strength in Weir,
And ride not on yere Oliphants,
For gawing o' your gear."

[Of the nature of his majesty's nocturnal excursions this, and the ballad beginning

"There was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was boune,"

will fully inform the reader, he indulged too in other rambles of a martial nature, of which the border still carries the tokens. James was at once a poet, a war-

rior, and a musician. Of his skill in ballad-making, "The Gaberlunzie Man" will be a lasting record.

"The pawky auld carle came o'er the lea,
Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,
Will ye lodge a silly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he sat;
My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free
As first when I saw this country,
How blyth and merry wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir slee twa togither were say'n,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.
And O! quo' she, an I were as white,
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
I'd cleed me braw, and lady like,
And awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise awee before the cock,
And wilily they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure pat on her claise;
Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hand, cry'd Waladay,
For some of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,
I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The servant gade where the daughter lay,
The sheets were cauld, she was away,
And fast to her goodwife gan say,
She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye find these traitors agáin ;
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a foot,
The wife was wud, and out o' her wit,
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
But ay she cursed and ay she banned.

Meantime far hind out o'er the lea,
Fu' snug in a glen where nane could see,
The twa with kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang.
The priving was good, it pleased them baith ;
To lo'e for ay, he gae her his aith :
Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome Gaberlunzie man.

O kend, my minnie, I were wi' you,
Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou',
Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
After the Gaberlunzie-man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha' nae learned the beggar's tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my ee ;
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing."]

THE BLACK EAGLE.

This song is by Dr. Fordyce, whose merits as a prose writer are well known.

[The talents of Dr. Fordyce as a philosophical writer are generally acknowledged: he perished at sea in the year 1755.

"Hark! yonder eagle lonely wails;
His faithful bosom grief assails;
Last night I heard him in my dream,
When death and woe were all the theme.
Like that poor bird I make my moan,
I grieve for dearest Delia gone;
With him to gloomy rocks I fly,
He mourns for love and so do I.

'Twas mighty love that tamed his breast,
'Tis tender grief that breaks his rest;
He droops his wings, he hangs his head,
Since she he fondly loved was dead.
With Delia's breath my joy expired
'Twas Delia's smiles my fancy fired;
Like that poor bird I pine and prove,
Nought can supply the place of love.

Dark as his feathers was the fate,
That robb'd him of his darling mate;
Dimm'd is the lustre of his eye,
That wont to gaze the sun-bright sky.
To him is now for ever lost,
The heart-felt bliss he once could boast;
Thy sorrows hapless bird display,
An image of my soul's dismay."]

JOHNIE COPE.

This satirical song was composed to commemorate General Cope's defeat at Preston Pans in 1745, when he marched against the Clans.

The air was the tune of an old song, of which I have heard some verses, but now only remember the title, which was,

"Will ye go the coals in the morning."

[This satiric song has long been a favourite in the north; the variations are numerous: I once heard a peasant boast, amongst other acquirements, that he could sing Johnie Cope with all the nineteen variations. The earliest is the rudest.

"Cope sent a challenge from Dunbar,
Saying, Charlie, fight me if you dare,
If it be not by the chance of war,
I'll catch you all in the morning.

Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword his scabbard from,
Saying, come follow me, my merry men,
And we'll visit Cope in the morning.

'Tis John Cope, are you waking yet?
Or are you sleeping? I would wit:
'Tis a wonder to me when your drums beat,
It does not waken you in the morning.

The Highland men came down the loan,
With sword and target in their hand,
They took the dawning by the end,
And they visited Cope in the morning."

A second version takes up the song at this place with a better spirit—

" Hey, Johnie Cope, get up an' rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak a din,
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
It will be a bloody morning.
Yon's no the took o' England's drum,
But it's the war-pipe's deadly strum;
And pours the claymore on the gun,
It will be a bloody morning."

When Cope fled, the fleetness of his horse carried him foremost, upon which a Scotsman sarcastically complimented him, " God, Sir, but ye hae won the race, win the battle wha like!" .

CEASE, CEASE, MY DEAR FRIEND TO EXPLORE.

The song is by Dr. Blacklock; I believe, but am not quite certain, that the air is his too.

[There are some pretty lines and agreeable thoughts in this song.]

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

This air was formerly called, "The Bridegroom greets when the Sun gangs down." The words are by Lady Ann Lindsay, of the Balcarras family.

["When the sheep are in the fauld, and the ky at hame,
And a' the warld to sleep are gane:
The waes of my heart fa' in show'rs frae my ee,
When my gudeman lyes sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and he sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naething beside;
To make that crown a pound, my Jamie gade to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father coudna work, and my mother coudna spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna win;
Old Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said "Jenny, "*for their sakes*, O marry me."

My heart it said nae, I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
The ship it was a wrack, why didna Jenny die?
And why do I live to say, wae's me?

My father argued sair, tho' my mither didna speak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I coudna think it he,
'Till he said, "I'm come back for to marry thee."

O sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away;
I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to die,
And why do I live to say, wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,
I darena think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gudewife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me."

"Mr. Pinkerton," says Cromek, after observing that none of the "Scotch amatory ballads," as he remembers, "are written by ladies;" and that the "profligacy of manners which always reigns before women can so utterly forget all sense of decency and propriety as to commence authors, is yet almost unknown in Scotland," adds, in a note, that "there is indeed, of very late years, one insignificant exception to this rule: 'Auld Robin Gray,' having got his silly psalm set to soporific music, is, to the credit of our taste, popular for the day. But after lulling some good-natured audiences asleep, he will soon fall asleep himself." Little Ritson, with a becoming boldness and indignation at the author of these ungracious and ungallant remarks, steps forward with his accustomed bantam-cock courage, and thus strikes at the hard forehead of Pinkerton. "Alas! this 'silly psalm' will continue to be sung, 'to the credit of our taste,' long after the author of this equally ridiculous and malignant paragraph shall be as completely forgotten as yesterday's Ephemeron, and his printed trash be only occasionally discernible at the bottom of a pie. Of the twenty-four Scotish song-writers whose names are pre-

served, four, if not five, are females; and, as poetesses, two more might be added to the number.

"At the time Mr. Pinkerton made this unmanly remark, he must have been aware that an examination of the characters of our principal female authors would have convinced him of its fallacy."]

DONALD AND FLORA.

This is one of those fine Gaelic tunes, preserved from time immemorial in the Hebrides; they seem to be the ground-work of many of our finest Scots pastoral tunes. The words of this song were written to commemorate the unfortunate expedition of General Burgoyne in America, in 1777.

[Hector Macneill was looked up to as Scotland's hope in song when Burns died: his poems flew over the north like wildfire, and half a dozen editions were bought up in a year. There is some sweetness in his verse, and some nature in his sentiments, but he wants the passion and vigour of the bard of Kyle: "Donald and Flora" is one of his best songs, but it is weak and wire-drawn compared with the pith and concentrated vehemence of the lyrics of Burns. The Donald of the song was Captain Stewart, who fell at the battle of Saratoga, and Flora was a young lady of Athole, to whom he was betrothed.

"When merry hearts were gay,
Careless of aught but play,
Poor Flora slipt away,
Sad'ning to Mora;
Loose flow'd her yellow hair,
Quick heav'd her bosom bare,
As to the troubled air
She vented her sorrow.

Loud howls the stormy west,
Cold, cold is winter's blast;
Haste then, O! Donald, haste,
Haste to thy Flora!
Twice twelve long months are o'er
Since, on a foreign shore,
You promis'd to fight no more,
But meet me in Mora.

'Where now is Donald dear?'
Maids cry with taunting sneer;
'Say is he still sincere
To his loved Flora?'
Parents upbraid my moan,
Each heart is turn'd to stone;
Ah! Flora, thou'rt now alone,
Friendless in Mora!

Come then, O come away!
Donald, no longer stay;
Where can my rover stray
From his lov'd Flora?
Ah! sure he ne'er can be
False to his vows and me:
O, Heaven! is not yonder he
Bounding o'er Mora?

Never, ah! wretched fair!
(Sigh'd the sad messenger,)
Never shall Donald mair
Meet his loved Flora!
Cold as yon mountain snow,
Donald, thy love, lies low;
He sent me to sooth thy woe
Weeping in Mora.

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair,
Then, striking her bosom bare,
Sigh'd out, 'Poor Flora!'
Ah! Donald! ah, well a day!
Was all the fond heart could say;
At length the sound died away
Feebly in Mora."]

THE CAPTIVE RIBBON.

This air is called "Robie donna Gorach."

[Though more like the strains of Macneill than of Burns, the song of "The Captive Ribbon" has been generally imputed to the latter. Here are the words—the reader may judge for himself.

"Dear Myra, the captive ribbon's mine,
'Twas all my faithful love could gain;
And would you ask me to resign
The sole reward that crowns my pain.

Go, bid the hero who has run
Thro' fields of death to gather fame,
Go, bid him lay his laurels down,
And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim.

The ribbon shall its freedom lose,
Lose all the bliss it had with you,
And share the fate I would impose
On thee wert thou my captive too.

It shall upon my bosom live,
Or clasp me in a close embrace;
And at its fortune if you grieve,
Retrieve its doom and take its place."]

THE BRIDAL O'T.

This song is the work of a Mr. Alexander Ross, late schoolmaster at Lochlee; and author of a beautiful Scots poem, called "The Fortunate Shepherdess."

["The reader will be pleased to find," says Cromek, "from the following communication to the editor, by Mrs. Murray, of Bath (authoress of 'Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch'), that Mr. Ross was one of the very few writers that practised what they taught.

"'I knew a good deal of Mr. Ross, author of 'The Fortunate Shepherdess,' but it was many years ago:—I still remember him with respect, as a man of most amiable character. His genius and talents speak for themselves in the above-mentioned beautiful little poem, and one cannot help regretting that such abilities were only born to 'blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air;' for in truth his humble abode was little better than a desert, though not inhabited by savages; nothing on earth being less savage than a mere uncultivated Highlander. I speak from the experience of many years of the early part of my life, which I had the happiness of spending in the North Highlands of Scotland, the country of 'Honest men and bonny lasses.''

"Mr. Ross was also author of two excellent songs, called 'What ails the Lasses at me?' and 'The Rock

and the wee pickle tow.' They are printed in this collection immediately after 'The Bridal o't.' He was born about the year 1700. His father was a farmer in the parish of Kincardine O'Neil, Aberdeenshire. His first settlement was at Birs, as parochial schoolmaster, about the year 1733. He removed to Lochlee, Forfarshire, where he died in May, 1783, after residing fifty years in the centre of the Grampians, almost secluded from the converse of men and books. Mr. Ross's grandson, the Rev. Alexander Thomson, gives the following account of him in a letter to Mr. Campbell, author of 'An Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland,' dated Lintrethen, 14th June, 1798.—'He (Ross) was a plain man, had the character of being a good schoolmaster, was very religious, which appeared by his behaviour as much as by his profession. He was an excellent Latin scholar, and wrote with considerable accuracy, till the days of old age and infirmity, when he wrote a poem, entitled 'The Orphan,' and attempted to publish it at Aberdeen, with some other little performances, which, on account of their inaccuracy, of which the worthy author was not so sensible as he would have formerly been, he was advised by Dr. Beattie, one of his best friends, not to publish.' "

" They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,
They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,
For he grows brawer ilka day,
I hope we'll hae a bridal o't:
For yesternight, nae farder gane,
The backhouse at the side wa' o't,
He there wi' Meg was mirden seen,
I hope we'll hae a bridal o't.

An we had but a bridal o't,
An we had but a bridal o't,
We'd leave the rest unto gude luck,
Altho' there should betide ill o't:

For bridal days are merry times,
And young folks like the coming o't,
And scribblers they bang up their rhymes,
And pipers they the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,
The lasses like a bridal o't,
Their braws maun be in rank and file,
Altho' that they should guide ill o't :
The boddom o' the kist is then
Turn'd up unto the inmost o't,
The end that held the kecks sae clean,
Is now become the teemest o't.

The bangster at the threshing o't.
The bangster at the threshing o't,
Afore it comes is fidgin fain,
And ilka day's a clashing o't :
He'll sell his jerkin for a groat,
His linder for anither o't,
And e'er he want to clear his shot,
His sark'll pay the tither o't.

The pipers and the fiddlers o't,
The pipers and the fiddlers o't,
Can smell a bridal unco' far,
And like to be the middlers o't :
Fan* thick and threefold they convene,
Ilk ane envies the tither o't,
And wishes nane but him alane
May ever see anither o't.

Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,
Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,
For dancing they gae to the green,
And aiblins to the beating o't :
He dances best that dances fast,
And loups at ilka reesing o't,
And claps his hands frae hough to hough,
And furls about the feezings o't."]

* *Fan*, when—the dialect of Angus.

TODLEN HAME.

This is perhaps the first bottle song that ever was composed. The author's name is unknown.

[" When I've a saxpence under my thumb,
Then I'll get credit in ilka town :
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gae by ;
O ! poverty parts good company.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Coudna my loove come todlen hame ?

Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if her tippeny chance be sma',
We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame,

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa pintstoups at our bed-feet ;
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry :
What think ye ot wee kimmer and I ?
Todlen but, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my loove comes todlen hame.

Lees me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay sae good humour'd when weeting your mou ;
When sober sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
That 'tis a blyth sight to the bairns and me,
When todlen hame, todlen hame.
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame."]

THE SHEPHERD'S PREFERENCE.

This song is Dr. Blacklock's.—I don't know how it came by the name, but the oldest appellation of the air was, "Whistle and I'll come to you my lad."

It has little affinity to the tune commonly known by that name.

["In May, when the daisies appear on the green,
And flow'rs in the field and the forest are seen;
Where lilies bloom'd bonnie, and hawthorns up sprung,
A pensive young shepherd oft whistled and sung.
But neither the shades nor the sweets of the flow'rs,
Nor the blackbirds that warbled in blossoming bow'rs;
Could pleasure his eye or his ear entertain,
For love was his pleasure and love was his pain.

The shepherd thus sung, while his flocks all around,
Drew nearer and nearer, and sigh'd to the sound;
Around, as in chains, lay the beasts of the wood,
With pity disarm'd, and with music subdued.
Young Jessy is fair as the spring's early flow'r,
And Mary sings sweet as the bird in her bow'r;
But Peggy is fairer and sweeter than they,
With looks like the morning—with smiles like the day."

The blind bard continues the strain through three other verses: he had a fine ear, but external nature had begun to fade and grow dim in his remembrance.

JOHN O' BADENYON

This excellent song is the composition of my worthy friend, old Skinner, at Linshart.

[The songs of Skinner of Linshart have not the merit of being brief: they are nevertheless very good, and deserve to the full the eulogiums of Burns. Our ancestors tolerated strains of a length that would weary out the patience of their descendants in singing. But then amusements in those days were few, and he who could sing a long song, or recite a long story, was of some account: at present we have so multiplied our enjoyments, that he who would sing John of Badenyon, or one of Robin Hood's Ballads, would be looked upon as one who desired to rob us of variety in pleasure.

" When first I cam to be a man
Of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth,
And fain the world would know;
In best attire I stept abroad,
With spirits brisk and gay,
And here and there and every where,
Was like a morn in May;
No care had I nor fear of want,
But rambled up and down,
And for a beau I might have pass'd
In country or in town;
I still was pleas'd where'er I went,
And when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe and pleas'd myself
Wi' John o' Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime
  A mistress I must find,
For *love*, I heard, gave one an air,
  And ev'n improved the mind:
On Phillis fair above the rest
  Kind fortune fixt my eyes,
Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
  And she became my choice;
To Cupid now with hearty prayer
  I offer'd many a vow;
And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd, and swore,
  As other lovers do;
But, when at last I breath'd my flame,
  I found her cold as stone;
I left the jilt, and tun'd my pipe
  To John o' Badenyon.

When *love* had thus my heart beguil'd
  With foolish hopes and vain;
To *friendship's* port I steer'd my course,
  And laugh'd at lover's pain;
A friend I got by lucky chance,
  'Twas something like divine,
An honest friend's a precious gift,
  And such a gift was mine;
And now whatever might betide,
  A happy man was I,
In any strait I knew to whom
  I freely might apply;
A strait soon came: my friend I try'd;
  He heard, and spurn'd my moan;
I hy'd me home, and tun'd my pipe
  To John o' Badenyon.

Methought I should be wiser next
  And would a *patriot* turn,
Began to doat on Johnny Wilks,
  And cry up Parson Horne.
Their manly spirit I admir'd,
  And prais'd their noble zeal,
Who had with flaming tongue and pen
  Maintain'd the public weal;
But e'er a month or two had past,
  I found myself betray'd,

'Twas *self* and *party* after all,
For a' the stir they made;
At last I saw the factious knaves
Insult the very throne,
I curs'd them a', and tun'd my pipe
To John o' Badenyon."]

A WAUKRIFE MINNIE.

I PICKED up this old song and tune from a country girl in Nithsdale.—I never met with it elsewhere in Scotland.

" Where are you gaun, my bonie lass,
Whare are you gaun, my hinnie,
She answer'd me right saucilie,
An errand for my minnie.

O whare live ye, my bonie lass,
O whare live ye, my hinnie,
By yon burn-side, gin ye maun ken,
In a wee house wi' my minnie.

But I foor up the glen at e'en,
To see my bonie lassie;
And lang before the gray morn cam,
She was na hauf sa sacie.

O weary fa' the waukrife cock,
And the foumart lay his crawin!
He wauken'd the auld wife frae her sleep,
A wee blink or the dawin.

An angry wife I wat she raise,
And o'er the bed she brought her;
And wi' a mickle hazle rung
She made her a weel pay'd dochter.

O fare the weel, my bonie lass!
O fare thee weel, my hinnie!
Thou art a gay and a bonie lass,
But thou hast a waukrife minnie."

[I have frequently heard this song sung in Nithsdale—and sung too with many variations. I am of opinion, nevertheless, that a large portion of it is the work of Burns himself. That several of the verses have been amended by him I have not the least doubt. It may gratify some to know that he lessened the indelicacy without impairing the wit of the song: his omissions too are on the same side: the concluding verse may be quoted—I have no wish to restore it—

"O though thy hair were hanks o' gowd,
And thy lips o' drappin, hinnie;
Thou hast gotten the clod that winna cling,
For a' thy waukrife minnie."]

TULLOCHGORUM.

This first of songs, is the master-piece of my old friend Skinner. He was passing the day, at the town of Cullen, I think it was, in a friend's house whose name was Montgomery. Mrs. Montgomery observing, *en passant*, that the beautiful reel of Tullochgorum wanted words, she begged them of Mr. Skinner, who gratified her wishes, and the

wishes of every lover of Scottish song, in this most excellent ballad.

These particulars I had from the author's son, Bishop Skinner, at Aberdeen.

["Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cry'd,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies't for folks to chide
For what was done before them:
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory all agree,
To drop their Whig-mig-morum.
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,
And cheerful sing alang wi' me,
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him:
For blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
Blythe and cheerie, blythe and cheerie,
Blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
And make a happy quorum,
For blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance till we be like to fa'
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be sae great a fraise,
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys
For half a hunder score o' them.
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
Dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum;

They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their *allegros* and a' the rest,
They canna' please a Scottish taste,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly worms their minds oppress
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
And sullen sots themsells distress
Wi' keeping up decorum:
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Sour and sulky shall we sit
Like old philosophorum!
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever try to shake a fit
To the Reel o' Tullochgorum.]

AULD LANG SINE.

Ramsay here, as usual with him, has taken the idea of the song, and the first line, from the old fragment which may be seen in the "Museum," vol. v.

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

Another excellent song of old Skinner's.

[The "Poor Maillie" of Burns is said to have been

suggested by "The Ewie wi' the crooked horn" of Skinner—with what truth the poem itself will show. The simplicity, tenderness, pathos, and humour of the verses of the bard of Kyle far exceed those of the poet of Linshart.

"Were I but able to rehearse
My Ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it forth as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone could blaw.
The Ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Wha had kent her might hae sworn
Sic a Ewe was never born,
Hereabout nor far awa',
Sic a Ewe was never born,
Hereabout nor far awa.'

I never needed tar nor keil
To mark her upo' hip or heel,
Her crookit horn did just as weel
To ken her by amo' them a';
She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
But keepit ay her ain jog trot,
Baith to the fauld and to the oot,
Was never sweir to lead nor caw,
Baith to the fauld and to the cot, &c.

Cauld nor hunger never dang her,
Wind nor weet could never wrang her,
Anes she lay an ouk and langer,
Furth aneath a wreath o' snaw:
Whan ither Ewies lap the dyke,
And eat the kail for a' the tyke,
My Ewie never play'd the like,
But tyc'd about the barn wa';
My Ewie never play'd the like, &c.

I lookit aye at even' for her,
Lest mishanter shou'd come o'er her.
Or the fowmart might devour her,
Gin the beastie bade awa;
My Ewie wi' the crookit horn,

Well deserv'd baith girse and corn,
Sic a Ewe was never born,
Here-about nor far awa.
Sic a Ewe was never born, &c.

Yet last ouk, for a' my keeping,
(Wha can speak it without weeping?)
A villain cam when I was sleeping,
Sta' my Ewie, horn and a';
I sought her sair upo' the morn,
And down aneath a buss o' thorn
I got my Ewie's crookit horn,
But my Ewie was awa'.
I got my Ewie's crookit horn, &c.

O! gin I had the loun that did it,
Sworn I have as well as said it,
Tho' a' the warld should forbid it,
I wad gie his neck a thra':
I never met wi' sick a turn,
As this sin ever I was born,
My Ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Silly Ewie stown awa.'
My Ewie wi' the crookit horn, &c."]

HUGHIE GRAHAM.

There are several editions of this ballad.—This, here inserted, is from oral tradition in Ayrshire, where, when I was a boy, it was a popular song.— It, originally, had a simple old tune, which I have forgotten.

"Our lords are to the mountains gane,
A hunting o' the fallow deer.
And they have gripet Hughie Graham,
For stealing o' the bishop's mare.

And they have tied him hand and foot,
  And led him up, thro' Stirling town;
The lads and lasses met him there,
  Cried, Hughie Graham thou art a loun.

O lowse my right hand free, he says,
  And put my braid sword in the same;
He's no in Stirling town this day,
  Dare tell the tale to Hughie Graham.

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,
  As he sat by the bishop's knee,
Five hundred white stots I'll gie you,
  If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free.

O haud your tongue, the bishop says,
  And wi' your pleading let me be;
For tho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
  Hughie Graham this day shall die.

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,
  As she sat by the bishop's knee;
Five hundred white pence I'll gie you,
  If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me.

O haud your tongue now, lady fair,
  And wi' your pleading let it be;
Altho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
  It's for my honour he maun die.

They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe,
  He looked to the gallows tree,
Yet never colour left his cheek,
  Nor ever did he blink his e'e.

At length he looked round about,
  To see whatever he could spy:
And there he saw his auld father,
  And he was weeping bitterly.

O haud your tongue, my father dear,
  And wi' your weeping let it be;
Thy weeping's sairer on my heart,
  Than a' that they can do to me.

And ye may gie my brother John,
  My sword that's bent in the middle clear;
And let him come at twelve o'clock,
  And see me pay the bishop's mare.

And ye may gie my brother James,
  My sword that's bent in the middle brown;
And bid him come at four o'clock,
  And see his brother Hugh cut down.

Remember me to Maggy my wife,
  The neist time ye gang o'er the moor,
Tell her she staw the bishop's mare,
  Tell her she was the bishop's whore.

And ye may tell my kith and kin,
  I never did disgrace their blood;
And when they meet the bishop's cloak
  To mak it shorter by the hood."

[Burns did not *chuse* to be quite correct in stating that this copy of the ballad of "Hughie Graham" is printed from oral tradition in Ayrshire. The fact is, that four of the stanzas are either altered or superadded by himself.

Of this number the third and eighth are original; the ninth and tenth have received his corrections. Perhaps pathos was never more touching than in the picture of the hero singling out his poor aged father from the crowd of spectators; and the simple grandeur of preparation for this afflicting circumstance in the verse that immediately precedes it, is matchless.

That the reader may probably appreciate the value of Burns's touches, I here subjoin two verses from the most correct copy of the ballad, as it is printed in the "Border Minstrelsy," vol. ii. p. 324.

"He looked over his left shoulder
And for to see what he might see;
There was he aware of his auld father,
Came tearing his hair most piteouslie.

O hald your tongue, my father, he says,
And see that ye dinna weep for me!
For they may ravish me o' my life,
But they canna banish me from heaven hie!"

CROMEK.]

A SOUTHLAND JENNY.

THIS is a popular Ayrshire song, though the notes were never taken down before. It, as well as many of the ballad tunes in this collection, was written from Mrs. Burns's voice.

["Southland Jenny" is older than the days of Allan Ramsay, for it is inserted in his "Tea Table Miscellany," with the letter Z annexed to intimate its antiquity. It seems to be of southern manufacture, and probably owes its origin to one of those very ingenious persons who, in London, imitated the voice and manner of the northern muse, with the same happiness that Wallenstien's follower imitated the general.

"I grant that in trifles you hit it off,
You can spit like the Friedlander—ape his cough."

The first verse will be sample sufficient of this compounded strain.

" A Southland Jenny that was right bonnie,
She had for a suitor a Norlan' Johnnie;
But he was sicken a bashfu' wooer,
That he could scarcely speak unto her.
But blinks o' her beauty, and hopes o' her siller,
Forced him at last to tell his mind till 'er;
My dear, quo' he, we'll nae longer tarry,
Gin ye can love me let's o'er the muir and marry."]

THE SOGER LADDIE.

The first verse of this is old; the rest is by Ramsay. The tune seems to be the same with a slow air, called "Jacky Hume's Lament"—or, "The Hollin Buss"—or, "Ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?"

[In Thomson's "Orpheus Caledonius," printed in 1725, both the music and words of "The Soger Laddie" may be found. The first four lines of the song have the true echo of the ancient minstrelsy. Ramsay has not entered rightly into their spirit when he supplied the other twelve lines.

" My soger laddie is over the sea,
And he'll bring gold and silver to me,
And when he comes home he will make me his lady;
My blessings gang wi' him, my soger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
And can as a soger and lover behave,
He's true to his country, to love he is steady;
There's few to compare wi' my soger laddie."]

WHERE WAD BONNIE ANNIE LIE.

The old name of this tune is,—

"Whare'll our gudeman lie."

A silly old stanza of it runs thus—

"O whare'll our gudeman lie,
Gudeman lie, gudeman lie,
O whare'll our gudeman lie,
Till he shute o'er the simmer?

Up amang the hen-bawks,
The hen-bawks, the hen-bawks,
Up amang the hen-bawks,
Amang the rotten timmer."

[Ramsay's song cannot be regarded as any improvement on the old verses, which please at least by the oddity. There is little ease of language or force of expression in the following verse.

"O where wad bonnie Annie lie?
Alane na mair ye mauna lie;
Wad ye a gudeman try,
Is that the thing ye're lacking?
O can a lass sae young as I
Venture on the bridal tye?
Syne down wi' a gudeman lie,
I'm fley'd he'd keep me waukin."]

GALLOWAY TAM.

I HAVE seen an interlude (acted at a wedding) to this tune, called "The Wooing of the Maiden." These entertainments are now much worn out in this part of Scotland. Two are still retained in Nithsdale, viz. "Silly Pure Auld Glenae," and this one, "The Wooing of the Maiden."

[Galloway Tam is a fellow of merit in his way, as the song in his honour will show.

"O Galloway Tam came here to woo;
I'd rather we'd gien him the brawnit cow;
For our lass Bess may curse an' ban
The wanton wit o' Galloway Tam.

O Galloway Tam came here to shear;
I'd rather we'd gien him the gude gray mare;
He kissed the gudewife, and dang the gudeman,
And that's the tricks o' Galloway Tam."

There are many more verses; but it is difficult to make a prudent selection where all are free of thought and language.

"He owed the kirk a twalmonth's score,
And doffed his bonnet at the door,
Whan the loon cried out, Wha sang the psalm?
Room on the stool for Galloway Tam.

Sir, quoth the priest, the carnal deil
Has put his mark 'boon gospel kell
And kinch'd yere cloots in hell's black ban:
For mercy loos't, quo' Galloway Tam.

In our kirk fauld we maun ye bar,
And smear yere tail wi' Calvin's tar,
And pettle ye up a dainty lamb:
Amang the yowes, quo' Galloway Tam.

Eased o' a twelvemonth's wanton deeds,
He gaily coost his sackcloth weeds,
And louping like an unspeaned lamb,
Tak tent o' your hearts, quo' Galloway Tam."]

AS I CAM DOWN BY YON CASTLE WA'.

This is a very popular Ayrshire song.

[Though no longer popular, this song is very pretty, and I am not without suspicion that it has at least been amended by Burns. Both music and words were unknown till he sent them to the "Museum."

" As I cam down by yon castle wa',
And in by yon garden green,
O there I spied a bonnie bonnie lass,
But the flower-borders were us between.

A bonnie bonnie lassie she was,
As ever mine eyes did see;
O five hundred pounds would I give,
For to have such a pretty bride as thee.

To have such a pretty bride as me!
Young man ye are sairly mista'en;
Tho' ye were king o' fair Scotland,
I wad disdain to be your queen.

Talk not so very high, bonnie lass,
  O talk not so very, very high;
The man at the fair that wad sell,
  He maun learn at the man that wad buy.

I trust to climb a far higher tree,
  And herry a far richer nest:
Tak this advice o' me, bonnie lass,
  Humility wad set thee best."]

LORD RONALD MY SON.

THIS air, a very favourite one in Ayrshire, is evidently the original of Lochaber. In this manner most of our finest more modern airs have had their origin. Some early minstrel, or musical shepherd, composed the simple artless original air; which being picked up by the more learned musician, took the improved form it bears.

[The complete ballad of "Lord Ronald" may be found under the name of "Lord Randal," in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." The hero of the song was poisoned—he ate a dish of adders instead of eels: this is intimated in a stray verse, which should be restored to its place, as, without it, the ballad is incomplete.

"And where did they catch them, Lord Ronald my son?
And where did they catch them, my handsome young man?
Beneath the braken-bush, mother; make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi' hunting, and fain wad lie down."]

O'ER THE MOOR AMANG THE HEATHER.

This song is the composition of a Jean Glover, a girl who was not only a whore, but also a thief; and in one or other character has visited most of the Correction Houses in the West. She was born I believe in Kilmarnock,—I took the song down from her singing as she was strolling through the country, with a slight-of-hand blackguard.

["Comin thro' the craigs o' Kyle,
Amang the bonnie blooming heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keeping a' her yowes thegither,
O'er the moor amang the heather,
O'er the moor amang the heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keeping a' her yowes thegither.

Says I my dearie where is thy hame,
In moor or dale pray tell me whether?
She says, I tent the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather.
O'er the moor, &c.

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunny was the weather,
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonnie blooming heather.
O'er the moor, &c.

While thus we lay she sang a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther,
And ay the burden o' the sang
Was o'er the moor amang the heather.
O'er the moor, &c.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne,
I could na think on any ither;
By sea and sky she shall be mine!
The bonnie lass amang the heather.
O'er the moor, &c."]

TO THE ROSE BUD.

This song is the composition of a —— Johnson, a joiner in the neighbourhood of Belfast. The tune is by Oswald, altered, evidently, from "Jockie's Gray Breeks."

["All hail to thee thou bawmy bud,
Thou charming child o' simmer, hail;
Ilk fragrant thorn and lofty wood
Does nod thy welcome to the vale.

See on thy lovely faulded form,
Glad Phœbus smiles wi' chearing eye,
While on thy head the dewy morn
Has shed the tears o' silent joy.

The tuneful tribes frae yonder bower,
Wi' sangs of joy thy presence hail;
Then haste, thou bawmy fragrant flower,
And gie thy bosom to the gale.

And see the fair industrious bee,
With airy wheel and soothing hum,
Flies ceaseless round thy parent tree,
While gentle breezes trembling come.

If ruthless Liza pass this way,
She'll pou thee frae thy thorny stem ;
Awhile thou'lt grace her virgin breast,
But soon thou'lt fade, my bonny gem.

Ah, short, too short, thy rural reign,
And yield to fate, alas! thou must :
Bright emblem of the virgin train,
Thou blooms alas! to mix wi' dust.

Sae bonny Liza hence may learn,
Wi' every youthfu' maiden gay,
That beauty, like the simmer's rose,
In time shall wither and decay."]

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

This tune is by Oswald. The song alludes to a part of my private history, which it is of no consequence to the world to know.

'Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed :
Where the grouse, &c.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors ;
For there, by a lanely, and sequester'd stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath ;
For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share;
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.*

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;
And when wit and refinement hae polished her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!"]

THOU ART GANE AWA.

This tune is the same with "Haud awa frae me, Donald."

[Both tune and words of "Thou art gane awa" have been modernized, and not unskilfully: the last verse is the best.

"Tho' you've been false, yet while I liv
I'll lo'e nae maid but thee, Mary;
Let friends forget as I forgive
Thy wrangs to them and me, Mary.
So then farewell!—of this be sure,
Since you've been false to me, Mary,
For a' the world I'll not endure
Half what I've done for thee, Mary."]

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* "I love my love because I know my love loves me."
MAID IN BEDLAM.

THE TEARS I SHED MUST EVER FALL.

This song of genius was composed by a Miss Cranston. It wanted four lines, to make all the stanzas suit the music, which I added, and are the four first of the last stanza.

"No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
Just what would make suspicion start;
No pause the dire extremes between,
He made me blest—and broke my heart"

[Miss Cranston became the wife of one as accomplished as herself, Professor Dugald Stewart: of her poetic genius this exquisite song will long continue a proof: its history has never been related—perhaps it has no reference to personal feelings, but is one of the happy speculations of the muse.

"The tears I shed must ever fall;
I weep not for an absent swain,
For time can past delights recall,
And parted lovers meet again.
I weep not for the silent dead,
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er,
And those they lov'd their steps shall tread,
And death shall join to part no more.

Though boundless oceans roll between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads the scene,
Soft is the sigh and sweet the tear.

Ev'n when by death's cold hand remov'd,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb,
To think that ev'n in death he lov'd,
Can cheer the terrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter is the tear
Of her who slighted love bewails,
No hopes her gloomy prospect cheer,
No pleasing melancholy hails.
Her's are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, and wither'd joy:
The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side,
The flame she fed burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
The scenes once ting'd in transport's dye;
The sad reverse soon meets the view,
And turns the thought to agony.
Ev'n conscious virtue cannot cure
The pang to ev'ry feeling due;
Ungen'rous youth, thy boast how poor,
To steal a heart, and break it too!

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
Just what would make suspicion start;
No pause the dire extremes between,
He made me blest—and broke my heart!
Hope from its only anchor torn,
Neglected and neglecting all,
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
The tears I shed must ever fall."

THE TITHER MORN.

This tune is originally from the Highlands. I have heard a Gaelic song to it, which I was told

was very clever, but not by any means a lady's song.

[The air of this song resembles that of "Saw ye Johnnie coming:" the words are said to be a free translation of a still freer Gaelic song, and have been attributed to Burns himself.

"The tither morn,
When I forlorn
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I didna trow
I'd see my jo
Beside me gain the gloaming.
But he sae trig
Lap o'er the rig,
And dautingly did chear me,
When I what reck
Did least expect,
To see my lad sae near me.

His bonnet he,
A thought ajee,
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;
And I, I wat,
Wi' fainness grat,
While in his grips he pressed me.
Deil tak the war!
I late and air
Hae wished since Jock departed;
But now as glad
I'm wi' my lad,
As shortsyne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en,
Wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blyth and merry,
I car'dna by,
Sae sad was I
In absence o' my deary.

But praise be blest
My mind's at rest,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny,
At kirk and fair
I'se aye be there,
And be as canty's ony."]

DAINTIE DAVIE.

This song, tradition says, and the composition itself confirms it, was composed on the Rev. David Williamson's begetting the daughter of Lady Cherrytrees with child, while a party of dragoons were searching her house to apprehend him for being an adherent to the solemn league and covenant. The pious woman had put a lady's night-cap on him, and had laid him a-bed with her own daughter, and passed him to the soldiery as a lady, her daughter's bedfellow. A mutilated stanza or two are to be found in Herd's collection, but the original song consists of five or six stanzas, and were their *delicacy* equal to their *wit* and *humour*, they would merit a place in any collection. The first stanza is

" Being pursued by the dragoons,
Within my bed he was laid down ;
And weel I wat he was worth his room,
For he was my daintie Davie.'

Ramsay's song, " Luckie Nansy," though he

calls it an old song with additions, seems to be all his own, except the chorus :

" I was a telling you,
Luckie Nansy, luckie Nansy,
Auld springs wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me."

Which I should conjecture to be part of a song prior to the affair of Williamson.

["Luckie Nansy" is one of the very happiest of all Allan Ramsay's songs—the rules which he lays down for lyric composition in the first two verses, he too seldom observed.

" While fops in soft Italian verse,
Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse,
While sangs abound and scene is scarce,
These lines I have indited :
But neither darts nor arrows here,
Venus nor Cupid shall appear,
And yet with these fine sounds I swear,
The maidens are delited.
I was ay telling you,
Lucky Nansy, lucky Nansy,
Auld springs wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me.

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,
To spread upon my lassie's cheeks ;
And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,
Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.
I'll fetch nae simile frae Jove,
My height of extasy to prove,
Nor sighing,—thus—present my love
With roses eke and lilies.
I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay,—I had amaist forgot
My mistress and my sang to boot,
And that's an unco' faut I wot :
But Nansy, 'tis nae matter.

Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhime,
And ken ye, that atones the crime;
Forby, how sweet my numbers chime,
And slide away like water.
I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend sonsy fair,
Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,
Thy haff shut een and hodling air,
Are a' my passion's fewel.
Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee;
Yet thou hast charms anew for me,
Then smile, and be na cruel.
Leez me on thy snawy pow,
Lucky Nansy, Lucky Nansy,
Dryest wood will eithest low,
And Nansy sae will ye now.

Troth I have sung the sang to you,
Which ne'er anither bard wad do;
Hear then my charitable vow,
Dear venerable Nansy,
But if the warld my passion wrang,
And say, ye only live in sang,
Ken I despise a sland'ring tongue,
And sing to please my fancy.
Leez me on thy, &c."

Tytler, on very doubtful authority, says, that Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, was the author of this song.]

BOB O' DUMBLANE.

Ramsay, as usual, has modernized this song. The original, which I learned on the spot, from my old hostess in the principal inn there, is—

" Lassie, lend me your braw hemp heckle
And I'll lend you my thripplin-kame;
My heckle is broken, it canna be gotten,
And we'll gae dance the bob o' Dumblane.

Twa gaed to the wood, to the wood, to the wood,
Twa gaed to the wood—three came hame;
An' it be na weel bobbit, weel bobbit, weel bobbit,
An' it be na weel bobbit, we'll bob it again."

I insert this song to introduce the following anecdote, which I have heard well authenticated. In the evening of the day of the battle of Dumblane (Sherriff Muir) when the action was over, a Scots officer in Argyle's army, observed to His Grace, that he was afraid the rebels would give out to the world that *they* had gotten the victory.—" Weel, weel," returned his Grace, alluding to the foregoing ballad, " if they think it be nae weel bobbit, we'll bob it again."

[The battle of Dumblane, or Sheriff-Muir, was fought the 13th of November, 1715, between the Earl of Mar, for the Chevalier, and the Duke of Argyle, for the government. Both sides claimed the victory, the left wing of either army being routed. Ritson observes, it is very remarkable that the capture of Preston happened on the same day. Ed.]

THE AYRSHIRE BALLADS.

That Burns was an admirer of the olden minstrelsy of Scotland the fourth volume, and his numerous notes on northern song, sufficiently attest. He seems not however to have entered deeply into the spirit and feeling of the martial and romantic Ballads of which Scott made such a fine collection, and left such splendid imitations. His heart was most with the shorter lyric compositions: he had no visions of ancient glory: nor did his inspiration awaken at the sound of the Border trumpet. In all this he differed from Scott, and Scott from him. He however was well acquainted with ballad lore, and communicated several which he collected to Johnson's Museum: of these "Hughie Graeme," "The Gude allace," and the "Lochmaben Harper," are the best: when his attention was drawn to the subject by William Tytler, of Woodhouselee, he recollected several snatches of old ballads, wrote them down, and sent them to his friend with the following letter:

Sir,

Inclosed I have sent you a sample of the old pieces that are still to be found among our peasantry in the

west.—I once had a great many of these fragments, and some of these here entire; but as I had no idea then that any body cared for them, I have forgotten them. I invariably hold it sacrilege to add any thing of my own to help out with the shattered wrecks of these venerable old compositions; but they have many various readings. If you have not seen these before, I know they will flatter your true old-style Caledonian feelings; at any rate, I am truly happy to have an opportunity of assuring you how sincerely I am, R. B.

It is amusing to read that the poet held it sacrilege to add any thing of his own to help out the shattered remains of the olden minstrelsy; he forgot what he was at that very time (August, 1790,) doing for Johnson—of which he elsewhere says, "The songs marked Z in the "Museum," I have given to the world as old verses of their respective tunes; but, in fact, of a good many of them little more than the chorus is ancient, though there is no reason for telling every body this piece of intelligence."

The first of these Ballads is a western version of

THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.

Tune—"Willie's Rare."

"Nae birdies sang the mirky hour
  Amang the braes o'Yarrow,
But slumber'd on the dewy boughs
  To wait the waukening morrow.

Where shall I gang, my ain true love,
  Where shall I gang to hide me;
For weel ye ken, i' yere father's bow'r,
  It wad be death to find me,

  go you to yon tavern house,
  An' there count owre your lawin,
An' if I be a woman true,
  I'll meet you in the dawin'.

O he's gone to yon tavern house,
  An' ay he counted his lawin,
An' ay he drank to her guid health,
  Was to meet him in the dawin'.

O he's gone to yon tavern house,
  An' counted owre his lawin,
When in there cam' three armed men,
  To meet him in the dawin'.

O, woe be unto woman's wit,
  It has beguiled many!
She promised to come hersel'
  But she sent three men to slay me!

* * * *

Get up, get up, now sister Ann,
  I fear we've wrought you sorrow;
Get up, ye'll find your true love slain,
  Among the banks of Yarrow.

She sought him east, she sought him west,
  She sought him braid and narrow,
'Till in the clintin of a craig
  She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

She's ta'en three links of her yellow hair,
  That hung down lang and yellow,
And she's tied it about sweet Willie's waist,
  An' drawn him out of Yarrow.

I made my love a suit of clothes,
I clad him all in tartan,
But ere the morning sun arose
He was a' bluid to the gartan."

* * * *

Cetera desunt.

[Hamilton, of Bangour, must have been acquainted with this western version of the "Dowie dens of Yarrow" when he wrote his very affecting ballad: it seems also to have been known to Logan: it appears however to have escaped the researches of that most vigilant and poetic of all antiquaries, Sir Walter Scott, whose version in the Border Minstrelsy has little in common with the fragment which the Bard of Ayr preserved. It would seem that Scott had failed in obtaining the entire ballad: his copy begins obscurely as well as abruptly.

"Late at e'en drinking the wine,
An ere they paid the lawing;
They set a combat 'tween them twa,
To fight it in the dawing.

O stay at hame, my noble lord,
O stay at hame my marrow;
My cruel brother will you betray,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow."

Two tall grey stones stand about eighty paces distant from each other to mark out the spot where this contest took place in which both perished: but whether they are to be considered as a memorial of the "Willie" of the present ballad is uncertain. Ed.]

ROB ROY.

Tune—"A rude set of Mill Mill O."

"Rob Roy from the Highlands cam
Unto the Lawlan' border,
To steal awa a gay ladie,
To haud his house in order:
He cam owre the loch o' Lynn,
Twenty men his arms did carry;
Himsel gaed in an' fand her out,
Protesting he would marry.

O will ye gae wi' me, he says,
Or will ye be my honey;
Or will ye be my wedded wife,
For I love you best of any:
I winna gae wi' you, she says,
Nor will I be your honey;
Nor will I be your wedded wife,
You love me for my money.

* * * *

But he set her on a coal black steed,
Himsel lap on behind her;
An' he's awa to the highland hills,
Whare her frien's they canna find her.

[The song went on to narrate the forcing her to bed; when the tune changes to something like "Jenny dang the weaver."]

* * * * *

Rob Roy was my father ca'd,
Macgregor was his name, ladie;
He led a band o' heroes bauld,
An' I am here the same ladie.

Be content, be content,
  Be content to stay, ladie ;
For thou art my wedded wife
  Until thy dying day, ladie.

He was a hedge unto his frien's,
  A heckle to his foes, ladie ;
Every one that durst him wrang,
  He took him by the nose, ladie.
I'm as bold, I'm as bold,
  I'm as bold, an' more, ladie ;
He that daurs dispute my word
  Shall feel my guid claymore, ladie."

[" The history of Rob Roy the reader may find at great length in Maclaurin's Criminal Trials. He was the son of the Rob Roy Macgregor who figures in the Rebellion, 1715. The short account of him is this. He was outlawed by sentence of the Court of Justiciary in Scotland, in 1736, for not appearing to stand trial for the murder of a man of the name of Maclaren. In this state of outlawry, he formed the mad and desperate project of carrying off and forcibly accomplishing a marriage with Jane Key, heiress of Edinbelly, and thus getting possession of her estate. He and his brother James Macgregor, at the head of a band of armed ruffians, entered her mother's house, dragged her out, and tying her, hand and foot with ropes, laid her across a horse, and brought her in this situation to the house of one of their clan, in a wild and sequestered part of the mountains of Argyleshire ; where, after some show of a marriage ceremony, she was put to bed, and forcibly compelled to submit to his embraces.

On a discovery of the place of her concealment she was rescued by her relations, and Rob Roy, and his brother

James, were tried capitally for the crime. James made his escape from prison before sentence, was outlawed in consequence, and some years afterwards obtained a pardon. Rob Roy was condemned and executed, February, 1753." CROMEK.]

YOUNG HYNDHORN.

(To its own Tune.)

"Near Edinburgh was a young son born,
  Hey lilelu an' a how low lan',
An' his name it was called young Hyndhorn,
  An' its hey down down deedle airo.

Seven long years he served the king,
An' it's a' for the sake of his daughter Jean.

The king an angry man was he,
He send young Hyndhorn to the sea.

* * *

An' on his finger she put a ring.

* * *

When your ring turns pale and wan,
Then I'm in love wi' another man.

* * *

Upon a day he look'd at his ring,
It was as pale as any thing.

He's left the sea, an' he's come to the lan',
An' there he met an auld beggar man.

What news, what news, my auld beggar man,
What news, what news by sea or by lan'.

Nae news, nae news, the auld beggar said,
But the king's dochter Jean is going to be wed.

Cast aff, cast aff thy auld beggar-weed,
An' I'll gie thee my gude gray steed.

*   *   *

When he cam to our guid king's yett,
He sought a glass o' wine for young Hyndhorn's sake,

He drank out the wine an' he put in the ring,
An' he bade them carry't to the king's dochter Jean.

*   *   *

O gat ye't by sea, or gat ye't by lan',
Or gat ye't aff a dead man's han'?

I gat na't by sea, I gat na't by lan',
But I gat it out of your own han.

*   *   *

Go take away my bridal gown,
An' I'll follow him frae town to town.

Ye need na leave your bridal gown,
For I'll make ye ladie o' mony a town.

[The story of Hynd Horn seems to have been popular with our ancient metre ballad-mongers, for it may be traced in several of the olden strains which delighted our forefathers. The present fragment might be easily made up from print and from tradition: but I have left it as I found it, with all its "looped and windowed raggedness." Ed.]

THE

BORDER AND HIGHLAND TOURS.

Burns, during the year 1787, made no less than four tours in his native land: one along the Border and three into the Highlands. The first he undertook from a desire to visit the scenes rendered famous in song on Jed, Yarrow, and Tweed: and his object in the others was to see his father-land, and muse among mountains celebrated in history and tradition. Of the first and the last of these journeys we have the poet's own memoranda. The notes, indeed, are in some instances imperfect or obscure; yet here and there we have a vivid outline of land and people: nor has he, amid all his haste, neglected sometimes to shade and tint with equal delicacy and tact. Such as they are, they are now presented to the world for the first time. The hastiest effusion of a genius so original and rare merits preservation: we have but too little of one who thought so well, and gave such vigorous utterance to his feelings.

The Border tour was partly performed in the company of Ainslie, and the observations were written down at the time; they were preserved for the purpose of being expanded when hours of leisure came: the same may be said of the Highland tour, made in the company of Nicol. Both, but more particularly the latter, must be regarded as skeletons, or as figures put rudely up by the artist, to be modelled into beauty as leisure or inclination served. In the Highland expedition the reader will see, or imagine he sees, the effects of his quarrel with his fiery and jovial companion — haste and carelessness and abrupt brevity mar much of the memoranda. Yet to these northern tours—accomplished in a sort of breathless speed — we owe many of the poet's exquisite songs, and the recovery of many fine national airs: he halted no where without enquiring after original music and noting it down.

THE BORDER TOUR.

Left Edinburgh (May 6, 1787)—Lammermuir-hills miserably dreary, but at times very picturesque. Lanton-edge, a glorious view of the Merse—Reach Berrywell—old Mr. Ainslie an uncommon character; —his hobbies, agriculture, natural philosophy, and politics.—In the first he is unexceptionably the clearest-headed, best-informed man I ever met with; in the other two, very intelligent:—As a man of business he has uncommon merit, and by fairly deserving it has made a very decent independence. Mrs. Ainslie, an excellent, sensible, cheerful, amiable old woman.—Miss Ainslie—her person a little *embonpoint*, but handsome; her face, particularly her eyes, full of sweetness and good humour—she unites three qualities rarely to be found together; keen, solid penetration; sly, witty observation and remark; and the gentlest, most unaffected female modesty—Douglas, a clever, fine promising young fellow.—The family-meeting with their brother; my *compagnon de voyage*, very charming; particularly the sister. The whole family remarkably attached to their menials—Mrs. A. full of stories of the sagacity and sense of the little girl in the kit-

chen.—Mr. A. high in the praises of an African, his house servant—all his people old in his service—Douglas's old nurse came to Berrywell yesterday to remind them of its being his birth-day.

A Mr. Dudgeon, a poet at times,* a worthy remarkable character—natural penetration, a great deal of information, some genius, and extreme modesty.

Sunday.—Went to church at Dunse†—Dr. Bowmaker a man of strong lungs and pretty judicious remark; but ill skilled in propriety, and altogether unconscious of his want of it.

Monday.—Coldstream—went over to England—Cornhill—glorious river Tweed—clear and majestic—fine bridge. Dine at Coldstream with Mr. Ainslie and Mr. Foreman—beat Mr. F—— in a dispute about Voltaire. Tea at Lenel House with Mr.

* The author of that fine song, "The Maid that tends the Goats."

† "During the discourse Burns produced a neat impromptu, conveying an elegant compliment to Miss Ainslie. Dr. B. had selected a text of Scripture that contained a heavy denunciation against obstinate sinners. In the course of the sermon Burns observed the young lady turning over the leaves of her Bible, with much earnestness, in search of the text. He took out a slip of paper, and with a pencil wrote the following lines on it, which he immediately presented to her.

'Fair maid you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue:—
'Twas *guilty sinners* that he meant,—
Not *angels* such as you!'"

CROMEK.

Brydon—Mr. Brydon a most excellent heart, kind, joyous and benevolent; but a good deal of the French indiscriminate complaisance—from his situation past and present, an admirer of every thing that bears a splendid title, or that possesses a large estate—Mrs. Brydon a most elegant woman in her person and manners; the tones of her voice remarkably sweet—my reception extremely flattering—sleep at Coldstream.

Tuesday.—Breakfast at Kelso—charming situation of Kelso—fine bridge over the Tweed—enchanting views and prospects on both sides of the river, particularly the Scotch side; introduced to Mr. Scot of the Royal Bank—an excellent modest fellow—fine situation of it—ruins of Roxburgh Castle—a holly-bush growing where James II. of Scotland was accidentally killed by the bursting of a cannon. A small old religious ruin and a fine old garden planted by the religious, rooted out and destroyed by an English hottentot, a *maitre d' hotel* of the duke's, a Mr. Cole—climate and soil of Berwickshire, and even Roxburghshire, superior to Ayrshire—bad roads. Turnip and sheep husbandry, their great improvements—Mr. M'Dowal, at Caverton Mill, a friend of Mr. Ainslie's, with whom I dined to-day, sold his sheep, ewe, and lamb together, at two guineas a piece—wash their sheep before shearing—7 or 8lb. of washen wool in a fleece—low markets, consequently low rents—fine

lands not above sixteen shillings a Scotch acre—magnificence of farmers and farm-houses—come up Teviot and up Jed to Jedburgh to lie, and so wish myself a good night.

Wednesday. — Breakfast with Mr. —— in Jedburgh — a squabble between Mrs. ——, a crazed, talkative slattern, and a sister of her's, an old maid, respecting a relief minister—Miss gives Madam the lie; and Madam, by way of revenge, upbraids her that she laid snares to entangle the said minister, then a widower, in the net of matrimony—go about two miles out of Jedburgh to a roup of parks—meet a polite, soldier-like gentleman, a Captain Rutherford, who had been many years through the wilds of America, a prisoner among the Indians—charming, romantic situation of Jedburgh, with gardens, orchards, &c. intermingled among the houses—fine old ruins—a once magnificent cathedral, and strong castle. All the towns here have the appearance of old, rude grandeur, but the people extremely idle—Jed a fine romantic little river.

Dine with Capt. Rutherford—the Captain a polite fellow, fond of money in his farming way; shewed a particular respect to my bardship — his lady exactly a proper matrimonial second part for him. Miss Rutherford a beautiful girl, but too far gone woman to expose so much of a fine swelling bosom —her face very fine.

Return to Jedburgh — walk up Jed with some

ladies to be shewn Love-lane and Blackburn, two fairy scenes. Introduced to Mr. Potts, writer, a very clever fellow; and Mr. Somerville, the clergyman of the place, a man, and a gentleman, but sadly addicted to punning.—The walking party of ladies, Mrs. —— and Miss —— her sister, before mentioned. — N. B. These two appear still more comfortably ugly and stupid, and bore me most shockingly. Two Miss ——, tolerably agreeable. Miss Hope, a tolerably pretty girl, fond of laughing and fun. Miss Lindsay, a good-humoured, amiable girl; rather short *et embonpoint*, but handsome, and extremely graceful — beautiful hazle eyes, full of spirit, and sparkling with delicious moisture — an engaging face *un tout ensemble* that speaks her of the first order of female minds—her sister, a bonnie, strappan, rosy, sonsie lass. Shake myself loose, after several unsuccessful efforts, of Mrs. —— and Miss ——, and somehow or other, get hold of Miss Lindsay's arm.—My heart is thawed into melting pleasure after being so long frozen up in the Greenland bay of indifference, amid the noise and nonsense of Edinburgh. Miss seems very well pleased with my bardship's distinguishing her, and after some slight qualms, which I could easily mark, she sets the titter round at defiance, and kindly allows me to keep my hold; and when parted by the ceremony of my introduction to Mr. Somerville, she met me half, to resume my situation. —— Nota Bene—The poet within a point and a half of being

d-mnably in love — I am afraid my bosom is still nearly as much tinder as ever.

The old, cross-grained, whiggish, ugly, slanderous Miss ——, with all the poisonous spleen of a disappointed, ancient maid, stops me very unseasonably to ease her bursting breast, by falling abusively foul on the Miss Lindsays, particularly on my Dulcinea; — I hardly refrain from cursing her to her face for daring to mouth her calumnious slander on one of the finest pieces of the workmanship of Almighty Excellence! Sup at Mr. ——'s; vexed that the Miss Lindsays are not of the supper party, as they only are wanting. Mrs. —— and Miss —— still improve infernally on my hands.

Set out next morning for Wauchope, the seat of my correspondent, Mrs. Scott — breakfast by the way with Dr. Elliot, an agreeable, good-hearted, climate-beaten, old veteran, in the medical line; now retired to a romantic, but rather moorish place, on the banks of the Roole—he accompanies us almost to Wauchope—we traverse the country to the top of Bochester, the scene of an old encampment, and Woolee Hill.

Wauchope—Mr. Scott exactly the figure and face commonly given to Sancho Panca—very shrewd in his farming matters, and not unfrequently stumbles on what may be called a strong thing rather than a good thing. Mrs. Scott all the sense, taste, intrepidity of face, and bold, critical decision, which usually distinguish female authors.—Sup with Mr.

Potts — agreeable party. — Breakfast next morning with Mr. Somerville — the *bruit* of Miss Lindsay and my bardship, by means of the invention and malice of Miss ——. Mr. Somerville sends to Dr. Lindsay, begging him and family to breakfast if convenient, but at all events to send Miss Lindsay; accordingly Miss Lindsay only comes.—I find Miss Lindsay would soon play the devil with me—I met with some little flattering attentions from her. Mrs. Somerville an excellent, motherly, agreeable woman, and a fine family. — Mr. Ainslie and Mrs. S——, junrs. with Mr. ——, Miss Lindsay, and myself, go to see *Esther*, a very remarkable woman for reciting poetry of all kinds, and sometimes making Scotch doggerel herself — she can repeat by heart almost every thing she has ever read, particularly Pope's Homer from end to end — has studied Euclid by herself, and, in short, is a woman of very extraordinary abilities.—On conversing with her I find her fully equal to the character given of her.*—She is very much flattered that I send for her, and that she sees a poet who has *put out a book*, as she says. — She is, among other things, a great florist—and is rather past the meridian of once celebrated beauty.

* "This extraordinary woman then moved in a very humble walk of life;—the wife of a common working gardener. She is still living; and, if I am rightly informed, her time is principally occupied in her attentions to a little day school, which not being sufficient for her subsistence, she is obliged to solicit the charity of her benevolent neighbours. 'Ah, who would love the lyre!'" CROMEK.

I walk in *Esther's* garden with Miss Lindsay, and after some little chit-chat of the tender kind, I presented her with a proof print of my Nob, which she accepted with something more tender than gratitude. She told me many little stories which Miss —— had retailed concerning her and me, with prolonging pleasure—God bless her! Was waited on by the magistrates, and presented with the freedom of the Burgh.

Took farewel of Jedburgh, with some melancholy, disagreeable sensations.—Jed, pure be thy crystal streams, and hallowed thy sylvan banks! Sweet Isabella Lindsay, may peace dwell in thy bosom, uninterrupted, except by the tumultuous throbbings of rapturous love! That love-kindling eye must beam on another, not on me: that graceful form must bless another's arms; not mine!

Kelso. Dine with the farmers' club—all gentlemen, talking of high matters—each of them keeps a hunter from 30 to 50*l.* value, and attends the fox-huntings in the country—go out with Mr. Ker, one of the club, and a friend of Mr. Ainslie's, to lie—Mr. Ker a most gentlemanly, clever, handsome fellow, a widower with some fine children—his mind and manner astonishingly like my dear old friend Robert Muir, in Kilmarnock—every thing in Mr. Ker's most elegant—he offers to accompany me in my English tour. Dine with Sir Alexander Don — a pretty clever fellow, but far from being a match for his divine lady.—A very wet day * * *—Sleep at

Stodrig again; and set out for Melrose—visit Dryburgh, a fine old ruined abbey—still bad weather—cross Leader, and come up Tweed to Melrose—dine there, and visit that far-famed, glorious ruin—come to Selkirk, up Ettrick;—the whole country hereabout, both on Tweed and Ettrick remarkably stony.

Monday.—Come to Inverleithing, a famous shaw, and in the vicinity of the palace of Traquair, where having dined, and drank some Galloway-whey, I here remain till to-morrow—saw Elibanks and Elibraes, on the other side of the the Tweed.

Tuesday.—Drank tea yesternight at Pirn, with Mr. Horseburgh.—Breakfasted to-day with Mr. Ballantyne of Hollowlie—Proposal for a four horse team to consist of Mr. Scott of Wauchope, Fittieland: Logan of Logan, Fittiefurr: Ballantyne of Hollowlee, Forewynd: Horsburgh of Horsburgh.—Dine at a country inn, kept by a miller, in Earlston, the birth-place and residence of the celebrated Thomas a Rhymer—saw the ruins of his castle—come to Berrywell.

Wednesday. Dine at Dunse with the farmers' club-company—impossible to do them justice—Rev. Mr. Smith a famous punster, and Mr. Meikle a celebrated mechanic, and inventor of the threshing-mills.—*Thursday,* breakfast at Berrywell, and walk

into Dunse to see a famous knife made by a cutler there, and to be presented to an Italian prince.—A pleasant ride with my friend Mr. Robert Ainslie, and his sister, to Mr. Thomson's, a man who has newly commenced farmer, and has married a Miss Patty Grieve, formerly a flame of Mr. Robert Ainslie's.—Company—Miss Jacky Grieve, an amiable sister of Mrs. Thomson's, and Mr. Hood, an honest, worthy, facetious farmer, in the neighbourhood.

Friday.—Ride to Berwick—An idle town, rudely picturesque.—Meet Lord Errol in walking round the walls.—His Lordship's flattering notice of me.—Dine with Mr. Clunzie, merchant—nothing particular in company or conversation.—Come up a bold shore, and over a wild country to Eyemouth—sup and sleep at Mr. Grieve's.

Saturday.—Spend the day at Mr. Grieves's—made a royal arch mason of St. Abb's Lodge.*—Mr.

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* The entry made on this occasion in the Lodge books of St. Abb's is honourable to

"The brethren of the mystic level."

"*Eyemouth* 19*th May*, 1787.

"At a general encampment held this day, the following brethren were made Royal Arch Masons, viz. Robert Burns, from the Lodge of St. James's, Tarbolton, Ayrshire, and Robert Ainslie, from the Lodge of St. Luke's, Edinburgh, by James Carmichael, Wm. Grieve, Daniel Dow, John Clay, Robert Grieve, &c. &c. Robert Ainslie paid one guinea admission dues; but on account of R. Burns's remarkable poetical genius, the encampment unanimously agreed to admit him gratis, and considered themselves honoured by having a man of such shining abilities for one of their companions."

Extracted from the Minute Book of the Lodge by

Thos. Bowhill.

Wm. Grieve, the oldest brother, a joyous, warm-hearted, jolly, clever fellow—takes a hearty glass, and sings a good song.—Mr. Robert, his brother, and partner in trade, a good fellow, but says little. Take a sail after dinner.—Fishing of all kinds pays tythes at Eyemouth.

Sunday.—A Mr. Robinson, brewer at Ednam, sets out with us to Dunbar.

The Miss Grieves' very good girls.—My bardship's heart got a brush from Miss Betsey.

Mr. William Grieve's attachment to the family-circle, so fond, that when he is out, which by the bye is often the case, he cannot go to bed 'till he see if all his sisters are sleeping well——Pass the famous Abbey of Coldingham, and Pease-bridge.—Call at Mr. Sheriff's, where Mr. A. and I dine.—Mr. S. talkative and conceited. I talk of love to Nancy the whole evening, while her brother escorts home some companions like himself.—Sir James Hall of Dunglass, having heard of my being in the neighbourhood, comes to Mr. Sheriff's to breakfast—takes me to see his fine scenery on the stream of Dunglass — Dunglass the most romantic, sweet place I ever saw—Sir James and his lady a pleasant happy couple.—He points out a walk for which he has an uncommon respect, as it was made by an aunt* of his, to whom he owes much.

Miss —— will accompany me to Dunbar, by way of making a parade of me as a sweet-heart of hers, among her relations. She mounts an old cart-horse,

as huge and as lean as a house; a rusty old side-saddle without girth, or stirrup, but fastened on with an old pillion-girth—herself as fine as hands could make her, in cream-coloured riding clothes, hat and feather, &c.—I, ashamed of my situation, ride like the devil, and almost shake her to pieces on old Jolly—get rid of her by refusing to call at her uncle's with her.

Past through the most glorious corn country I ever saw, 'till I reach Dunbar, a neat little town.—Dine with Provost Fall, an eminent merchant, and most respectable character, but undescribable, as he exhibits no marked traits. Mrs. Fall, a genius in painting; fully more clever in the fine arts and sciences than my friend Lady Wauchope, without her consummate assurance of her own abilities.—Call with Mr. Robinson (who, by the bye, I find to to be a worthy, much respected man, very modest; warm, social heart, which with less good sense than his would be perhaps with the children of prim precision and pride, rather inimical to that respect which is man's due from man) with him I call on Miss Clarke, a maiden, in the Scotch phrase, "*Guid enough, but no brent new*:" a clever woman, with tolerable pretensions to remark and wit; while time had blown the blushing bud of bashful modesty into the flower of easy confidence. She wanted to see what sort of *raree show* an author was; and to let him know, that though Dunbar was but a little town, yet it was not destitute of people of parts.

Breakfast next morning at Skateraw, at Mr. Lee's, a farmer of great note.—Mr. Lee, an excellent, hospitable, social fellow, rather oldish; warm-hearted and chatty—a most judicious, sensible farmer. Mr. Lee detains me till next morning.—Company at dinner.—My Rev. acquaintance Dr. Bowmaker, a reverend, rattling old fellow.—Two sea lieutenants; a cousin of the landlord's, a fellow whose looks are of that kind which deceived me in a gentleman at Kelso, and has often deceived me: a goodly handsome figure and face, which incline one to give them credit for parts which they have not. Mr. Clarke, a much cleverer fellow, but whose looks a little cloudy, and his appearance rather ungainly, with an every day observer may prejudice the opinion against him.—Dr. Brown, a medical young gentleman from Dunbar, a fellow whose face and manners are open and engaging.—Leave Skateraw for Dunse next day, along with collector ——, a lad of slender abilities, and bashfully diffident to an extreme.

Found Miss Ainslie, the amiable, the sensible, the good-humoured, the sweet Miss Ainslie, all alone at Berrywell.—Heavenly powers who know the weakness of human hearts, support mine! What happiness must I see only to remind me that I cannot enjoy it!

Lammer-muir Hills, from East Lothian to Dunse very wild.—Dine with the farmer's club at Kelso. Sir John Hume and Mr. Lumsden there, but nothing worth remembrance when the following circum-

stance is considered—I walk into Dunse before dinner, and out to Berrywell in the evening with Miss Ainslie—how well-bred, how frank, how good she is! Charming Rachael! may thy bosom never be wrung by the evils of this life of sorrows, or by the villainy of this world's sons!

Thursday.—Mr. Ker and I set out to dine at Mr. Hood's on our way to England.

I am taken extremely ill with strong feverish symptoms, and take a servant of Mr. Hood's to watch me all night—embittering remorse scares my fancy at the gloomy forebodings of death.—I am determined to live for the future in such a manner as not to be scared at the approach of death—I am sure I could meet him with indifference, but for "The something beyond the grave."—Mr. Hood agrees to accompany us to England if we will wait till Sunday.

Friday.—I go with Mr. Hood to see a roup of an unfortunate farmer's stock—rigid economy, and decent industry, do you preserve me from being the principal *dramatis persona* in such a scene of horror!

Meet my good old friend Mr. Ainslie, who calls on Mr. Hood in the evening to take farewell of my bardship. This day I feel myself warm with sentiments of gratitude to the Great Preserver of men, who has kindly restored me to health and strength once more.

A pleasant walk with my young friend Douglas Ainslie, a sweet, modest, clever young fellow.

Sunday, 27th May.—Cross Tweed, and traverse the moors through a wild country 'till I reach Alnwick—Alnwick Castle, a seat of the Duke of Northumberland, furnished in a most princely manner.—A Mr. Wilkin, agent of His Grace's shews us the house and policies. Mr. Wilkin, a discreet, sensible, ingenious man.

Monday.—Come, still through by-ways, to Warkworth, where we dine.—Hermitage and old castle. Warkworth situated very picturesque, with Coquet Island, a small rocky spot, the seat of an old monastery, facing it a little in the sea; and the small but romantic river Coquet, running through it.—Sleep at Morpeth, a pleasant enough little town, and on next day to Newcastle.—Meet with a very agreeable, sensible fellow, a Mr. Chattox, who shews us a great many civilities, and who dines and sups with us.

Wednesday.—Left Newcastle early in the morning, and rode over a fine country to Hexham to breakfast—from Hexham to Wardrue, the celebrated Spa, where we slept.—*Thursday*—reach Longtown to dine, and part there with my good friends Messrs. Hood and Ker—A hiring day in Longtown—I am uncommonly happy to see so many young

folks enjoying life.—I come to Carlisle.—(Meet a strange enough romantic adventure by the way, in falling in with a girl and her married sister—the girl, after some overtures of gallantry on my side, sees me a little cut with the bottle, and offers to take me in for a Gretna-green affair.—I, not being quite such a gull as she imagines, make an appointment with her, by way of *vive la bagatelle,* to hold a conference on it when we reach town.—I meet her in town and give her a brush of caressing, and a bottle of cyder; but finding herself *un peu trompé* in her man she sheers off.) Next day I meet my good friend, Mr. Mitchell, and walk with him round the town and its environs, and through his printing-works, &c.—four or five hundred people employed, many of them women and children.—Dine with Mr. Mitchel, and leave Carlisle.—Come by the coast to Annan.—Overtaken on the way by a curious old fish of a shoemaker, and miner, from Cumberland mines.

[*Here the Manuscript abruptly terminates.*]

THE HIGHLAND TOUR.

25th August, 1787.

I LEAVE Edinburgh for a northern tour, in company with my good friend Mr. Nicol, whose originality of humour promises me much entertainment.—Linlithgow—a fertile improved country—West Lothian. The more elegance and luxury among the farmers, I always observe in equal proportion, the rudeness and stupidity of the peasantry. This remark I have made all over the Lothians, Merse, Roxburgh, &c. For this, among other reasons, I think that a man of romantic taste, a "Man of Feeling," will be better pleased with the poverty, but intelligent minds of the peasantry in Ayrshire (peasantry they are all below the justice of peace) than the opulence of a club of Merse farmers, when at the same time he considers the vandalism of their plough-folks, &c. I carry this idea so far, that an uninclosed, half improven country is to me actually more agreeable, and gives me more pleasure as a prospect, than a country cultivated like agarden.—Soil about Linlithgow light and thin.—the town carries the appearance of rude,de-

cayed grandeur—charmingly rural, retired situation. The old royal palace a tolerably fine, but melancholy ruin—sweetly situated on a small elevation, by the brink of a loch. Shown the room where the beautiful injured Mary Queen of Scots was born—a pretty good old Gothic church. The infamous stool of repentance standing, in the old Romish way, on a lofty situation.

What a poor, pimping business is a Presbyterian place of worship; dirty, narrow, and squalid; stuck in a corner of old popish grandeur such as Linlithgow, and much more, Melrose! Ceremony and show, if judiciously thrown in, absolutely necessary for the bulk of mankind, both in religious and civil matters.—Dine.—Go to my friend Smith's at Avon print-field—find nobody but Mrs. Miller, an agreeable, sensible, modest, good body; as useful but not so ornamental as Fielding's Miss Western—not rigidly polite *à la Francais* but easy, hospitable, and housewifely.

An old lady from Paisley, a Mrs. Lawson, whom I promise to call for in Paisley—like old lady W—— and still more like Mrs C——, her conversation is pregnant with strong sense and just remark, but like them, a certain air of self-importance and a *duresse* in the eye, seem to indicate, as the Ayrshire wife observed of her cow, that "she had a mind o' her ain."

Pleasant view of Dunfermline and the rest of the fertile coast of Fife, as we go down to that dirty, ugly

place, Borrowstoness—see a horse-race and call on a friend of Mr. Nicol's, a Bailie Cowan, of whom I know too little to attempt his portrait—Come through the rich carse of Falkirk to pass the night. —Falkirk nothing remarkable except the tomb of Sir John the Graham, over which, in the succession of time, four stones have been placed.—Camelon, the ancient metropolis of the Picts, now a small village in the neighbourhood of Falkirk.—Cross the grand canal to Carron.—Come past Larbert and admire a fine monument of cast-iron erected by Mr. Bruce, the African traveller, to his wife.

Pass Dunipace, a place laid out with fine taste—a charming amphitheatre bounded by Denny village, and pleasant seats down the way to Dunipace.—The Carron running down the bosom of the whole makes it one of the most charming little prospects I have seen.

Dine at Auchinbowie—Mr. Monro an excellent worthy old man—Miss Monro an amiable, sensible, sweet young woman, much resembling Mrs. Grierson. Come to Bannockburn.—Shewn the old house where James III. finished so tragically his unfortunate life. The field of Bannockburn—the hole where glorious Bruce set his standard. Here no Scot can pass uninterested.—I fancy to myself that I see my gallant, heroic countrymen coming o'er the hill and down upon the plunderers of their country, the murderers of their fathers; noble revenge, and just hate, glowing in every vein, striding

more and more eagerly as they approach the oppressive, insulting, blood-thirsty foe! I see them meet in gloriously-triumphant congratulation on the victorious field, exulting in their heroic royal leader, and rescued liberty and independence! Come to Stirling.—*Monday* go to Harvieston. Go to see Caudron linn, and Rumbling brig, and Diel's mill. Return in the evening. Supper—Messrs. Doig, the schoolmaster; Bell; and Captain Forrester of the castle—Doig a queerish figure, and something of a pedant—Bell a joyous fellow, who sings a good song.—Forrester a merry, swearing kind of man, with a dash of the sodger.

Tuesday Morning—Breakfast with Captain Forrester—Ochel Hills—Devon River—Forth and Tieth—Allan River—Strathallan, a fine country, but little improved—Cross Earn to Crieff—Dine and go to Arbruchil—cold reception at Arbruchil—a most romantically pleasant ride up Earn, by Auchtertyre and Comrie to Arbruchil—Sup at Crieff.

Wednesday Morning.—Leave Crieff—Glen Amond—Amond river—Ossian's grave—Loch Fruoch—Glenquaich—Landlord and Landlady remarkable characters—Taymouth—described in rhyme—Meet the Hon. Charles Townshend.

Thursday.—Come down Tay to Dunkeld—Glenlyon House—Lyon River—Druid's Temple—

three circles of stones—the outer-most sunk—the second has thirteen stones remaining—the inner-most has eight—two large detached ones like a gate, to the south-east—Say prayers in it—Pass Taybridge—Aberfeldy—described in rhyme—Castle Menzies—Inver—Dr. Stewart—Sup.

Friday.—Walk with Mrs. Stewart and Beard to Birnam top—fine prospect down Tay—Craigie burn hills—Hermitage on the Branwater, with a picture of Ossian—Breakfast with Dr. Stewart—Neil Gow * plays—a short, stout-built, honest Highland figure, with his grayish hair shed on his honest

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* Another northern bard has sketched this eminent musician—

"The blythe Strathspey springs up, reminding some
Of nights when Gow's old arm, (nor old the tale,)
Unceasing, save when reeking cans went round,
Made heart and heel leap light as bounding roe.
Alas! no more shall we behold that look
So venerable, yet so blent with mirth,
And festive joy sedate; that ancient garb
Unvaried,—tartan hose, and bonnet blue!
No more shall Beauty's partial eye draw forth
The full intoxication of his strain,
Mellifluous, strong, exuberantly rich!
No more, amid the pauses of the dance,
Shall he repeat those measures, that in days
Of other years, could soothe a falling prince,
And light his visage with a transient smile
Of melancholy joy,—like autumn sun
Gilding a sear tree with a passing beam!
Or play to sportive children on the green
Dancing at gloamin hour; on willing cheer
With strains unbought, the shepherd's bridal day.

British Georgics, p. 81.

social brow—an interesting face, marking strong sense, *kind openheartedness, mixed with unmistrusting simplicity*—visit his house—Marget Gow.

Ride up Tummel River to Blair—Fascally a beautiful romantic nest—wild grandeur of the pass of Gillicrankie—visit the gallant Lord Dundee's stone.

Blair—Sup with the Duchess—easy and happy from the manners of the family—confirmed in my good opinion of my friend Walker.

Saturday.—Visit the scenes round Blair—fine, but spoiled with bad taste—Tilt and Gairie rivers—Falls on the Tilt—Heather seat—Ride in company with Sir William Murray, and Mr. Walker, to Loch Tummel—meandrings of the Rannach, which runs through quondam Struan Robertson's estate from Loch Rannach to Loch Tummel—Dine at Blair—Company—General Murray——Captain Murray, an honest Tar——Sir William Murray, an honest, worthy man, but tormented with the hypochondria—Mrs. Graham, *belle et aimable*—Miss Cathcart—Mrs. Murray, a painter—Mrs. King—Duchess and fine family, the Marquis, Lords James, Edward and Robert—Ladies Charlotte, Emilia, and children dance—Sup—Mr. Graham of Fintray.

Come up the Garrie—Falls of Bruar—Daldecairoch—Dalwhinnie—Dine—Snow on the hills 17 feet deep—No corn from Loch-garrie to Dalwhinnie—Cross the Spey, and come down the stream to Pitnin—Straths rich—*les environs* picturesque—Craigow

hill—Ruthven of Badenoch—Barracks—wild and magnificent—*Rothemurche on the other side, and Glenmore—Grant of Rothemurche's poetry*—told me by the Duke of Gordon — Strathspey, rich and romantic — breakfast at Aviemore, a wild spot — dine at Sir James Grant's — Lady Grant, a sweet, pleasant body—come through mist and darkness to Dulsie, to lie.

Tuesday.—Findhorn river—rocky banks—come on to Castle Cawdor, where Macbeth murdered King Duncan—saw the bed in which King Duncan was stabbed—dine at Kilravock—Mrs. Rose, sen. a true chieftain's wife—Fort George—Inverness.

Wednesday.—Loch Ness — Braes of Ness — General's hut—Falls of Fyers—Urquhart Castle and Strath.

Thursday.—Come over Culloden Muir — reflections on the field of battle—breakfast at Kilravock—old Mrs. Rose, sterling sense, warm heart, strong passions, and honest pride, all in an uncommon degree — Mrs. Rose, jun. a little milder than the mother — this perhaps owing to her being younger — Mr. Grant, minister at Calder, resembles Mr. Scott at Inverleithing — Mrs. Rose and Mrs. Grant accompany us to Kildrummie—two young ladies—Miss Rose, who sung two Gaelic songs, beautiful and lovely — Miss Sophia Brodie, most agreeable and amiable — both of them gentle, mild; the

sweetest creatures on earth, and happiness be with them! — Dine at Nairn — fall in with a pleasant enough gentleman, Dr. Stewart, who had been long abroad with his father in the forty-five; and Mr. Falconer, a spare, irascible, warm-hearted Norland, and a Nonjuror—Brodie-house to lie.

Friday.—Forres — famous stone at Forres — Mr. Brodie tells me that the muir where Shakespeare lays Macbeth's witch-meeting is still haunted—that the country folks won't pass it by night.

* * * *

Venerable ruins of Elgin Abbey—a grander effect at first glance than Melrose, but not near so beautiful—Cross Spey to Fochabers—fine palace, worthy of the generous proprietor—Dine—company, Duke and Duchess, Ladies Charlotte and Magdeline, Col. Abercrombie and Lady, Mr. Gordon, and Mr. ——, a clergyman, a venerable aged figure — the Duke makes me happier than ever great man did—noble, princely; yet mild, condescending, and affable; gay and kind — the Duchess witty and sensible—God bless them!

Come to Cullen to lie — hitherto the country is sadly poor and unimproven.

Come to Aberdeen — meet with Mr. Chalmers, printer, a facetious fellow—Mr. Ross, a fine fellow, like Professor Tytler—Mr. Marshal one of the *poetæ minores*—Mr. Sheriffs, author of "Jamie and Bess," a little decrepid body, with some abilities—Bishop

Skinner, a nonjuror, son of the author of "Tullochgorum," a man whose mild, venerable manner, is the most marked of any in so young a man—Professor Gordon, a good-natured, jolly-looking professor—Aberdeen, a lazy town — near Stonhive, the coast a good deal romantic — meet my relations — Robert Burns, writer in Stonhive, one of those who love fun, a gill, and a punning joke, and have not a bad heart — his wife a sweet hospitable body, without any affectation of what is called town-breeding.

Tuesday. — Breakfast with Mr. Burns — lie at Lawrence Kirk — Album library — Mrs. ——— a jolly, frank, sensible, love-inspiring widow—Howe of the Mearns, a rich, cultivated, but still uninclosed country.

Wednesday.—Cross North Esk river and a rich country to Craigow.

* * * *

Go to Montrose, that finely situated handsome town—breakfast at Muthie, and sail along that wild rocky coast, and see the famous caverns, particularly the Gairiepot — land and dine at Arbroath—stately ruins of Arbroath Abbey —come to Dundee, through a fertile country—Dundee a low-lying, but pleasant town — old Steeple—Tayfrith — Broughty Castle, a finely situated ruin, jutting into the Tay.

Friday.— Breakfast with the Miss Scotts — Miss

Bess Scott like Mrs. Greenfield — my bardship almost in love with her—come through the rich harvests and fine hedge-rows of the Carse of Gowrie, along the romantic margin of the Grampian hills, to Perth — fine, fruitful, hilly, woody country round Perth.

Saturday Morning. — Leave Perth — come up Strathearn to Endermay —fine, fruitful, cultivated Strath—the scene of "Bessy Bell and Mary Gray," near Perth — fine scenery on the banks of the May —Mrs. Belcher, gawcie, frank, affable, fond of rural sports, hunting, &c.—Lie at Kinross—reflections in a fit of the colic.

Sunday.—Pass through a cold barren country to Queensferry — dine — cross the ferry, and on to Edinburgh.





PORTRAIT AND SEAL OF BURNS

COMMON PLACE BOOK,

FRAGMENTS OF LETTERS,

MISCELLANEOUS

OBSERVATIONS, &c.

The following memoranda formed a part of the rough materials out of which Burns composed a more extended and elaborate journal, commenced in the spring of the year 1787, in which he recorded his observations on men and manners, literary anecdotes, scraps of verse, favourite passages from his letters, and not a little searching criticism. Of that valuable volume, nothing it is believed now exists, save the fragments contained in the following pages: Cromek announces its probable fate in these words:—"On his arrival in Edinburgh, Burns took lodgings with a Mrs. Carfrae, in the Lawnmarket, where a person, a carpenter, then working at Leith, often called to see him. This man, in the

latter part of the year 1787, or beginning of 1788, enlisted into the Company of Artificers then raising to go to Gibraltar. Just before he set off he got access to Burns's room, in his absence, and stole the book, which contained a faithful record of every thing interesting that happened to him at Edinburgh, with characteristic sketches of the different literary gentlemen to whom he had been introduced. He was written to repeatedly to restore the book, a clasped quarto, but in vain. He had even the audacity to acknowledge the theft, but he refused to part with the journal. It is supposed that he died in the year 1798, as he has not been heard of since."

Of the value of the work we have thus I fear lost, some estimate may be formed from what Currie says of the opportunities which Burns enjoyed of making observations on Edinburgh society —his tact and talent for making them cannot be questioned.

"Burns entered into several parties of this description, with the usual vehemence of his character. His generous affections, his ardent eloquence, his brilliant and daring imagination, fitted him to be the idol of such associations; and accustoming himself to conversation of unlimited range, and to festive indulgences that scorned restraint, he gradually lost some portion of his relish for the more pure, but less poignant pleasures, to be found in the circles of taste, elegance, and literature. The

sudden alteration in his habits of life operated on him physically as well as morally. The humble fare of an Ayrshire peasant he had exchanged for the luxuries of the Scottish metropolis, and the effects of this change on his ardent constitution could not be inconsiderable. But whatever influence might be produced on his conduct, his excellent understanding suffered no corresponding debasement. He estimated his friends and associates of every description at their proper value, and appreciated his own conduct with a precision that might give scope to much curious and melancholy reflection. He saw his danger, and at times formed resolutions to guard against it; but he had embarked on the tide of dissipation, and was borne along its stream."

The prose portion of the succeeding pages is copied from Currie and from Cromek, with some slight additions: the verse is from another source. In several places small, but necessary, liberties have been taken with the language: it would have been unwise to omit verses so characteristic, and they would have offended many had they appeared as they stand in the original. Ed.

COMMON PLACE BOOK,

&c. &c.

As I have seen a good deal of human life in Edinburgh, a great many characters which are new, to one bred up in the shades of life as I have been, I am determined to take down my remarks on the spot. Gray observes in a letter to Mr. Palgrave, that "half a word fixed upon, or near the spot, is worth a cart load of recollection." I don't know how it is with the world in general, but with me, making my remarks, is by no means a solitary pleasure. I want some one to laugh with me, some one to be grave with me, some one to please me and help my discrimination with his or her own remark; and at times, no doubt, to admire my acuteness and penetration. The world are so busied with selfish pursuits, ambition, vanity, interest, or pleasure, that very few think it worth their while to make any observation on what passes around them, except where that observation is a sucker, or branch of the darling plant they are rearing in their fancy. Nor am I sure, notwithstanding all the sentimental flights of novel-writers, and the sage philosophy of moralists, whether we

are capable of so intimate and cordial a coalition of friendship, as that one man may pour out his bosom, his every thought and floating fancy, his very inmost soul, with unreserved confidence to another, without hazard of losing part of that respect which man deserves from man; or, from the unavoidable imperfections attending human nature, of one day repenting his confidence.

For these reasons, I am determined to make these pages my confidant. I will sketch every character that any way strikes me, to the best of my power, with unshrinking justice. I will insert anecdotes, and take down remarks, in the old law phrase, *without feud or favour.* Where I hit on any thing clever, my own applause will in some measure feast my vanity; and, begging Patroclus' and Achates' pardon, I think a lock and key a security at least equal to the bosom of any friend whatever.

My own private story likewise, my love-adventures, my rambles; the frowns and smiles of fortune on my bardship; my poems and fragments that must never see the light, shall be occasionally inserted.—In short, never did four shillings purchase so much friendship, since confidence went first to market, or honesty was set up to sale.

To these seemingly invidious, but too just ideas of human friendship, I would cheerfully make

one exception—the connection between two persons of different sexes, when their interests are united and absorbed by the tie of love—

> "When thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
> And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart."

There, confidence, confidence that exalts them the more in one another's opinion, that endears them the more to each other's hearts, unreservedly "reigns and revels." But this is not my lot, and in my situation, if I am wise (which by the by I have no great chance of being), my fate should be cast with the Psalmist's sparrow, "to watch alone on the house-tops"—Oh, the pity!

There are few of the sore evils under the sun, give me more uneasiness and chagrin, than the comparison how a man of genius, nay, of avowed worth, is received every where, with the reception which a mere ordinary character, decorated with the trappings and futile distinctions of fortune meets. I imagine a man of abilities, his breast glowing with honest pride, conscious that men are born equal, still giving *honour to whom honour is due;* he meets at a great man's table a Squire something, or a Sir somebody; he knows the *noble* landlord, at heart, gives the bard or whatever he is, a share of his good wishes beyond perhaps any one at table; yet how will it mortify him to see a fellow, whose abilities would scarcely have made an

eightpenny tailor, and whose heart is not worth three farthings, meet with attention and notice, that are withheld from the son of genius and poverty?

The noble Glencairn has wounded me to the soul here, because I dearly esteem, respect, and love him. He showed so much attention, engrossing attention, one day, to the only blockhead at table (the whole company consisted of his lordship, dunderpate, and myself) that I was within half a point of throwing down my gage of contemptuous defiance; but he shook my hand, and looked so benevolently good at parting. God bless him! though I should never see him more, I shall love him until my dying day! I am pleased to think I am so capable of the throes of gratitude, as I am miserably deficient in some other virtues.

With Dr. Blair I am more at ease. I never respect him with humble veneration; but when he kindly interests himself in my welfare, or still more, when he descends from his pinnacle, and meets me on equal ground in conversation, my heart overflows with what is called *liking*. When he neglects me for the mere carcase of greatness, or when his eye measures the difference of our points of elevation, I say to myself with scarcely any emotion, what do I care for him, or his pomp either?

It is not easy forming an exact judgment of any one; but, in my opinion, Dr. Blair is merely an

astonishing proof of what industry and application can do. Natural parts, like his, are frequently to be met with; his vanity is proverbially known among his acquaintance; but he is justly at the head of what may be called fine writing; and a critic of the first, the very first, rank in prose; even in poetry, a bard of Nature's making, can only take the *pas* of him. He has a heart, not of the very finest water, but far from being an ordinary one. In short, he is truly a worthy, and most respectable character.

Lass, when your mither is frae hame,
  Might I but be sae bauld
As come to your bower-window,
  And creep in frae the cauld,
As come to your bower-window,
  And when it's cauld and wat,
Warm me in thy sweet bosom;
  Fair lass, wilt thou do that?

Young man, gif ye should be sae kind,
  When our gudewife's frae hame,
As come to my bower-window,
  Whare I am laid my lane,
And warm thee in my bosom—
  But I will tell thee what,
The way to me lies through the kirk;
  Young man, do ye hear that?

I like to have quotations for every occasion: they give one's ideas so pat, and save one the trouble of finding expression adequate to one's feelings. I think it is one of the greatest pleasures attending a poetic genius, that we can give our woes, cares, joys, loves, &c. an embodied form in verse: which, to me, is ever immediate ease. Goldsmith says finely of his muse—

> "Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe;
> That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so."

What a creature is man! A little alarm last night, and to-day, that I am mortal, has made such a revolution in my spirits! There is no philosophy, no divinity, that comes half so much home to the mind. I have no idea of courage that braves Heaven: 'tis the wild ravings of an imaginary hero in Bedlam.

My favourite feature in Milton's Satan is, his manly fortitude in supporting what cannot be remedied—in short, the wild, broken fragments of a noble, exalted mind in ruins. I meant no more by saying he was a favourite hero of mine.

I am just risen from a two-hours' bout after supper, with silly or sordid souls, who could relish

nothing in common with me—but the port. "One" —'tis now "witching time of night;" and whatever is out of joint in the foregoing scrawl, impute it to enchantments and spells; for I can't look over it, but will seal it up directly, as I don't care for to-morrow's criticisms on it.

We ought, when we wish to be economists in happiness; we ought, in the first place, to fix the standard of our own character; and when, on full examination, we know where we stand, and how much ground we occupy, let us contend for it as property; and those who seem to doubt, or deny us what is justly ours, let us either pity their prejudices, or despise their judgment.

I know you will say this is self-conceit; but I call it self-knowledge: the one is the overweening opinion of a fool, who fancies himself to be, what he wishes himself to be thought; the other is the honest justice that a man of sense, who has thoroughly examined the subject, owes to himself. Without this standard, this column in our mind, we are perpetually at the mercy of the petulance, the mistakes, the prejudices, nay the very weakness and wickedness of our fellow-creatures.

Away, then, with disquietudes! Let us pray with the honest weaver of Kilbarchan "L—d, send us a gude conceit o' oursel!" Or in the words of the auld sang:

"Who does me disdain, I can scorn them again,
And I'll never mind any such foes."

Your thoughts on religion shall be welcome. You may perhaps distrust me when I say 'tis also *my* favourite topic; but mine is the religion of the bosom. I hate the very idea of a controversial divinity; as I firmly believe that every honest, upright man, of whatever sect, will be accepted of the Deity. I despise the superstition of a fanatic, but I love the religion of a man.

Why have I not heard from you? To-day I well expected it; and before supper, when a letter to me was announced, my heart danced with rapture: but behold! 'twas some fool who had taken it into his head to turn poet; and made me an offering of the first fruits of his nonsense.

I believe there is no holding converse, or carrying on correspondence, with an amiable fine woman, without some mixture of that delicious passion, whose most devoted slave I have more than once had the honour of being: but why be hurt or offended on that account? Can no honest man have a prepossession for a fine woman, but he must run his head against an intrigue? Take a little of the tender

witchcraft of love, and add to it the generous, the honourable sentiments of manly friendship; and I know but *one* more delightful morsel, which few, few in any rank ever taste. Such a composition is like adding cream to strawberries—it not only gives the fruit a more elegant richness, but has a peculiar deliciousness of its own.

Ye hae lien a' wrang, lassie,
Ye've lien a' wrang;
Ye've lien in an unco bed,
And wi a fremit man.
O ance ye danced upon the knowes
And ance ye lightly sang—
But in herrying o' a bee byke,
I'm rad ye've got a stang.

Nothing astonishes me more, when a little sickness clogs the wheel of life, than the thoughtless career we run in the hour of health. "None saith, where is God, my maker, that giveth songs in the night: who teacheth us more knowledge than the beasts of the field, and more understanding than the fowls of the air?"

I had a letter from an old friend a while ago, but it was so dry, so distant, so like a card to one of his clients, that I could scarce bear to read it. He is a

good, honest fellow; and can write a friendly letter, which would do equal honour to his head and his heart, as a whole sheaf of his letters I have by me will witness; and though fame does not blow her trumpet at my approach *now*, as she did *then*, when he first honoured me with his friendship, yet I am as proud as ever; and when I am laid in my grave, I wish to be stretched at my full length, that I may occupy every inch of ground which I have a right to.

O gie my love brose, brose,
Gie my love brose and butter;
For nane in Carrick or Kyle
Can please a lassie better.
The lav'rock lo'es the grass,
The muirhen lo'es the heather;
But gie me a braw moonlight,
And me and my love together.

You would laugh were you to see me where I am just now:—Here am I set, a solitary hermit in the solitary room of a solitary inn, with a solitary bottle of wine by me—as grave and as stupid as an owl—but like that owl, still faithful to my old song: in confirmation of which, my dear Nancy here is your good health! May the hand-wal'd bennisons o' heaven bless your bonie face; and the wretch wha

skellies at your weelfare, may the auld tinkler deil get him to clout his rotten heart! Amen!

I mentioned to you my letter to Dr. Moore, giving an account of my life: it is truth, every word of it; and will give you the just idea of a man whom you have honoured with your friendship, I wish you to see me *as I am*. I am, as most people of my trade are, a strange *Will o' Wisp* being, the victim, too frequently, of much imprudence and many follies. My great constituent elements are pride and passion. The first I have endeavoured to humanize into integrity and honour; the last makes me a devotee to the warmest degree of enthusiasm, in love, religion, or friendship; either of them, or all together, as I happen to be inspired.

What trifling silliness is the childish fondness of the every-day children of the world! 'Tis the unmeaning toying of the younglings of the fields and forests; but where sentiment and fancy unite their sweets; where taste and delicacy refine; where wit adds the flavour, and good sense gives strength and spirit to all, what a delicious draught is the hour of tender endearment!—beauty and grace in the arms of truth and honour, in all the luxury of mutual love!

———Innocence
Looks gaily-smiling on; while rosy Pleasure
Hides young Desire amid her flowery wreath,
And pours her cup luxuriant; mantling high
The sparkling heavenly vintage, LOVE and BLISS!

Those of either sex, but particularly the female, who are lukewarm in that most important of all things, religion—"O my soul, come not thou into their secret!" I will lay before you the outlines of my belief. He, who is our author and preserver, and will one day be our judge, must be (not for his sake in the way of duty, but from the native impulse of our hearts), the object of our reverential awe, and grateful adoration: He is allmighty and all-bounteous; we are weak and dependent: hence, prayer and every other sort of devotion.——"He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to everlasting life;" consequently it must be in every one's power to embrace his offer of "everlasting life;" otherwise he could not, in justice, condemn those who did not. A mind pervaded, actuated, and governed by purity, truth and charity, though it does not *merit* heaven, yet is an absolutely necessary pre-requisite, without which heaven can neither be obtained nor enjoyed; and, by divine promise, such a mind shall never fail of attaining "everlasting life;" hence the impure, the deceiving, and the uncharitable, exclude themselves from eternal

bliss, by their unfitness for enjoying it. The Su preme Being has put the immediate administration of all this for wise and good ends known to himself, into the hands of Jesus Christ, a great personage, whose relation to him we cannot comprehend; but whose relation to us is a Guide and Saviour; and who, except for our own obstinacy and misconduct, will bring us all, through various ways, and by various means, to bliss at last.

These are my tenets, my friend. My creed is pretty nearly expressed in the last clause of *Jamie Dean's* grace, an honest weaver in Ayrshire; "Lord grant that we my lead a gude life! for a gude life makes a gude end, at least it helps weel!"

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER INFANT.

My blessins upon thy sweet, wee lippie!
  My blessins upon thy bonie e'e brie!
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
  Thou's ay the dearer, and dearer to me!

I am an odd being: some yet unnamed feelings, things, not principles, but better than whims, carry me farther than boasted reason ever did a philosopher.

There's naethin like the honest nappy!
Whaur'll ye e'er see men sae happy,
Or women sonsie, saft an'sappy,
'Tween morn an' morn,
As them wha like to taste the drappie
In glass or horn.

I've seen me daez't upon the time;
I scarce could wink or see a styme;
Just ae hauf muchkin does me prime,
Ought less a little,
Then back I rattle on the rhyme
As gleg's a whittle!

Coarse minds are not aware how much they injure the keenly-feeling tye of bosom friendship, when in their foolish officiousness, they mention what nobody cares for recollecting. People of nice sensibility and generous minds, have a certain intrinsic dignity, that fires at being trifled with, or lowered, or even too nearly approached.

O can ye labour lea, young man.
An'can ye labour lea;
Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
Ye'se never scorn me.

I feed a man at Martinmas,
Wi' arle pennies three;
An' a' the faut I fan' wi' him,
He couldna labour lea.

The stibble rig is easy plough'd,
The fallow land is free;
But wha wad keep the handless coof,
That couldna labour lea.

Some days, some nights, nay some *hours*, like the "ten righteous persons in Sodom," save the rest of the vapid, tiresome, miserable months and years of life.

To be feelingly alive to kindness and to unkindness, is a charming female character.

I have a little infirmity in my disposition, that where I fondly love or highly esteem, I cannot bear reproach.

If I have robbed you of a friend, God forgive me: but be comforted: let us raise the tone of our feelings a little higher and bolder. A fellow-creature who leaves us, who spurns us without just cause,

though once our bosom friend—up with a little honest pride—let him go !

A decent means of livelihood in the world, an approving God, a peaceful conscience and one firm trusty friend ;—can any body that has these, be said to be unhappy ?

The dignified and dignifying consciousness of an honest man, and the well grounded trust in approving heaven, are two most snbstantial sources of happiness.

Give me, my Maker, to remember Thee ! Give me to feel "another's woe ;" and continue with me that dear-loved friend that feels with mine !

Your religious sentiments I revere. If you have on some suspicious evidence, from some lying oracle, learned that I despise or ridicule so sacredly important a matter as real religion, you have much misconstrued your friend. "I am not mad, most noble Festus !" Have you ever met a perfect character ? Do we not sometimes rather exchange faults than get rid of them ? For instance ; I am perhaps tired with and shocked at a life, too much the prey of giddy inconsistencies and thoughtless

follies; by degrees I grow sober, prudent, and statedly pious, I say *statedly*, because the most unaffected devotion is not at all inconsistent with my first character. I join the world in congratulating myself on the happy change. But let me pry more narrowly into this affair; have I, at bottom, any thing of a secret pride in these endowments and emendations? have I nothing of a presbyterian sourness, a hypercritical severity, when I survey my less regular neighbours? In a word, have I missed all those nameless and numberless modifications of indistinct selfishness, which are so near our own eyes, that we can scarce bring them within our sphere of vision, and which the known spotless cambric of our character hides from the ordinary observer?

My definition of worth is short: truth and humanity respecting our fellow-creatures; reverence and humility in the presence of that Being, my Creator and Preserver, and who, I have every reason to believe, will one day be my Judge. The first part of my definition is the creature of unbiassed instinct; the last is the child of after-reflection. Where I found these two essentials, I would gently note, and slightly mention my attendant flaws—flaws, the marks, the consequences of human nature.

How wretched is the condition of one who is haunted with conscious guilt, and trembling under the idea of dreaded vengeance! and what a placid calm, what a charming secret enjoyment it gives, to bosom the kind feelings of friendship and the fond throes of love! Out upon the tempest of anger, the acrimonious gall of fretful impatience, the sullen frost of lowering resentment or the corroding poison of withered envy! They eat up the immortal part of man! If they spent their fury only on the unfortunate objects of them, it would be something in their favour; but these miserable passions, like traitor Iscariot, betray their lord and master.

Thou, Almighty Author of peace and goodness, and love! do thou give me the social heart that kindly tastes of every man's cup! Is it a draught of joy?—warm and open my heart to share it with cordial, unenvying rejoicing! Is it the bitter potion of sorrow?—melt my heart with sincerely sympathetic woe! Above all, do thou give me the manly mind that resolutely exemplifies, in life and manners, those sentiments which I would wish to be thought to possess! The friend of my soul—there may I never deviate from the firmest fidelity, and most active kindness! There may the most sacred, inviolate honour, the most faithful, kindling constancy, ever watch and animate my every thought and imagination!

Did you ever meet with the following lines spoken of religion:

" 'Tis *this*, my friend, that streaks our morning bright;
'Tis *this*, that gilds the horror of our night!
When wealth forsakes us, and when friends are few;
When friends are faithless, or when foes pursue;
'Tis *this* that wards the blow, or stills the smart,
Disarms affliction, or repels its dart;
Within the breast bids purest raptures rise,
Bids smiling conscience spread her cloudless skies."

I met with these verses very early in life, and was so delighted with them, that I have them by me, copied at school.

I have heard and read a good deal of philosophy, benevolence, and greatness of soul: and when rounded with the flourish of declamatory periods, or poured in the mellifluence of Parnassian measure, they have a tolerable effect on a musical ear; but when all these high-sounding professions are compared with the very act and deed, as it is usually performed, I do not think there is any thing in or belonging to human nature so badly disproportionate. In fact, were it not for a very few of our kind, among whom an honoured friend of mine, whom to you, Sir, I will not name, is a distinguished instance, the very existence of magnanimity, generosity, and all their kindred virtues, would be as much a question with metaphysicians as the existence of witchcraft.

There is no time when the conscious, thrilling chords of love and friendship give such delight, as in the pensive hours of what Thomson calls "philosophic melancholy." The family of misfortune, a numerous group of brothers and sisters! They need a resting-place to their souls. Unnoticed, often condemned by the world; in some degree, perhaps, condemned by themselves, they feel the full enjoyment of ardent love, delicate tender endearments, mutual esteem, and mutual reliance.

In this light I have often admired religion. In proportion as we are wrung with grief, or distracted with anxiety, the ideas of a compassionate Deity, an Almighty Protector, are doubly dear.

I have been, this morning, taking a peep through, as Young finely says, "the dark postern of time long elapsed;" 'twas a rueful prospect! What a tissue of thoughtlessness, weakness, and folly! My life reminded me of a ruined temple. What strength, what proportion in some parts! what unsightly gaps, what prostrate ruins in others! I kneeled down before the Father of Mercies, and said, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." I rose, eased, and strengthened.

I met a lass, a bonnie lass,
Coming o'er the braes o' Couper,
Bare her leg and bright her een,
And handsome ilka bit about her.
Weel I wat she was a quean
Wad made a body's mouth to water;
Our mess John, wi' his lyart pow,
His haly lips wad lickit at her.

Come rede me, dame, come tell me, dame,
And nane can tell mair truly,
What colour maun the man be of
To love a woman duly.

The carlin clew baith up and down,
And leugh and answered ready,
I learned a sang in Annerdale,
A dark man for my lady.

But for a country quean like thee,
Young lass, I tell thee fairly,
That wi' the white I've made a shift,
And brown will do fu' rarely.

There's mickle love in raven locks,
The flaxen ne'er grows yowden,
There's kiss and hause me in the brown,
And glory in the gowden.

O wat ye what my minnie did,
  My minnie did, my minnie did,
O wat ye what my minnie did,
  On Tysday 'teen to me, jo?
She laid me in a saft bed,
  A saft bed, a saft bed,
She laid me in a saft bed,
  And bade gudeen to me, jo.

An' wat ye what the parson did,
  The parson did, the parson did,
An' wat ye what the parson did,
  A' for a penny fee, jo?
He loosed on me a lang man,
  A mickle man, a strang man,
He loosed on me a lang man,
  That might hae worried me, jo.

An' I was but a young thing,
  A young thing, a young thing,
An' I was but a young thing,
  Wi' nane to pity me, jo.
I wat the kirk was in the wyte,
  In the wyte, in the wyte,
To pit a young thing in a fright,
  An' loose a man on me, jo.

There came a piper out o' Fife,
I watna what they ca'd him;
He play'd our cousin Kate a spring,
When fient a body bade him.
And ay the mair he hotch'd an' blew,
The mair that she forbade him.

Jenny M^c Craw, she has ta'en to the heather,
Say, was it the covenant carried her thither;
Jenny M^c Craw to the mountains is gane,
Their leagues and their covenants a' she has ta'en;
My head and my heart, now quo' she, are at rest,
And as for the lave, let the diel do his best.

The last braw bridal that I was at,
'Twas on a Hallowmass day,
And there was routh o' drink and fun,
And mickle mirth and play.
The bells they rang, and the carlins sang,
And the dames danced in the ha';
The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom,
In the mid'st o' her kimmers a'.

The black-headed eagle
As keen as a beagle,
He hunted o'er height and owre howe;
But fell in a trap
On the braes o' Gemappe,
E'en let him come out as he dowe.

Here's a bottle and an honest friend!
What wad ye wish for mair man?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be of care, man?
Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man:
Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not ay when sought, man.

O thou, in whom we live and move,
Who mad'st the sea and shore;
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And grateful would adore.
And if it please thee, pow'r above,
Still grant us with such store;
The friend we trust, the fair we love,
And we desire no more.

Lord, we thank an' thee adore,
For temp'ral gifts we little merit;
At present we will ask no more,
Let William Hyslop give the spirit.

EPITAPH ON WILLIAM NICOL.

Ye maggots feast on Nicol's brain,
For few sic feasts ye've gotten;
And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
For de'il a bit o'ts rotten.

THE POET'S ASSIGNMENT

OF

HIS WORKS.

[The admirers of Burns are indebted to the kindness of Gilbert M'Nab, Esq. of Ayr, for the following important document, which throws light both on the actions and feelings of the poet during a period when "hungry ruin had him in the wind."]

Know all men by these presents that I Robert Burns of Mossgiel: whereas I intend to leave Scotland and go abroad, and having acknowledged myself the father of a child named Elizabeth, begot upon Elizabeth Paton in Largieside: and whereas Gilbert Burns in Mossgiel, my brother, has become

bound, and hereby binds and obliges himself to aliment, clothe and educate my said natural child in a suitable manner as if she was his own, in case her mother chuse to part with her, and that until she arrive at the age of fifteen years. Therefore, and to enable the said Gilbert Burns to make good his said engagement, wit ye me to have assigned, disponed, conveyed, and made over to, and in favors of, the said Gilbert Burns, his heirs, executors, and assignees, who are always to be bound in like manner with himself, all and sundry goods, gear, corns, cattle, horses, nolt, sheep, household furniture, and all other moveable effects of whatever kind that I shall leave behind me on my departure from this Kingdom, after allowing for my part of the conjunct debts due by the said Gilbert Burns and me as joint tacksmen of the farm of Mossgiel. And particularly, without prejudice of the foresaid generality, the profits that may arise from the publication of my poems presently in the press. And also, I hereby dispone and convey to him in trust for behoof of my said natural daughter, the copy right of said poems in so far as I can dispose of the same by law, after she arrives at the above age of fifteen years complete. Surrogating and substituting the said Gilbert Burns my brother and his foresaids in my full right, title, room and place of the whole premises, with power to him to intromit with, and dispose upon the same at pleasure, and in general to

do every other thing in the premises that I could have done myself before granting hereof, but always with and under the conditions before expressed. And I oblige myself to warrand this disposition and assignation from my own proper fact and deed allenarly. Consenting to the registration hereof in the books of Council and Session, or any other Judges books competent, therein to remain for preservation, and constitute

Proculars, &c. In witness whereof I have wrote and signed these presents, consisting of this and the preceding page, on stamped paper, with my own hand, at the Mossgiel, the twenty-second day of July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-six years.

(Signed) ROBERT BURNS.

Upon the twenty fourth day of July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty six years, I, William Chalmer, Notary Publick, past to the Mercat Cross of Ayr head Burgh of the Sheriffdome thereof, and thereat I made due and lawfull intimation of the foregoing disposition and asssignation to his Majesties lieges, that they might not pretend ignorance thereof by reading the same over in presence of a number of people assembled. Whereupon William

Crooks, writer, in Ayr, as attorney for the before designed Gilbert Burns, protested that the same was lawfully intimated, and asked and took instruments in my hands. These things were done betwixt the hours of ten and eleven forenoon, before and in presence of William M^cCubbin, and William Eaton, apprentices to the Sheriff Clerk of Ayr, witnesses to the premises.

(Signed) WILLIAM CHALMER, N. P.

WILLIAM M^cCUBBIN, Witness.
WILLIAM EATON, Witness.

GLOSSARY.

THE explanation of Scottish words by Burns in the brief, but valuable, glossary to the earlier editions of his poems, is now extended to words and phrases contained in his songs and other posthumous pieces. All his definitions have been scrupulously retained, and to these the editor has ventured to add such illustrations from poetic and proverbial lore as he thinks will not be unacceptable even to readers intimate with the varied dialect of the north. His own definitions, the editor regrets to say, are not always so precise and clear as he could wish: the Scottish dialect, with which the English language of much of our verse is sprinkled, sometimes defies even description: these expressive northern words were only adopted because the language of the south, though rich to overflowing, had nothing to offer as an equivalent. This is peculiarly the case with Burns: his works abound with words, and phrases, and allusions, which can neither be translated nor explained in their native spirit and force. One example will suffice—hundreds might be added.

"But, oh! for Hogarth's matchless power
To paint Sir Bardie's willyart glower,
And how he stared and stammer'd,
When goavan as if led wi' branks,
An' stumpan on his plowman shanks,
He in the parlour hammer'd."

Yet some have thought it strange that Burns should be as popular in the south as in the north? this is not

at all wondered at by those who are familiar with the very varied and very forcible dialects of the English provinces. These six lines, inaccessible as their meaning must be to the classic scholar of an English city, are fully felt to the extent of their meaning by one half at least of the country population between the Thames and the Tweed. The truth is, that the Scottish language is essentially Saxon, coloured a little with the Celtic, and as such is as well, perhaps better, understood in one half of the English counties than the scholastic language of Johnson and Gibbon. When such is the case, it is to be regretted that an English Jamieson has not yet appeared to collect together the scattered members of the ancient language, and preserve them for the examination, if not for the use, of the historian and antiquary.

Burns introduced his Glossary with these directions. "The *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English dipthong *oo* is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo* or *ui*. The *a*, in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a dipthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish dipthong *ae* always, and *ea* very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish dipthong *ey* sounds like the Latin *ei*."

A.

A'. All.
"And puts a' nature in a jovial mood." . *Ramsay.*

Aback. Away, aloof, backwards.
"Syne went abak in sonder ane far space." *G. Douglas.*

Abeigh. At a shy distance.
"Gaured puir Duncan stan' abeigh." . . *Burns.*

Aboon. Above, up.
"Aboon the town upon the southwart side." *Blind Harry.*

Abread. Abroad, in sight, to publish.
"An' spread your beauties a' abread." . *Burns.*

Abreed. In breadth.
"With gold was browdered there abreed." . *Burel.*

Ae. One.
"Ae man's meat's anither man's poison." *Scots Prov.*

Aff. Off.
"He lap bauk heigh an' cry'd haud aff." . *Ramsay.*

Aff-loof. Off-hand, extempore, without premeditation.
To shoot aff-looff is to shoot without a rest.
"E'en wi' a canty tale he'd tell aff-loof." . *Ramsay.*

Afore. Before.
"Better be afore at a burial than ahin at a bridal."
Scots Saying.

Aft. Oft.
"An' pried it aft, as ye may trow." . . *Macneil.*

Aften. Often.
"Aften I have young sportive gilpies seen. *Ramsay.*

Agley. Off the right line, wrong, awry.
"The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley." . . . . . *Burns.*

Aiblins. Perhaps.
"The man my abllns tyne a stot." . *Montgomery.*

Ain. Own.
"This is no my ain house,
I ken by the biggin' o't." . . *Scots Song.*

Airn. Iron, a tool of that metal, a mason's chisel.

"Thraw me thro' my airns, quo' the gude Gordon,
They cost the town o' Dumfries fu' dear."
Old Ballad.

Airles. Earnest money.

"Restores the merit with grace in erles of glore."
Gaw. Douglas.

Airl-penny. A silver penny given as erles or hiring money.

"Your proffer o' luves an' airl-pennie." . *Burns.*

Airt. Quarter of the heaven, point of the compass.

"And under quhat art of the hevin so hie." *G. Douglas.*

Agee. On one side.

"Whilk pensylie he wears a thought agee." *Ramsay.*

Attour. Moreover, beyond, besides.

"Attour the king shall remain in keeping." *Pitscottie.*

Aith. An oath.

"He swore the gret aith bodily." . . *Wyntown.*

Aits. Oats.

"Where aits are fine an' sald by kind." *Scottish Song.*

Aiver. An old horse.

"Suppois I were ane auld yaud aver." . *Dunbar.*

Aizle. A hot cinder, an ember of wood.

"She noticed na an aizle brunt
Her braw new worset apron." . . *Burns.*

Alake. Alas.

"O dool and alake!" an exclamation of sorrow.

Alane. Alone.

"And hald his heritage hir alane." . *Wyntown.*

Akwart. Awkward, athwart.

"As he glaid by akwart he couth him ta." *Blind Harry.*

Amaist. Almost.

"A midge is as big as a mountain a' but amaist."
Scots Saying.

Amang. Among.

"I met four chaps yon birks amang." . *Boswell.*

An'. And, if.

"And o', quo' he, an' I were as free." *King James V.*

Anes. Once.

"Na wound nor wappin mycht him anys effere." *G. Douglas.*

Ane. One.

"But giff it war ane or twa." . . . *Barbour.*

Anent. Overagainst, concerning, about.
"Anent thame a gret cuntré." . *Wyntown.*

Anither. Another.
"Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither." . . . *Burns.*

Ase. Ashes of wood, remains of a hearth fire.
"Remember that thou art but ase." . *Dunbar.*

Asteer. Abroad, stirring in a lively manner.
"My mither she's a scauldin' jaud,
Hauds a the house asteer." . . *Old Song.*

Aqueesh. Between.
"Aqueesh twa queans I kenna how to look."
Scottish Rhyme.

Aught. Possession, as "in a' my aught," in all my possession.
"I hae the Bible, an' there's no a better book in a' yere aught." . . . . . *Scots Saying.*

Auld. Old.
"Auld gudeman, yere a drunken carle." *Tannahill.*

Auld-farran'. Auld farrant, sagacious, prudent, cunning.
"These people right auld-farran' will be laith." *Ramsay.*

Ava. At all.
"She neither kent spinning nor carding,
Nor brewing nor baking ava." . . *Ross.*

Awa. Away, begone.
"Awa, quo' she, the diel's owre grit wi' you." *Ramsay.*

Awfu'. Awful.
"An awfu' scythe out owre ae shouther." . *Burns.*

Auld-shoon. Old shoes literally, a discarded lover metaphorically.
"Ye may tell the coof that gets her,
That he gets but my auld shoon." . *Scots Song.*

Aumos. Gift to a beggar; thus described in an old song:
"A handfu' o' meal, a pickle o' grotts,
Cauld parritch, or herring-bree." . *Scots Song.*

Aumos-dish. A beggar's dish in which the aumos is received.
"An' she held up her greedy gab,
Just like an aumos-dish." . . . *Burns.*

Awn. The beard of barley, oats, &c.

Awnie. Bearded.
"And aits set up their awnie horn." . . *Burns.*

Ayont. Beyond.
"The auld wife ayont the fire
She died for lack o' sneeshing." . . *Ross.*

B.

Ba'. Ball.
"She saw three bonnie boys playing at the ba'." *Scots Song.*

Babie-clouts. Child's first clothes.
"O wha my babie-clouts will buy." . . *Burns.*

Backets. Ash-boards, as pieces of backet for removing ashes.

Backlins. Comin', coming back, returning.
"And backlins frae the bull to shift." . *A. Scott.*

Back-yett. Private gate.
"An' thro' the back-yett an' let naebody see." *Old Song.*

Baide. Endured, did stay.
"But teuchley doure it baide an unco' bang." *Burns.*

Baggie. The belly.
"Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie." . *Burns.*

Bairn. A child.
"As glad tythings unto my child and barne." *G. Douglas.*

Bairntime. A family of children, a brood.
"Hail, blessed mot thou be for thy bairntime." *Houlate.*

Baith. Both.
"Baith sceptre, sword, crown, and ring." *Wyntown.*

Ballets, ballants. Ballads.
"An' it were about Robin Hood, or some o' Davie Lyndsay's ballants." . . . . *Scott.*

Ban. To swear.
"Our lass Bess may curse and ban." . *Old Song.*

Bane. Bone.
"What's bred in the bane's ill to come out o' the flesh." *Scots Proverb.*

Bang. To beat, to strive, to excel.
"E'en ony rose her cheeks did bang." . *Davidson.*

Bannock. Flat, round, soft cake.
"Bannocks o' bear-meal, bannocks o' barley." *Old Song.*

Bardie. Diminutive of bard.
"He was your bardie mony a year." . *Burns.*

Barefit. Barefooted.
"The lasses skelpin barefit thrang." . . *Burns.*

Barley-bree. Barley-broo, blood of barley, malt liquor.

Barmie. Of, or like barm, yeasty.
"Quhilk boils your barmy brain." . *Montgomery.*

Batch. A crew, a gang.
"A batch o' wabster lads." . . . . *Galt.*

Batts. Botts.
"The bleiring bats an' benshaw." . . *Polwart.*

Bauckie-bird. The bat.
"Or wavering like the bauckie-bird. . *Burns.*

Baudrons. A cat.
"And whyles a voice on baudrons cried." *Old Ballad.*

Bauld. Bold.
"My een are bauld an' dwall on a place." *Scots Song.*

Baws'nt. Having a white stripe down the face.
"And sauld your crummock and her baws'nt quey." *Ramsay.*

Be. To let be, to give over, to cease.
"He's aye woo wooing, and he'll never let me be."
Scots Song.

Beets. Boots.
"What maks yere master wear beets, man?—because he has nae sheen.". . . *Aberdeen Saying.*

Bear. Barley.
"Allan a maut lay on the rig,
Ane ca'd him bear, ane ca'd him big." . *Old Song.*

Bearded-bear. Barley with its bristly head.
"Amang the bearded barley." . . *Scots Song.*

Beastie. Diminutive of beast.
"Wee sleekit, cowrin', timorous beastie." . *Burns.*

Beet, beek. To add fuel to a fire, to bask.
"An' beek the house baith but an' ben." . *Ramsay.*

Beld. Bald.
"An' tho his brow be beld aboon." . . *Burns.*

Belyve. By and by, presently, quickly.
"Belyve Eneas membris schuke for cauld." *G. Douglas.*

Ben. Into the spence or parlour.
"Spredand fra thank to thank, baith but and ben." *G. Douglas.*

Ben Lomond. A noted mountain in Dumbartonshire.

Benmost-bore. The remotest hole, the innermost recess.

"And seek the benmost-bore." . . . *Burns.*

Bethunkit. Grace after meat.

"The auld gudeman just like to rive
Bethankit hums." . . . . . . *Burns.*

Beuk. A book.

Bicker. A kind of wooden dish, a short rapid race.

"And bang'd about the nectar bicker." *Evergreen.*

Bickering. Careering, hurrying with quarrelsome intent.

"In glittering show and the once bickering stream." *Davidson.*

Birnie. Birnie ground is where thick heath has been burnt, leaving the birns, or unconsumed stalks, standing up sharp and stubley. . . . . *Dumfrieshire.*

Bie, or *bield.* Shelter, a sheltered place, the sunny nook of a wood.

"Better a wee bush than nae bield." *Scots Proverb*

Bien. Wealthy, plentiful.

"And thou in berne and byre so bene and big." *Henrysone.*

Big. To build.

"On Garganno was byggit a small peel." *Blind Harry.*

Biggin. Building, a house.

"I hae a house a biggin." . . . *Old Song.*
"By some auld houlat haunted biggin." . *Burns.*

Biggit. Built.

"They biggit a house on yon burn brae." *Old Song.*

Bill. A bull.

"An' like a bill amang the kye." . . *Ramsay.*

Billie. A brother, a young fellow, a companion.

"Now fear ye na my billie, quo' he." . *Old Ballad.*

Bing. A heap of grain, potatoes, &c.

"Quhen they depulye the mekil bing of quhete." *G. Douglas.*

Birdie-cocks. Young cocks, still belonging to the brood.

"And our guid wife's wee birdie-cocks." . *Burns.*

Birk. Birch.

"Amang the birks sae blythe an' gay." *T. Cunningham.*

Birkie. A clever, a forward conceited fellow.

"Spoke like yoursel', auld birkie never fear." *Ramsay.*

Birring. The noise of partridges when they rise.

" Ane gret staff sloung berrand with felloune wieght."
Gaw. Douglas.

Birses. Bristles.

" The rough birssis on the briest and criest." *G. Doug.*

Bit. Crisis, nick of time, place.

"Just as I was coming up the bit I saw a man afore me."
Scott.

Bizz. A bustle, to buzz.

" An' singe wi' hair-devouring bizz." . *Fergusson.*

Black's the grun'. As black as the ground.

" Nae wonder he's as black's the grun'." . *Burns.*

Blastie. A shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt, full of mischief.

" An' how the blasties did behave." . . *Tram.*

Blastit. Blasted.

Blate. Bashful, sheepish.

" We Phenicianis nane sae blate breistis has." *Douglas.*

Blather. Bladder.

Blaud. A flat piece of anything, to slap.

" He was like to ding the pulpit in blads." . *Melvill.*

Blaudin-shower. A heavy driving rain; a blauding signifies a beating.

" For blaudin o' the tailor sae." . . . *Cock.*

Blaw. To blow, to boast; "blaw i' my lug," to flatter.

" Keep your temper sweetly, an' neither brag nor blaw." *Duff.*

Bleerit. Bedimmed, eyes hurt with weeping.

Bleer my een. Dim my eyes.

" I bleer my een wi' greetin'." . . *Old Song.*

Bleezing, bleeze. Blazing, flame.

" An' of bleeched birns pat on a canty bleeze." *Ramsay.*

Blellum. Idle talking fellow.

" A bletherin', blust'ring, drunken blellum." *Burns.*

Blether. To talk idly.

" For an' they winna haud their blether." *Hamilton.*

Bleth'rin. Talking idly.

" Bucklit wiele up, you bladdrand baird." *Lyndsay.*

Blink. A little while, a smiling look, to look kindly, to shine by fits.

" Blink owre the burn, sweet Betty." . . *Old Song.*

Blinker. A term of contempt; it means too a lively engaging girl.

Blinkin'. Smirking, smiling with the eyes, looking lovingly.

"She is a bonnie lassie wi' a blythe blinking ee." *Old Song.*

Blirt and blearie. Out-burst of grief, with wet eyes.

"The lassie lost her silken snood,
Which cost her many a blirt and blearie." *Old Song.*

Blue-gown. One of those beggars who get annually, on the king's birth-day, a blue cloak or gown with a badge.

Bluid. Blood.

"Bluid is thicker than water." . *Scots Saying.*

Blype. A shred, a large piece.

"Till skin in blypes cam haurlin." . . *Burns.*

Bobbit. The obeisance made by a lady.

"O when she came ben she bobbit fu' law." *Old Song.*

Bock. To vomit, to gush intermittently.

"He gat it owre
"Without a host, a bock or glow'r." . . *Cleland.*

Bocked. Gushed, vomited.

"Quhill athir berne in that breth bokit in blude."
Gaw. Douglas.

Bodle. A copper coin of the value of two pennies Scots.

"I was na worth a single bodle." . *Scots Song.*

Bogie. A small morass.

Bonnie, or *bonny.* Handsome, beautiful.

"She's a very bonnie lassie, an' you be she." *Old Song.*

Bonnock. A kind of thick cake of bread, a small jannock or loaf made of oatmeal. See bannock.

Boord. A board.

"The Letter-gae o' holy rhyme sat up at our boord head."
Ramsay.

Bore. A hole in a wall, a cranny.

"An' into holes and bores thaim hid." . *Burel.*

Boortree. The shrub elder, planted much of old in hedges of barn-yards and gardens.

"An' sughin through the boortrees comin'." *Burns.*

Boost. Behoved, must needs, wilfulness.

Botch, blotch. An angry tumour.

Bousing. Drinking, making merry with liquor.

Bowk. Body.

"I wadna gie his wee finger for your hale buik." *Scots Saying.*

Bow-kail. Cabbage.
"A bastard may be as gude as a bowstock." *Scots Prov.*

Bow-hought. Out-kneed, crooked at the knee joint. We say bow-beaked of a hawk.
"A short bought man, but fu' o' pride." . *Ramsay.*

Bowt, bowlt. Bended, crooked.
"A runt was like a sow tail, sae bowt that night." *Burns.*

Brackens. Fern.
"It's either the tod or the bracken bush." *Scots Prov.*

Brae. A declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill.
"Twa men I saw ayont yon brae." . . *Ross.*

Braid. Broad.
"The king has written a braid letter." . *Old Ballad.*

Braik. An instrument for rough-dressing flax.
"A braik for hemp that she may rub." . *Watson.*

Brainge. To run rashly forward, to churn violently.
"She gied the kirn an angry brainge an' spoilt the butter." *Scots Saying.*

Braing't. "The horse brainget," plunged and fretted in the harness.

Brak. Broke, became insolvent.
"He brak wi' the fou' hand"—spoken of a dishonest debtor.

Branks. A kind of wooden curb for horses.
"Gif the beast be to the fore and the branks bide hale."

Brankie. Gaudy.
"Whare hae ye been sae brankie o'." . *Scots Song.*

Brash. A sudden illness.
"A brash, a slight fit of sickness." . . *Sinclair.*

Brats. Coarse clothes, rags, &c.
"He desires no more in the world but a bit and a brat." *Scots Saying.*

Brattle. A short race, hurry, fury.
"Giff our twa herds come brattling down the brae." *Ramsay.*

Braw. Fine, handsome.
"Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes." . *Old Song.*

Brawlys, or *brawlie.* Very well, finely, heartily, bravely.
"I win but sixpenie a' the day lang,
An' I spent at night fu' brawlie." . *Old Song.*

Braxies. Diseased sheep.
"While moorland herds like gude fat braxies." *Burns.*

Breastie. Diminutive of breast.

Breastit. Did spring up or forward; the act of mounting a horse.
"She breasts the billows" men say of a ship when she has a fair wind.

Brechame. A horse-collar.
"Ane brechame and two brochis fyne." *Bannatyne Poems.*

Breef. An invulnerable or irresistible spell.
"The breef was out; 'twas him it doomed
The mermaids face to see." . . *Finlay.*

Breeks. Breeches.

Brent. Bright, clear; "a brent brow," a brow high and smooth.
"For his blyth browis brent and athir ane." *G. Douglas.*

Brewin'. Brewing, gathering.
"He saw mischief a brewin'." . . . . *Burns.*

Bree. Juice, liquid.
"An' plyed their cutties at the smervy bree." *Ramsay.*

Brig. A bridge.
"Brig o' Balgounie, black be yere fa'." *Scots Saying.*

Brunstane. Brimstone.
"He stole his whig-spunks tipt wi' brunstane."
Jacobite Reliques.

Brisket. The breast, the bosom.
"White legs an' briskets bare." . . *Morison.*

Brither. A brother.
"My brither Jock an' anither gentleman." *Scots Saying.*

Brock. A badger.
"Whan ye have done tak hame the brok." *Bannatyne.*

Brogue. A hum, a trick.
"And played on man a cursed brogue." . *Burns.*

Broo. Broth, liquid, water.
"What's no i' the bag will be i' the broo," said the Highlandman when he dirked the haggis.

Broose. Broth, a race at country weddings; he who first reaches the bridegroom's house on returning from church wins the broose.

Browst. Ale, as much malt liquor as is brewed at a time.
"Ye drink o' yere ain browst," ye suffer for your own mischief.

Brugh. A burgh.
"A royal brugh," a royal borough.

Bruilzie. A broil, combustion.
"For drinking an' dancing an' brulyies." . *Ross.*

Brunt. Did burn, burnt.
"Turn out the brunt side o' my shin." . *Ramsay.*

Brust. To burst, burst.
"The fiery sparkes brasting from his ene." *G. Douglas.*

Buchan-bullers. The boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan.

Buckskin. An inhabitant of Virginia.

Buff our beef. Thrash us soundly, give us a beating behind and before.

Buff and blue. The colours of the Whigs.

Buirdly. Stout made, broad built.
"He's mair boordly i' the back than i' the brain." *Scots Say.*

Bum-clock. The humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings.
"The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone." . *Burns.*

Bummin. Humming as bees, buzzing.
"The cucking of cuckoos, the bumbling of bees." *Urquhart.*

Bummle. To blunder, a drone, an idle fellow.
"He's a' bummil like a drone-bee." . *Scots Saying.*

Bummler. A blunderer, one whose noise is greater than his work.
"The loudest bummler's no the best bee." *Scots Saying.*

Bunker. A window seat.
"Ithers frae aff the bunkers sank,
Wi' een like collops scored." . . *Ramsay.*

Bure. Did bear.

Burn, burnie. Water, a rivulet, a small stream which is heard as it runs.
"A flowrie brae by which a burnie trotted." *Scots Song.*

Burnewin'. Burn the wind, the blacksmith.
The bellows blow wind into the fire—hence burn the wind.

Burr-thistle. The thistle of Scotland.
"The rough burr-thistle spreading wide." . *Burns.*

Buskit. Dressed.
"A bonnie bride is soon busket." . *Scots Proverb.*

Buskit-nest. An ornamented residence.
"Clothed and adorned with the busk and the bravery of beautiful and big words." . . *M'Ward.*

Busle. A bustle.
"A bustling bodie's aft behint." . *Scots Saying.*

But, bot. Without.
"Touch not a cat but a glove." . *Scots Proverb.*

But and ben. The country kitchen and parlour.
"Mony blenkis ben our the but fall far sittis." *Dunbar.*

By himself. Lunatic, distracted, beside himself.

Byke. A bee hive, a wild bee nest.
"In herrying o' a bee byke I hae got a stang." *Old Song.*

Byre. A cow-house, a sheep-pen.
"He etled the bairn in at the breast;
The bolt flew owre the bire." . *King James I.*

C.

Ca'. To call, to name, to drive.
"Ca' the yowes to the knowes." . . *Scots Song.*

Ca't. Called, driven, calved.
"While new ca't kye rowte at the stake." . *Burns.*

Cadger. A carrier.
"Here ride cadgers, creels, an' a'." . *Nursery Song.*

Cadie, or *caddie.* A person, a young fellow, a public messenger.
"Where will I get a little foot page?
Where will I get a caddie?" . . *Old Song.*

Caff. Chaff.
"King's caff is better than other folks corn." *Scots Prov.*

Caird. A tinker, a maker of horn spoons and teller of fortunes.
"Hegh, Sirs, what cairds an' tinklers." . *Fergusson.*

Cairn. A loose heap of stones, a rustic monument.
"I will add a stone to your cairn." . *Scots Saying.*

Calf-ward. A small enclosure for calves.

Calimanco. A certain kind of cotton cloth worn by ladies.
"Her wat o' callimanco." . . . . *Forbes.*

Callan. A boy.
"Far-famed and celebrated Allan,
Renowned Ramsay cantie callan." . *Hamilton.*

Caller. Fresh.
"The callour air penetrative and pure." *G. Douglas.*

Callet. A loose woman, a follower of a camp.

" Here's to ragged brats and callets." . *Burns.*

Cannie. Gentle, mild, dexterous.

" Ca', cannie lad, yere but the new-come cooper."
Scots Saying.

Cannalie. Dexterously, gently.

" She wad a reined in as cannilie as a cadger's pony." *Scott.*

Cantie, or *canty.* Cheerful, merry.

" I'll be mair canty wi't, an' neer cry dool." *Ramsay.*

Cantraip. A charm, a spell.

——— " a witch that for sma' price
Can cast her cantraips and gie me advice." *Ramsay.*

Cap-stane. Cape-stone, topmost stone of the building.

" Has laid the cape-stane o' them a'." . *A. Wilson.*

Car. A rustic cart with or without wheels.

" Tumbler-cars, so called to distinguish them from trail-cars, both of which were in common use."
Lockhart.

Careerin'. Moving cheerfully.

Castock. The stalk of a cabbage.

" An' there will be langcale and castocks." *Scots Song.*

Carl. An old man.

" A pawkie auld carle cam' owre the lea." *K. James V.*

Carl-hemp. The male stalk of hemp, easily known by its superior strength and stature, and being without seed.

" Thou stalk o' carle-hemp in man." . . *Burns.*

Carlin. A stout old woman.

" Carlin, will your dochter marry ?" . *Scots Song.*

Cartes. Cards.

Caudron. A cauldron.

" Gar tell the lady o' the place
I'm come to clout her caudron." . *Scots Song.*

Cauk and keel. Chalk and red clay.

" Wi' cauk an' keel I win my bread." *King James V.*

Cauld. Cold.

" Cauld winter is awa', my luve." . *Scots Song.*

Caup. A wooden drinking vessel, a cup.

" We drank out o' luggies, noggies, goans, caups, bickers, quaighs, an' stoups." . *Scots Story.*

Cavie. A hen-coop.

"Croose as a cock in his ain cavie." . *Mayne.*

Chanter. Drone of a bagpipe.

"From their loud chanters down and sweep." *Scott.*

Chap. A person, a fellow.

"I met four chaps yon birks amang." . *Boswell*

Chaup. A stroke, a blow.

"Wad neither chaup nor ca'." . . *Gil Morice.*

Cheek for chow. Close and united, brotherly, side by side.

"Gang cheek for chow whare'er we stray." *Macauley.*

Cheekit. Cheeked.

"An' twa red cheekit apples." . . . *Burns.*

Cheep. A chirp, to chirp.

"I wad rather hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep." *Scots Saying.*

Chiel, or *cheal.* A young fellow.

"The chiels may a' knit up themselves for me." *Ramsay.*

Chimla, or *chimlie.* A fire-grate, fire-place.

"And ilka chimla o' the house." . . *Jamieson.*

Chimla-lug. The fire-side.

"Ben to the chimla lug." . . . . . *Burns.*

Chirps. Cries of a young bird.

Chittering. Shivering, trembling.

"To let the chittering infant in." . . *Ramsay.*

Chockin. Choking.

Chow. To chew; a quid of tobacco.

"He took aff his bannet and spat in his chow." *Old Song.*

Chuckie. A brood-hen.

"Wi' hook an' line he baited chuckie." . *Pennycuik.*

Chuffie. Fat-faced.

"How Bessie Fretocks chuffie cheekit wean." *Ramsay.*

Clachan. A small village about a church, a hamlet.

"The first time that he met wi' me
Was at a clachan in the west." . . *Watson.*

Claise, or *claes.* Clothes.

"Quhill that my claes grew threadbare on my back." *Scots Rhyme.*

Claith. Cloth.

"Ane tailyeour can nocht make ane garment but of clayth." . . . . *Hamilton.*

Claithing. Clothing.

"And my claething e'er sae mean." . *Scots Song.*

Clavers and havers. Agreeable nonsense, to talk foolishly.

"They frae a skelf began to claver," . *Morison.*

Clapper-claps. The clapper of a mill; it is now silenced.

"When clack, clack, clack, he heard a mill." *Ramsay.*

Clap-clack. Clapper of a mill.

"Whisky gill like clap o' mill,
Inspired his tongue wi' endless clatter."

Clartie. Dirty, filthy.

"With clarty silk about their tails." . *Maitland.*

Clarkit. Wrote.

"Twa lines o' Davie Lyndsay wad ding a' he ever clarkit." . . . . *Scott.*

Clash. An idle tale.

"The auld wives were making game,
An' roun' the clash did ca' man." . *Scots Song.*

Clatter. To tell little idle stories, an idle story.

"Some playes the fule and all out clatters." *Dunbar.*

Claught. Snatched at, laid hold of.

"Auld Satan claught him by the spaul." *Jac. Reliques.*

Claut. To clean, to scrape.

"May it do nae gude to him who clauts it out o' the widow's house." . . . . . . *Wilson*

Clauted. Scraped.

"Wi' clautit kit an' empty bowie." . . *Tarras.*

Claw. To scratch.

"An' claw owre soon an auld man's pow." . *Picken.*

Cleed. To clothe.

"And leaves to cleed the lichen bowers." *Fergusson.*

Cleek. Hook, snatch,

"Syne up their leglins cleek." . . *Ramsay.*

Cleekin. A brood of chickens, or ducks.

"Scared frae its minnie an' the cleckin." . *Burns.*

Clegs. The gad flies.
"Of flyes, grasshoppers, hornets, clegs, an' clocks." *Hudson.*

Clinkin. "Clinking down," sitting down hastily.

Clinkum-bell. The church bell; he who rings it; a sort of beadle.
"Auld Clinkum at the inner port cries three times Robin." *Burns.*

Clips. Wool-shears.
"A bonnier fleece ne'er cross'd the clips." . *Burns.*

Clishmaclaver. Idle conversation.
"It's no right o' you, sir, to keep me clishmaclavering." *Galt.*

Clock. To hatch, a beetle.
"Ye're sae keen o' clockin ye'll die on the eggs." *Scots Proverb.*

Clockin. Hatchin.
"Gie her a doukin, an' put the clockin frae her." *Scots Saying.*

Cloot. The hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
"When a hundred sheep rin how mony cloots clatter." *Scots Saying.*

Clootie. A familiar name for the Devil.
"Auld Satan, Hornie, Nick, or Clootie." . *Burns.*

Clour. A bump, or swelling, after a blow.
"Tho' mony had cloured pows." . . *Ramsay.*

Cloutin. Repairing with cloth.

Cluds. Clouds.
"The flaes they flew awa in cluds." . *Old Song.*

Clunk. The sound in setting down an empty bottle.
"And made the bottle clunk
To their health that night." . . . *Burns.*

Coaxin. Wheedling.

Coble. A fishing-boat.
"A litel kobil there they met." . . *Wyntown.*

Cod. A pillow.
"Twa heads may lie on ae cod, and naebody ken where the luck lies." . . . . *Scots Proverb.*

Coft. Bought.
"He that all mankind coft frae care." . *Wyntown.*

Cog, and Coggie. A wooden dish.
"I wadna gie my three-girred cog,
For a' the queans in Bogie." . . *Old Song.*

Coila. From Kyle, a district in Ayrshire, so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish Monarch.

Collie. A general, and sometimes a particular name for country curs.

" Or hounded collie owre the mossy bent." *Ramsay.*

Collie-shangie. A quarrel among dogs, an Irish row.

" The collyshangy raise to sic a height." . *Ross.*

Commaun. Command.

" I tald them I had seen the day they had nae sic comman." . . . . . . *Scots Song.*

Convoyed. Accompanied lovingly.

" A Kelso convoye—a stride an' a half owre the door-stane." . . . . . *Scots Proverb.*

Cool'd in her linens. Cool'd in her death-shift.

" Blessed be the day that she cooled in her linnens." *Burns.*

Cood. The cud.

Coof. A blockhead, a ninny.

" The rest seem coofs compar'd wi' my dear Pate." *Ramsay.*

Cookit. Appeared and disappeared by fits.

" All closs under the cloud of night thou coukkis." *Kennedy.*

Cooser. A stallion.

" Ye ken a fey man an' a cusser fears na the deil." *Scott.*

Coost. Did cast.

" We coost the cavels us amang." . *Old Ballad.*

Coot. The ancle, a species of water-fowl.

" Stand there and cool ye're coots." . *Scots Saying.*

Corbies. Blood crows.

Cootie. A wooden dish, rough-legged.

" Spairges about the brunstane cootie." . *Burns.*

Core. Corps, party, clan.

" He was the king o' a' the core." . . *Burns.*

Corn't. Fed with oats.

" Thai were better cornyt than they were fernyer." *Acts James II.*

Cotter. The inhabitant of a cot-house, or cottage.

" A cotter is kept for each plough on the farm." *Sinclair.*

Couthie. Kind, loving.

" Fu' weel they can ding dool away . .
Wi' comrades couthie." . . . *Fergusson.*

Cove. A cave.

" King Constantine was ta'en and brought to ane cove." *Bellenden.*

Cowe. To terrify, to keep under, to lop.

" Ye wad gar me trow my head's cowed, though there's no a hair wrang on't yet." *Scots Proverb.*

Cowp. To barter, to tumble over.

" I mon run fast in drede I get a cowp." . *Lyndsay.*

Cowp the cran. To tumble a full bucket or basket.

Cowpit. Tumbled.

" First coupit up his heels, so that his head went down." *Knox.*

Cowrin Cowering.

Cowte. A colt.

" Mony a ragged cowtes been known
To make a noble aiver." . . . *Burns.*

Cosie. Snug.

" To keep you cosie in a hoord." . . *Ramsay.*

Crabbit. Crabbed, fretful.

Creuks. A disease of horses.

" She had the cleeks, the cauld the crooks." *Old Song.*

Crack. Conversation, to converse, to boast.

" When ye hae done it's time to crack." *Montgomery.*

Crackin'. Cracked, conversing, conversed.

" The priest stood close, the miller cracked." *Ramsay.*

Craft, or *croft.* A field near a house, in old husbandry.

" The carle he came owre the craft." . *Old Song.*

Craig, cragie. Neck.

" He stretched out his craig to the sword." *Pitscottie.*

Craiks. Cries or calls incessantly, a bird, the corn-rail.

" That geese and gaisling cryis and crakis." *Polworth.*

Crambo-clink, or *crambo-jingle.* Rhymes, doggrel verses.

Crank. The noise of an ungreased wheel—metaphorically inharmonious verse.

Crankous. Fretful, captious.

" This while she's been in crankous mood." . *Burns.*

Cranreuch The hoar-frost, called in Nithsdale " frost-rhyne."

" No frost, excepting some cranreuch, or small frost."

Crap. A crop, to crop.

" That sword it crapped the bonniest flower." *Old Song.*

Craw. A crow of a cock, a rook.

"As the auld cock craws the young ane learns."
Scots Proverb.

Creel. A basket, to have one's wits in a creel, to be craz'd, to be fascinated.

"Here come cadgers, creels an' a'." *Nursery Rhyme.*

Creshie. Greasy.

"I ken by his greischy mou,
He has been at ane feast." . . . *Lyndsay.*

Crood, or *Croud.* To coo as a dove.

"Where hae ye been a' day,
My wee wee crooding dow." . . *Old Ballad.*

Croon. A hollow and continued moan; to make a noise like the low roar of a bull; to hum a tune.

"Ruschand together with croones and fearful granes."
Gaw. Douglas.

Crooning. Humming.

"A crooning cow, a crowing hen, and a whistling maiden, bode nae gude to a house." *Scots Proverb.*

Crouchie. Crook-backed.

"He swore 'twas hilchin Jean Macraw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie." . . *Burns.*

Crouse. Cheerful, courageous.

"They craw crouse that craw last." . *Scots Proverb.*

Crously. Cheerfully, courageously.

Crowdie. A composition of oatmeal, boiled water and butter, sometimes made from the broth of beef, mutton, &c. &c.

Crowdie time. Breakfast time.

"Crowdie ance, crowdie twice,
Crowdie three times in a day." . *Old Song.*

Crowlin. Crawling, a deformed creeping thing,

Crummie's nicks. Marks on the horns of a cow. . *Scots Song*

"My crummie is ane useful cow."

Crummock, *Crummet.* A cow with crooked horns.

"Spying an unco crummit beast." . . *Davidson.*

Crummock driddle. Walk slowly, leaning on a staff with a crooked head.

Crump-crumpin. Hard and brittle, spoken of bread; frozen snow yielding to the foot.

"Lest his crumpin tread should her untimely rouse." *Davidson.*

Crunt. A blow on the head with a cudgel.

"Though I had got a fell crunt ahint the haffet." *Scots Story.*

Cuddle. To clasp and caress.

"She cuddled in wi' Johnnie." . . *Ramsay*

Cummock. A short staff, with a crooked head.

"To tremble under fortune's cummock." . *Burns.*

Curch. A covering for the head, a kerchief.

"A soudley courche o'er head and neck let fall." *Blind Harry.*

Curchie. A curtsey, female obeisance.

"An' wi' a curchie low did stoop." . . *Burns.*

Curler. A player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called curling.

"To curle on the ice does greatly please." *Pennecuik.*

Curlie. Curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets.

"Green curlie kale." . . . . . *Scots Story.*

Curling. A well-known game on the ice.

"As cauld's a curling stane." . . *Scots Saying.*

"He was playing at curling with Riddel of Staining." *Fountainhall.*

Curmurring. Murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.

Curpin. The crupper, the rump.

"And were a man I'd gar their curpons crack," *Hamilton.*

Curple. The rear.

Cushat. The dove, or wood-pigeon.

"The cushat croods, the corbie cryeas" *Montgomery.*

Cutty. Short, a spoon broken in the middle.

"He gae to me a cuttie knife." . . *Old Ballad.*

Cutty Stool, or, *Creepie Chair.* The seat of shame, stool of repentance.

"The cutty-stool is a kind of pillory in the church." *Sinclair.*

D.

Daddie. A father.

" Her daddie forbad, her minnie forbad." *Scots Song.*

Daffin. Merriment, foolishness.

" Quhat kind of daffin is this all day." . *Lyndsay.*

Daft. Merry, giddy, foolish; *Daft-buckie,* mad fish.

" Thou art the daftest fule that evir I saw." *Lyndsay.*

Daimen. Rare, now and then; *daimen icker,* an ear of corn occasionally.

" Paste and Yule, and daimen times." *Scots Saying.*

Dainty. Pleasant, good-humoured, agreeable, rare.

" A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound." *Ramsay.*

Dandered. Wandered.

" Nae mair through flowery howes I'll dander." *Ramsay.*

Darklins. Darkling, without light.

" An' darklin grub this earthly hole." . . *Burns.*

Daud. To thrash, to abuse, *Daudin-showers,* rain urged by wind.

" Then took his bonnet to the bent,
And daudit aff the glar." . . . *Ramsay.*

Daur. To dare, *Daurt,* dared.

" Ye daur weel but ye downa." . . *Scots Saying.*

Daurg or *Daurk.* A day's labour.

" He never wrought a gude darg that began grumbling." *Scots Proverb.*

Daur, daurna. Dare, dare not.

" And the lad I daurna name." . *Scots Song.*

Davoc. Diminutive of Davie, as Davie is of David.

Dawd. A large piece.

" Raw dauds make fat lads." . . *Scots Saying.*

" A dawd o' a bannock, or fadge to prie." *Old Ballad.*

Dawin. Dawning of the day.

" Be this the dawin' gan at morn wax rede." *Gawin Douglas.*

Dawtit, dawtet. Fondled, caressed.

" Or has some dauted wedder broke his leg." *Ramsay.*

Dearies. Diminutive of dears, sweethearts.

"I'll rowe thee owre the lea rig, my ain kind dearie O." *Old Song.*

Dearthfu'. Dear, expensive.

"Wi' bitter dearthfu' wines to mell." . *Burns.*

Deave. To deafen.

"Wha tear their lungs and deave your ears." *Ramsay.*

Deil-ma-care. No matter for all that.

Deleerit. Delirious.

"And lived and diet deleerit." . . . *Burns.*

Descrive. To describe, to perceive.

"How pleased he was I scarcely can descrive." *Hamilton.*

Deuks. Ducks.

"Mony a time he wad slip to see me wi' a brace o' wild deucks on his pouch, when my gudeman was at Falkirk tryste." . . . . . . *Scott.*

Dight. To wipe, to clean corn from chaff.

"They canna dight their tears now, sae fast as they fa'." *Old Song.*

Ding. To worst, to push, to surpass, to excel.

"Ye may ding the diel into a wife, but ye'll never ding him out o' her." . . . . *Scots Proverb.*

Dink. Neat, lady-like.

"A dink damsel makes aften a dirty wife." *Scots Proverb.*

Dinna. Do not.

"Dinna be chappit back, or cast down wi' the first rough answer." . . . . . . *Scott.*

Dirl. A slight tremulous stroke or pain, a tremulous motion.

"Gart Lawrie's heart-strings dirle." . *Ramsay.*

Distain. Stain.

"May coward shame distain his name." . *Burns.*

Dizzen. A dozen.

Man's twal' is no sae gude as the deil's dizzen." *Scots Prov.*

Dochter. Daughter.

"He repudit Agasia, the king of Britonis dochter." *Bellenden.*

Doited. Stupified, silly from age.

"Full doited was his heid." . . . *Dunbar.*

Dolt. Stupified, crazed; also a fool.

Donsie. Unlucky, affectedly neat and trim, pettish.

"For fear o' donsie whirl into the stream." *Davidson.*

Doodle. To dandle.

"I have an auld wife to my mither,
Will doodle it on her knee." . . *Scots Song.*

Dool. Sorrow, to lament, to mourn.

"O dool for the order, sent our lads to the border." *Scots Song.*

Doos. Doves, pigeons.

"Thou wee wee crooding doo." . *Nursery Song.*

Dorty. Saucy, nice.

"Your well-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride." *Ramsay.*

Douse, or *douce.* Sober, wise, prudent.

"I've given a douse advice and plain." . *Ramsay.*

Doucely. Soberly, prudently.

"So ye may doucely fill a throne." . . *Burns.*

Dought. Was or were able.

"And never dought a doit afford." . . *Ramsay.*

Doup. Backside.

"But a' the skaith that chanced indeed
Was only on their doups." . . *Ramsay.*

Doup-skelper. One that strikes the tail.

"An' dirl the bairns's doups and loofs." . *Scots Poem.*

Dour and din. Sullen and sallow.

"He had a wife was dour and din." . . *Burns.*

Douse. Sober, wise, prudent.

"O ye douse pepill discend from Dardanus." *G. Douglas.*

Douser. More prudent.

"A doucer man never brak warld's bread."
Scots Saying.

Dow. Am or are able, can.

"Though he dow not to leid a tyke. . . *Dunbar.*

Dowff, Pithless, wanting force.

"Void of curage, and dowff as ony stane." *G. Douglas.*

Dowie. Worn with grief, fatigue, &c. half asleep.

"The dowie tones and lays lamentabil." *G. Douglas.*

Downa. Am or are not able, cannot.

"But downa do's come owre me now." . *Burns.*

Doylt. Wearied, exhausted.

"Sair doylt wi' driving o' his hirsel hame."
T. Cunningham.

Dozen. Stupified, the effects of age, to dozen to benumb.

> " The birds of clay
> Dozen in silence on the bending spray." *Fergusson.*

Drab. A young female beggar ; to spot, to stain.

> " She drabbled them owre wi' a black tade's blude." *Scots Song.*

Drap. A drop, to drop.

> " She's a drap o' my dearest blude." . *Scots Saying.*

Drapping. Dropping.

> " Auld folk are drapping silently awa' and young anes coming skirling in." . . . *Scots Saying.*

Draunting. Drawling, speaking with a sectarian tone.

> " He drinks wi' Clavers and draunts wi' Cameron." *Scots Say.*

Dreep. To ooze, to drop.

> " And fuish me out an' laid me down to dreep." *Ross.*

Dreigh. Tedious, long about it, lingering.

> " A dreigh drink is better than a dry sermon." *Scots Saying.*

Dribble. Drizzling, trickling.

> " An' dribbles o' drink coming through the draff." *Scots Song.*

Driddle. The motion of one who tries to dance but moves the middle only.

> " Wha used at trystes an' fairs to driddle." *Burns.*

Drift. A drove, a flight of fowls, snow moved by the wind.

> " Better an even down snaw than a driving drift." *Scots Prov.*

Droddum. The breech.

> " Wad dress yere droddum." . . . *Burns.*

Drone. Part of a bagpipe, the chanter.

Droop-rumpl't. That droops at the crupper.

> " The sma' droop-rumpl't hunter cattle." . *Burns.*

Droukit. Wet.

> " All droukit and forewrocht." . . *G. Douglas.*

Drouth. Thirst, drought.

> " The [illegible]my dewe thro' burning drouth he dries." *K. Jas. VI.*

Drucken. Drunken.

> " Some drucken, wi' drouth does burn." *Har'st Rig.*

Drumly. Muddy.

> " Drumly of mude and skaldand as it were wode." . *G. Doug.*

Drummock or *Drammock.* Meal and water mixed, raw.

> " For to refresh my stamoch,
> I was received and fed with drammock. *Watson's Col.*

Drunt. Pet, sour humour.
"And Maillie nae doubt took the drunt." . *Burns.*

Dub. A small pond, a hollow filled with rain water.
"There lay a deuk-dub at my daddies door." *Old Song.*

Duds. Rags, clothes.
"A hair-brained wee ane wagging a' wi' duds." *Ross.*

Duddie. Ragged.
"Frae duddie doublets and a pantry toom." *Ramsay.*

Dang-Dang. Worsted, pushed, stricken.
"Jenny dang the weaver." . . . *Old Song.*

Dunted. Throbbed, beaten.
"He dunted the kist and the boards did flee." *Old Song.*

Dush-dunsh. To push or butt as a ram.
"The unco brute much dunching dreed." *Davidson.*

Dusht. Overcome with superstitious fear, to drop down suddenly.
"Down duschis he in dede thraw all forloist."
Gaw. Douglas.

Dyvor. Bankrupt, or about to become one.
"A dyvour buys your butter, woo' and cheese,
But or the day of payment breaks and flees." *Ramsay.*

E.

Ee'. The eye.
"And the blythe blinks in her ee'." . *Old Song.*

Een. The eyes, the evening.
"A winding sheet drawn o'er my een." . *Old Song.*

Eebree The eyebrow.
"Her bonnie ee'bree's a holy arch." . *Scots Song.*

Eenin'. The evening.

Eerie. Frighted, haunted, dreading spirits.
"Gloomy, gloomy was the night,
And eerie was the way." . . . *Old Ballad.*

Eild. Old age.
"Ane hundreth maidens had sche young and eild."
Gaw. Douglas.

Elbuck. The elbow.
"Hab fidg'd and leugh, his elbuck clew." . *Ramsay.*

Eldritch. Ghastly, frightful, elvish.
"Thair was Pluto the elrick incubus." . *Scots Poem.*

En'. End.
"O haste ye an' come to our gate en'." *Scots Song.*

Enbrugh. Edinburgh.
"As I came in by Enbrugh town." . *Old Song.*

Eneugh and *aneuch.* Enough.
"Bot thai war glad eneugh." . . . *Dunbar.*

Especial. Especially.

Ether-stone. Stone formed by adders, an adder bead.

Ettle. To try, attempt, aim.
"If I but ettle at a sang." . . . . *Ramsay.*

Eydent. Diligent.
"Them that's slack in gude are eydent in ill." *Scots Say.*

F.

Fa' Fall, lot, to fall, fate.
"Brig of Balgonie black be your fa'." *Scots Saying.*

Fa' that. To enjoy, to try, to inherit.
"How Marstig's daughter I may fa'." . *Jamieson.*

Faddom't. Fathomed, measured with the extended arms.

Faes. Foes.
"Now my dear lad maun face his faes." . *Mayne.*

Faem. Foam of the sea.
"Amang the white sea faem." . *Scots Ballad.*

Faiket. Forgiven or excused, abated, a demand.
"I'll no faik a farden o' my right." . . *Galt.*

Fainness. Gladness, overcome with joy.

Fairin' Fairing, a present brought from a fair.
"He'll gie him his fairin' I'll be caution for't." *Scott.*

Fallow. Fellow.
"It is full fair to be fallow and feir." . *Scots Poem.*

Fand. Did find.
"For a while their dwelling good they fand." *Hudson.*

Farl. A cake of bread; third part of a cake.
"O'er a weel tostit girdle farl." . . *Fergusson.*

Fash. Trouble, care, to trouble, to care for.

Fasheous. Troublesome.

" Fairfaront fowk are less fause than fasheous." *Scots Prov.*

Fasht. Troubled.

"They're fenyiet freens that canna be fasht." *Scots Prov.*

Fasten e'en. Fasten's even.

Faught. Fight.

" Man is a sodger and life is a faught." . *Burns.*

Faugh. A single furrow, out of lea, fallow.

" Farmers faugh gars lairds laugh." *Scots Proverb.*

Fauld and *Fald.* A fold for sheep, to fold.

" Will ye ca' in by our town as ye gang to the fauld." *Scots Song.*

Faut. Fault.

" Wha will own he did the faut." . . *Burns.*

Fawsont. Decent, seemly.

Feal. Loyal, stedfast.

" Farewell my leal, feal friend." . . . *Scott.*

Fearfu'. Fearful, frightful.

Fear't. Affrighted.

Feat. Neat, spruce, clever.

"The naturally neat will aye be feat." *Scots Saying.*

Fecht. To fight.

" That thai might fecht." . . . *Wyntown.*

Fechtin'. Fighting.

"Then up gat fechtin' Jamie Fleck." . . *Burns.*

Feck and *fek.* Number, quantity.

" My words they were na mony feck." . *Scots Song.*

Fecket. An under waistcoat.

Feckfu'. Large, brawny, stout.

"Till mony a feckfull chiel that day was slain." *Hamilton.*

Feckless. Puny, weak, silly.

" Breathless and feckless there she sits her down." *Ross.*

Feckly. Mostly.

" Three carts and twa are feckly new," . *Burns.*

Feg. A fig.

Fegs. Faith, an exclamation.

" By my fegs
Ye've set auld Scota on her legs." . . *Beattie.*

Feide. Feud, enmity.

" Quhar Wilyham micht be bettir frae thair feide."
Blind Harry.

Fell. Keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin; level moor.

Felly. Relentless.

" Fortunes felly spite." . . . . . *Burns.*

Fend, Fen. To make a shift, contrive to live.

" For poortith I might make a fen." . . *Burns.*

Ferlie or *ferley.* To wonder, a wonder, a term of contempt.

" Nane ferlies mair than fulis." . *Montgomery.*

Fetch. To pull by fits.

Fetch't. Pulled intermittently.

Fey. Strange; one marked for death, predestined.

" The folk was fey that he before him fand."
Blind Harry.

Fidge. To fidgit, fidgeting.

" No ane gies e'er a fidge or fyke." . *Macaulay.*

Fidgin-fain. Tickled with pleasure.

" I'm fidging fain to see you." . . *Scots Song.*

Fient. Fiend, a petty oath.

" Fient a crum o' thee she fa's." . . *Old Song.*

Fien ma care. The devil may care.

" I'm the diel, quo he, fien ma' care, quo I."
Scots Story.

Fier. Sound, healthy; a brother, a friend.

" There's Jenny comely, fier and tight." *A. Douglas.*

Fierrie. Bustle, activity.

Fissle. To make a rustling noise, to fidget, bustle, fuss.

" The oddest fike and fissle that e'er was seen." *Ross.*

Fit. Foot.

" O think that eild wi' wyly fit." . *Fergusson.*

Fittie-lan. The nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.

Fizz. To make a hissing noise, fuss, disturbance.

" What fizzes in the mou winna feed the wame."
Scots Saying.

Flaffen. The motion of rags in the wind; of wings.

" There was rustlin o' silks an' flaffin o' feathers.
Scots Story.

Flainen. Flannel.

Flandrekins. Foreign generals, soldiers of Flanders.
" But Flandrekins they have no skill." . *Old Song.*

Flang. Threw with violence.

Fleech. To supplicate in a flattering manner.
" Except yee mend I will not flech." *Godly Ballads.*

Fleechin. Supplicating.
" At fairs or at preaching, nae wooing nae fleeching."
Old Song.

Fleesh. A fleece.
" As fox in ane lambes flesche feinge I my cheir."
Dunbar.

Fleg. A kick, a random blow, a fight.
" Syne at the lown a fearful fleg let flee." . *Hamilton.*

Flether. To decoy by fair words.
" Aye flether away; since I'll no do wi' foul play try me wi' fair." . . . *Scots Saying.*

Flethrin, flethers. Flattering—smooth wheedling words.
" The foulest fiend's the fairest fletherer." *Scots Prov.*

Fley. To scare, to frighten.
" Them thats ill fleyed are seldom sair hurt." *Scots Prov.*

Flichter, flichtering. To flutter as young nestlings do when their dam approaches.
" I trow my heart was flichtering fain." *Scots Song.*

Flinders. Shreds, broken pieces.
" Into a thousand flinders flew." . . . *Scott.*

Flingin-tree. A piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a flail.

Flisk, flisky. To fret at the yoke.
" But never ane will be sae daft as tent auld Johnies flisky damo." . . . . *Hogg.*

Fliskit. Fretted.
" Fasheous fools are easiest flisket." . *Scots Prov.*

Flitter. To vibrate like the wings of small birds.
" She's a bad sitter that's ay in a flitter." *Scots Prov.*

Flittering. Fluttering, vibrating, moving tremulously from place to place.

Flunkie. A servant in livery.
" So flunky braw when drest in Maisters claise."
Fergusson.

Flyte, flyting. Scold; flyting, scolding.
"Quha cannot hald their peace are free to flyte." *Gaw. Douglas.*

Foor. Hastened.
"As owre the moor the foor O." . . *Old Song.*

Foord. A ford.
"I aye roose the foord as I ride it." . *Scots Prov.*

Forbears. Forefathers.
"Thare our forebearis in their credillis lay." *G. Douglas.*

Forbye. Besides.
"Forbye the ghaist, the green room does na vent weel in a high wind." . . . . *Scott.*

Forfairn. Distressed, worn out, jaded, forlorn, destitute.
"So sadly forfairn were we." . . . . *Ross.*

Forgather. To meet, to encounter with.
"Fools are fond o' a they foregather wi'." *Scots Proverb.*

Forgie. To forgive.
"Its easier to forgie than forget." . *Scots Prov.*

Forinawed. Worn out.
"Forjidged, forjesket, forinawed." . *Scots Rhymes.*

Forjesket. Jaded with fatigue.
"Forejidged, fourfoughten an' forjesket." *Scots Saying.*

Fou'. Full, drunk.
"I persaive him well fow." . . . *Lyndsay.*

Foughten, forfoughten. Troubled, fatigued.
"Or gif I wes forfochten faynt." . . *King James.*

Foul-thief. The devil, the arch-fiend.
"The foul fiend bites my back." . . . *Shakspeare.*

Fouth. Plenty, enough, or more than enough—
"Thy copious fouth or plenitude." . . *G. Douglas.*

Fow. A measure, a bushel: also a pitchfork.
"Some fork low but ye fow owre the mou." *Scots Saying.*

Frae. From.
"Far far frae me and Logan braes." . *Mayne.*

Freath. Froth; the frothing of ale in the tankard.
"O rare to see thee fizz an' freath." . . *Burns.*

Frien'. Friend.

"A firm frien' may be found in the fremit." *Scots Saying.*

Frosty-calker. The heels and front of a horse-shoe, turned sharply up for riding on an icy road.

Fu' Full.

"I'm no just fou, but I'm gayley yet." . *Old Song.*

Fud. The scut or tail of the hare, coney, &c.

"An' scarcely left to co'er their fuds." . *Burns.*

Fuff. To blow intermittently.

"The breath o' a fause frien's waur nor the fuff o' a weasel." . . . *Scots Proverb.*

Fu-hant. Full-handed; said of one well to live in the world.

"He canna fail fair that breaks wi' the fu' han." *Scots Proverb.*

Funnie. Full of merriment.

"When he has his grog aboard he's so d—d funny wi' his cranks and his jests." . . . *Scott.*

Fur-ahin. The hindmost horse on the right hand when ploughing."

"My fur-ahin's a wordy beast." . . *Burns.*

Furder. Further, succeed.

"Weel, my babie, may ye furder." . *Scots Song.*

Furm. A form, a bench.

Fusionless. Spiritless, without sap or soul.

"Some are only sumphs, but ye're fizzenless." *Scots Saying.*

Fyke. Trifling cares, to be in a fuss about trifles.

"And made the carles strangely fidge and fyke." *Hamilton.*

Fyle. To soil, to dirty.

"Her face wad' fyle the Logan water." . *Burns.*

Fylt. Soiled, dirtied.

G.

Gab. The mouth, to speak boldly or pertly.

"I'll thraw my gab and gloom." . . *Ramsay.*

Gaberlunzie. Wallet-man, or tinker.

"She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie man." *King James V.*

Gae. To go; gaed, went; gane or gaen, gone; gaun, going.
"Fy gae rub her owre wi' strae." . *Scots Song.*

Gaet, or *gate.* Way, manner, road.
"I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gate." *Ramsay.*

Gairs. Parts of a lady's gown.
"My lady's gown there's gairs upon't." . *Burns.*

Gang. To go, to walk.
"Full tenderlie till thou beyonth to gang." *Dunbar.*

Gangrel. A wandering person.
"An' lyke a gangarel on to graep." . . *Dunbar.*

Gar. To make, to force to; gar't, forced to.
"Fye gar ride and fye gar rin." . *K. James V.*

Garten. A garter.
"Bot of ane auld red gartane." . *Scots Poem.*

Gash. Wise, sagacious, talkative, to converse.
"The cheering supper gars them glibly gash."
Fergusson.

Gatty. Failing in body.
"She's grown gattie that was ance a dautie." *Scots Saying.*

Gaucy. Jolly, large, plump.
"Whan pacing wi' a gawsy air." . . *Fergusson.*

Gaud and *gad.* A rod or goad.
"A red het gad o' airn." . . . *Old Ballad.*

Gaudsman. One who drives the horses at the plough.
"A gadsman ane a thresher t'other." . *Burns.*

Gaun. Going.
"She's gaun gear, gaun gear." . *Scots Saying.*

Gaunted. Yawned, longed.
"When he list gant or blaw the fyre is yet." *G. Douglas.*

Gawkie. A thoughtless person and something weak.
"Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave." *Ramsay.*

Gaylies, gylie. Pretty well.
"I'm no that fou' but I'm gylie yet." . *Scots Song.*

Gear. Riches, goods of any kind.
"Which made the laird take up more gear." *Watson.*

Geck. To toss the head in wantonness or scorn.
"She gecks at me and says I smell o' tar." *Ramsay.*

Ged. A pike.
"Ged of that ilk had three geds, or pykis argent."
Mackenzie.

Gentles. Great folks.
"Here ride gentles, spurs an' a'." *Nursery Rhyme.*

Genty. Elegant.
"Her waist and feets fu' genty." . . *Ramsay.*

Geordie. George, a guinea, called Geordie from the head of King George.
"And they hae slain Sir Charlie Hay,
An' laid the wyte on Geordie." . *Old Ballad.*

Get and *geat.* A child, a young one.
"Then Cupid that ill-deedy get." . . *Ramsay.*

Ghaist, ghaistis. A ghost.
"All is but gaistis and elrische fantasayes." *G. Douglas.*

Gie. To give; gied, gave; gien, given.
"Gie her a kiss an' let her gae." . *Scots Song.*

Giftie. Diminutive of gift.
"Wad but some power the giftie gie us." . *Burns.*

Giglets. Laughing maidens.
"But what if some young giglet on the green." *Ramsay.*

Gillie, gilloc. Diminutive of gill.
"He gangs frae the jilt to the jilloc." *Scots Saying.*

Gilpey. A half-grown, half-informed boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoyden.
"A gilpey that had seen the faught." . *Ramsay.*

Gimmer. An ewe two years old, a contemptuous term for a woman.
"The mim-moud gimmers them miscaad." *Galloway.*

Gin. If, against.
"Gin a body meet a body coming thro' the rye." *Scots Song.*

Gipsey. A young girl.
"Gypsey, a young girl, a term of reproach." *Sibbald.*

Girdle. A round iron plate on which oat-cake is fired.
"Or Culross girdles on it hammer." . *Meston.*

Girn. To grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c.; grinning.
"At hame to girn, and whinge, and pine." *Fergusson.*

Gizz. A periwig, the face.
"Set up a frightfu' gizz." . . . . *Turras.*

Glaikit. Inattentive, foolish.
"Quhattane ane glaikit fule am I." *Scottish Chron.*

Glaive. A sword.
"O wae be to the hand whilk drew na' the glaive." *Scots Song.*

Glaizie. Glittering, smooth, like glass.
"I've seen thee dapplit sleek an' glaizie." . *Burns.*

Glaumed. Grasped, snatched at eagerly.
"Few get what they glaum at." . *Scots Prov.*

Girran. A poutherie girran, a little vigorous animal; a horse rather old, but yet active when heated.

Gled. A hawk.
"And by them cam the greedy gled." *Scots Proverb.*

Gleg. Sharp, ready.
"To Berwick Law make gleg retreat." . *Fergusson.*

Gley. A squint, to squint; a-gley, off at a side, wrong.
"Sum scornit him, sum gleyd carl called him thair." *Blind Harry.*

Gleyde. An old horse.
"Ane crukit gleyd fell owre ane heugh." *Bannatyne.*

Glib-gabbit. That speaks smoothly and readily.
"An' that glib-gabbit Highland baron." . *Burns.*

Glieb o' lan'. A portion of ground. The ground belonging to a manse is called "the glieb," or portion.

Glint, glintin'. To peep.
"The sun was glinting owre the scene." - *Mayne.*

Glinted by. Went brightly past.
"It was nae sae ye glinted by." . . *Burns.*

Gloamin. The twilight.
"At e'en in the gloamin nae swankies are roamin." *Scots Song.*

Gloamin-shot. Twilight-musing; a shot in the twilight.
"A gloamin shot it was, I trow." . . *Burns.*

Glowr. To stare, to look; a stare, a look.
"He girn't, he glowr'd." . . . . *Dunbar.*

Glowran. Amazed, looking suspiciously, gazing.
"My mither's ay glowran owre me." . *Ramsay.*

Glum. Displeased.
"Glum fowks no easily guided." . *Scots Proverb.*

Gor-cocks. The red game, red cock, or moor-cock.

Gowan The flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawkweed, &c.

" Where the gowan heads hang pearly." *Scots Song.*

Gowany. Covered with daisies.

" Sweeter than gowany glens, or new mown hay." *Ramsay.*

Goavan. Walking as if blind, or without an aim."

" Some show a gliff o' the gowk, but yere aye goavan." *Scots Proverb.*

Gowd. Gold.

" And gowd amang her hair." . . *Scots Song.*

Gowl. To howl.

" The ravening pack are gowling led." . *Davidson.*

Gowff. A fool; the game of golf, to strike, as the bat does the ball at golf.

" A gowff at Yule will no be bright at Beltane." *Scots Proverb.*

Gowk. Term of contempt, the cuckoo.

" The gowk, the gormaw, and the gled." . *Dunbar.*

" Daft gowk leave off that silly whinging way." *Ramsay.*

Grane, or *Grain.* A groan, to groan; *graining*, groaning.

" He graned like ony ghaist." . . *K. James I.*

Graip. A pronged instrument for cleaning cowhouses.

" The graip he for a harrow tak's." . . *Burns.*

Graith. Accoutrements, furniture, dress.

" The irne graith, the werkmen and the wrichtis." *Douglas.*

Grannie. Grandmother.

" The gladness which dwells in their auld grannie's ee." *Scots Song.*

Grape. To grope, *grapet*, groped.

" Quhilk ye shall see and grape." . . *Lyndsay.*

Great, grit. Intimate, familiar.

" Awa, awa, the deil's owre grit wi' you." *Ramsay.*

Gree. To agree, *to bear the gree*, to be decidedly victor; *gree't*, agreed.

" Allan bears
The gree himself, and the green laurel wears." *Ross.*

Green-graff. Green grave.

" They howkit his graff in the Dukit Kirkyard." *Scots Song.*

Gruesome. Loathsomely, grim.
"Thy gruesome grips were never skaithly." *Hogg.*

Greet. To shed tears, to weep; *greetin'*, weeping.
"For sorowe he 'gan grete." . . *Sir Tristrem.*

Grey-neck-quill. A quill unfit for a pen.
"He's frae the tap o' the wing but yere a grey-neck-quill. . . . . . *Scots Proverb.*

Griens. Longs, desires.
"And fowk wad threep that she did grien," *Ramsay.*

Grieves. Stewards.
"A gude grieve is better than an ill worker." *Scots Prov.*

Grippit. Seized.
"And they hae grippit Hughie Graham." *Old Ballad.*

Groanin-Maut. Drink for the cummers at a lying in.
"Wha will buy my groanin maut." . . *Burns.*

Groat. To get the whistle of one's groat; to play a losing game, to feel the consequences of one's folly.

Groset. A gooseberry.
"He lap at me like a cock at a grozet." *Scots Saying.*

Grumph. A grunt, to grunt.
"What can ye get of a sow but a grumph." *Scots Prov.*

Grumphie, Grumphin. A sow; the snorting of an angry pig.
"Better speak bauldly out than ay be grumphin." *Scots Proverb.*

Grun'. Ground.
"He's sometimes in the air, but ye're ay on the grun." *Scots Saying.*

Grunstone. A grindstone.
"Be to the poor like ony whunstane,
An' haud their noses to the grunstane." . *Burns.*

Gruntle. The phiz, the snout, a grunting noise.
"The gruntill of Santt Antonis sow." . *Lyndsay.*

Grunzie. A mouth which pokes out like that of a pig."
"Dights her grunzie wi' a hushion." . *Burns.*

Grushie Thick, of thriving growth.
"Ye're a' grease, but I'm only grushie." *Scots Saying.*

Gude, guid, guids. The Supreme Being, good, goods.
"Let us choose five of this guid companye." *Blind Harry.*

Gude auld-has-been. Was once excellent.

"My lan' afore's a guid-auld-has-been. . *Burns.*

Guid-mornin' Good-morrow.

"Guid-mornin' maist blythely, the auld carle said."
Scots Song.

Guid-e'en. Good evening.

"Wi' mony guid-e'ens an' guid days to me." *K. James V.*

Guidfather and *guidmother.* Father-in-law, and mother-in-law.

"Caratak fled to his gude moder Cartumandia." *Bellenden.*

Guidman and *guidwife.* The master and mistress of the house; *young guidman*, a man newly married.

"The auld guidman that thou talks of." *Scots Song.*

Gully, or *gullie.* A large knife.

"Yon gullie is nae mows." . . . *Ramsay.*

Gulravage. Joyous mischief.

"Watty's was a walloping galravage." , *Galt.*

Gumlie. Muddy.

"What's this that I see jaupin gumlie?" . *Tarras.*

Gumption. Discernment, knowledge, talent.

"They're but unlearned clerks,
And want the gumption." . . *Hamilton.*

Gusty, gustfu'. Tasteful.

"O withered bent wi gustfu' hungry bite." . *Davidson.*

Gut-scraper. A fidler.

"As weel as puir gutscraper." . . . . *Burns.*

Gutcher. Grandsire.

"Ye might be my gutcher." . . *Macniell.*

H.

Ha' Hall.

"Stately stept he east the ha'." . . *Scots Ballad.*

Ha' Bible. The great bible that lies in the hall.

"The big ha' bible, ance his father's pride." *Burns.*

Haddin'. House, home, dwelling-place, a possession.

"Tho' her hauding be but sma." . . *Train.*

Hae. To have, to accept.

"He's no sae deaf; he hears when they say hae."
. *Scots Proverb.*

Haen. Had (the participle of hae); haven.

"Gryte was the care and tut'ry that was ha'en." *Ross.*

Haet, fient haet. A petty oath of negation; nothing.

"Diel haet has she but the gown she gangs in." *Scots Say.*

Haffet. The temple, the side of the head.

"Clinkand about his haffetis with ane din." *Douglas.*

Haffins. Nearly half, partly, not fully grown.

"While Jenny haflins is afraid to speak." *Burns.*

Hag. A gulf in mosses and moors, moss ground.

"His honour was wi' the folk who were getting down the dark hag." *Scott.*

Haggis. A kind of pudding, boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep.

"As thou wad for a haggis, hungry gled." *Dunbar.*

Hain. To spare, to save, to lay out at interest.

"Jump't in, swam o'er, and hain'd his plack." *Ramsay.*

Hain'd. Spared, *hain'd gear*, hoarded money.

"Hain'd gear helps well." *Scots Proverb.*

Hairst Harvest.

"In hairst at the shearing." *Scots Song.*

Haith. A petty oath.

"Haith Allan hath bright rays." *A. Nicol.*

Haivers. Nonsense, speaking without thought.

"Some hae haurls o' sense, but yere aye haivering." *Scots Proverb.*

Hal', or hald. An abiding place.

"Ane gousty hald within laithlie to se." *G. Douglas.*

Hale, or haill. Whole, tight, healthy.

"Weyll rewlytt off tong, right haill of contenance." *Bl. Harry.*

Hallan. A particular partition wall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside.

"Hab got a kent stood by the hallan." *Ramsay.*

Hallowmass. Hallow eve, 31st October.

"When hallowmass is come and gane." *Scots Song.*

Haly. Holy; "haly-pool," holy well with healing qualities.

"Thir Rapys war gud haly men." *Wyntown.*

Hame. Home.

"Hame is ay hame be it ever sae hamely." *Scots Prov.*

Hammered. The noise of feet like the din of hammers.

"He in the parlour hammered." . . *Burns.*

Han's breed. Hand's breadth.

"A limpin leg a han's breed shorter." . *Burns.*

Hanks. Thread as it comes from the measuring reel, quantities, &c.

"Her hair in hanks o' gowden thread." *Scots Song.*

Hansel-throne. Throne when first occupied by a king.

"To hansel a new coat is to put a coin in the pocket."

Hap. An outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c.; to wrap, to cover, to hap.

"I'll mak a hap for my Johnny Faa." *Scots Song.*

Harigals. Heart, liver, and lights of an animal.

"He that never eats flesh thinks harigals a feast." *Scots Proverb.*

Hap-shackled. When a fore and hind foot of a ram are fastened together to prevent leaping, he is said to be hap-shackled. A wife is called "the kirk's hap-shackle."

Happer. A hopper, the hopper of a mill.

"An' heapet high the happer." . . *Scots Song.*

Happing. Hopping.

"Ilk happing bird wee hapless thing." . *Burns.*

Hap-step-an'-loup. Hop, step, and leap.

"The best gie whiles a jump, but yere aye at hap-step-an'-loup." . . . . . *Scots Saying.*

Harkit. Hearkened.

"Had I to guid advice but harkit." . . *Burns.*

Harn. A very coarse linen.

"As coarse as Nancie's harn sark—three threads out o' the pund." . . . . . *Scots Saying.*

Hash. A fellow who knows not how to act with propriety.

"I canna thole the clash
Of this impertinent old hash." . . *Ramsay.*

Hastit. Hastened.

"He hastit to his end like the moth to the caunle." *Scots Prov.*

Haud. To hold.

"Some can steek their neive, but ye hae nae haud o' yere han'." . . . . . *Scots Proverb.*

Haughs. Low lying, rich land, valleys.

"Amid the haughs and every lusty vale." *G. Douglas.*

Haurl. To drag, to pull violently.

"Achilles haurlet Hectŏr's body thrys." *G. Douglas.*

Haurlin'. Tearing off, pulling roughly.

"He haurled auld luckie out o' her bed." *Scots Song.*

Haver-meal. Oatmeal.

"Whare gat ye that haver-meal bannock." *Scots Song.*

Haveril. A half-witted person, half-witted, one who habitually talks in a foolish or incoherent manner.

"Ye've learned to crack sae crouse, ye haveril Scot." *Ferg.*

Havins. Good manners, decorum, good sense.

"For me to speer wad nae gude havins been." *Ross.*

Hawkie. A cow, properly one with a white face.

"Whan han' for nieve the hawkies stan'." *Picken.*

Heapit. Heaped.

"Some strake the measure o' justice, but ye giet heapit." *Scots Prov.*

Healsome. Healthful, wholesome.

"As healsome as the waal o' Spa, an' unco' blate." *Ramsay.*

Hearse. Hoarse.

"Alas! my roupit muse is hearse." *Burns.*

Heather. Heath.

"As fire to heather set." *Scots Ballad.*

Hech. Oh, strange, an exclamation during heavy work.

"The silliest strake has the loudest hech." *Scots Prov.*

Hecht. Promised, to foretell something that is to be got or given, foretold, the thing foretold, offered.

"And thai may hecht als to fulfill." *Barbour.*

Heckle. A board in which are fixed a number of sharp steel prongs upright for dressing hemp, flax, &c.

"I'd climb a hill o' heckle teeth
For luve o' thee, my lady O." *Scots Song.*

Hee balou. Words used to soothe a child.

"Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald." *Burns.*

Heels-owre-gowdie. Topsy turvy, turned the bottom upwards.

"I couped Mungo's ale
Clean heels o'er head, when it was ripe an' stale." *Ross.*

Heeze. To elevate, to rise, to lift.

"Towart the lift wi' mony a heeze and hale." *G. Douglas.*

Hellim. The rudder or helm.

"An' did our hellim thraw, man." . . *Burns.*

Herd. To tend flocks, one who tends flocks.

"When they were able now to herd the ewes." *Ross.*

Herrin'. A herring.

"I hae laid a herrin' in saut." . . *Scots Song.*

Herry. To plunder; most properly to plunder birds' nests."

"And herryit them in sic manner." . *Barbour.*

Herryment. Plundering, devastation.

"Ha'es nae herryment." . . . *Scots Proverb.*

Hersel'-hirsel. A flock of sheep, also a herd of cattle of any sort.

"Ae scabbit sheep will scau' the hale hirsel." *Scots Prov.*

Het. Hot, heated.

"Strike iron while it's het, if ye'd have it to wald." *Ramsay.*

Heugh. A crag, a ravine; *coal heugh*, a coal pit; *lowin heugh*, a blazing pit.

"Sae hich up in the heugh." . . *Montgomery.*

Hilch, hilchin'. To halt, halting.

"He swore 'twas hilchin' Jean Macraw." . *Burns.*

Hiney. Honey.

"For though thy hair were hanks o' gowd.
And thy lips o' drappit hinny." . *Scots Song.*

Hing. To hang.

"Gar hing him, hang him, high upon a tree." *Scots Song.*

Hirple. To walk crazily, to walk lamely, to creep.

"He, tired and weary, hirpled down the brae." *Ross.*

Histie. Dry, chapt, barren.

"With hirstis harsh of waggand windil strayis." *G. Douglas.*

Hitcht. A loop, made a knot.

Hizzie. Huzzy, a young girl.

"A braw bouncing hizzie O." . . *Scots Song.*

Hoddin. The motion of a husbandman riding on a cart-horse, humble.

"Gaed hoddin by their cottars." . . *Burns.*

Hoddin-gray. Woollen cloth of a coarse quality made by mingling one black fleece with a dozen white ones.

"Maun with the shepherds stay
And tauk what God will send in hoddin gray." *Ramsay.*

Hoggie. A two-year old sheep.

"An unco' tyke lap owre the dyke,
An' maist has killed my hoggie." . . *Burns.*

Hog-score. A distance line in curling drawn across the rink. When a stone fails to cross it, a cry is raised of "A hog, a hog," and it is removed.

Hog-shouther. A kind of horse play by justling with the shouther; to justle.

"Hog-shouther, jundie stretch an' strive." . *Burns.*

Hoodie-craw. A blood crow, corbie.

"The huddit craws cried varrok, varrok." *Scots Poem.*

Hool. Outer skin or case, a nutshell, pea husk.

"I thought my heart had coupit frae its hool." *Ross.*

Hoolie. Slowly, leisurely.

"Oh! that my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly." *Scots Song.*

Hoord. A hoard, to hoard.

"He hid a bodle and thought it a hoord." *Scots Saying.*

Hoordit. Hoarded.

"It's owre weel hoordit that canna be foun'." *Scots Prov.*

Horn. A spoon made of horn.

"Ram horns a-piece, an' hae done wi't." *Tinker's Grace.*

Hornie. One of the many names of the devil.

"Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie." . *Burns.*

Host, or *hoast.* To cough.

"And with that word he gave an hoist anone." *G. Douglas.*

Hostin. Coughing.

"His eyne was how his voice was herse hostand." *Henryson.*

Hotch'd. Turned topsy turvy, blended, ruined, moved.

"Gude help ye to a hotch, for ye'll never get a coach."
Scots Proverb.

Houghmagandie. Loose behaviour.

"An' mony a job that day begin
May end in houghmagandie." . . *Burns.*

Howlet. An owl.

"He kens nae a mavis frae a madge howlet." *Scots Prov.*

Housie. Diminutive of house.

"Thy wee bit housie too in ruin." . . *Burns.*

Hove, hoved. To heave, to swell.

"Mr. Hogg says, the whole body is hoved like a loaf."
Highland Society Trans.

Howdie. A midwife.

" How Mungo's mare stood still and swat wi' fright,
When he brought east the howdie under night." *Ramsay.*

Howe. Hollow, a hollow or dell.

" Every hight has a how behind it." *Scots Proverb.*

Howebackit. Sunk in the back, spoken of a horse.

" Ye'll ne'er grow howbackit bearing yere friens." *Scots Prov.*

Howff. A house of resort.

" Frae ilka favourite howff and beild." . *Fergusson.*

Howk. To dig.

" Be there gowd where he's to beek,
He'll howk it out o' brimstone smeek." *Scots Poem.*

Howkit. Digged.

" They howkit his graff in the Duket's kirkyard." *Old Ball.*

Howkin'. Digging deep.

Hoy, hoy't. To urge, urged.

" They hoy'd him out o' Lauderdale,
Fiddle an' a' thegither." . . . *Scots Song.*

Hoyse. A pull upwards. Hoyse a creel, to raise a basket; hence " hoisting creels."

Hoyte. To amble crazily.

Hughoc. Diminutive of Hughie, as Hughie is of Hugh.

Hums and *hankers.* Mumbles and seeks to do what he cannot perform.

Hunkers. Kneeling and falling back on the hams.

" A hunker doddie" on the ice, is to be pushed along in that posture.

Hurcheon. A hedgehog.

" Owre a hill o' heckle teeth,
An' down a vale o' hurcheon hides." *Old Rhyme.*

Hurdies. The loins, the crupper.

" Gaured a' their hurdies wallop." . . *Ramsay.*

Hushion. A cushion, also a stocking wanting the foot.

" And sewed his saul up in a hoshen." *T. Cunningham.*

Huchyalled. To move with a hilch.

" They mounted him high on a huchyalled horse."
Scots Rhyme.

I.

Icker. An ear of corn.

" A daimen icker in a thrave." . . . *Burns.*

Ieroe. A great grandchild.

Ilk, or *ilka*. Each, every.

"For ilka sheep ye hae I'll number ten." *Ramsay.*

Ill-deedie. Mischievous.

"Ill-deedy gets are aye darlings." *Scots Proverb.*

Ill-willie. Ill-natured, malicious, niggardly.

"An ill-willy cow should have short horns." *Scots Prov.*

Ingine. Genius, ingenuity.

"For beautie, sweetness, modestie, ingine." *Drummond.*

Ingle. Fire, fire-place.

"And some the haly ingle with them bare." *G. Douglas.*

Ingle-low. Light from the fire, flame from the hearth.

"A bleezing ingle and a clean hearth stane." *Ramsay.*

I rede ye. I advise ye, I warn ye.

"I rede ye, gude people, beware o' me." *Scots Song.*

I'se. I shall or will.

"But gin't be sae, Sir, I'se be judg'd by you." *Ross.*

Ither. Other, one another.

"The deil's bairns are aye fain o' ither." *Scots Saying.*

J.

Jad. Jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl.

"Conscience, quo' I, ye thowless jad." *Burns.*

Jauk. To dally, to trifle.

"Get up, my muse, ye lazy jauker." *Fisher.*

Jaukin'. Trifling, dallying.

"I wat there was nae jaukin'." *Burns.*

Jauner. Talking, and not always to the purpose.

"You teaze me jaunering ay of faith." *Falls of Clyde.*

Jaup. A jerk of water; to jerk, as agitated water.

"Is by the jaup of fludis couerit quite." *G. Douglas.*

Jaw. Coarse raillery, to pour out, to shut, to jerk as water.

"Quhilk as thou seis with mony jaup and jaw." *G. Douglas.*

Jillet. A jilt, a giddy girl.

"A jillet brak his heart at last." *Burns.*

Jimp. To jump, slender in the waist, handsome.

"And wha will lace my middle jimp." *Old Ballad.*

Jink. To dodge, to turn a corner; a sudden turning, a corner.

Jink an' diddle. Moving to music, motion of a fiddler's elbow. Starting here and there with a tremulous movement.

Jinker. That turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl.
" Contend wi' thriftless mates or jinkers." *Ramsay.*

Jinkin'. Dodging, the quick motion of the bow on the fiddle.
"To dance wi' her where jinkin' fiddles play." *A. Scott.*

Jirt. A jerk, the emission of water, to squirt.
Thus the poet says of fortune:
" She's gien me many a jirt an' fleg." . *Burns.*

Jocteleg. A kind of knife.
" There's thretty pennies gang and buy me a jocteleg." *Jamieson.*

J[illegible] To stoop, to bow the head, to conceal.
" And joukit in under the spere." . *G. Douglas.*

Jow, to jow. A verb, which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell; also the undulation of water.
" The bells they jow'd and rung." . . *Old Ballad.*

Jundie. To justle, a push with the elbow.
" If a man's gaun down the brae ilka ane gies him a jundie." . . . *Scots Proverb.*

K.

Kae. A daw.
" Bark like ane dog, and kekil like ane kae." *Lyndsay.*

Kail. Colewort, a kind of broth.
" There's cauld kail in Aberdeen." . *Scots Song.*

Kailrunt. The stem of a colewort.
" Fient haet o't wad hae pierced the heart
O' a kail-runt." . . . . *Burns.*

Kain. Fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer.
" Tho' they should dearly pay the kain." *Fergusson.*

Kebars. Rafters.
" As it had been ane kebir or ane spar." . . *G. Douglas.*

Kebbuck. A cheese.
" They'll stou the kebbuck to the heel." *Fergusson.*

Keckle. Joyous cry; to cackle as a hen.

"Coup her under a creel and put the keckling off her." *Scots Saying.*

Keek. A keek, to peep.

"Keek into the draw-well, Janet, Janet." . *Ramsay.*

Kelpies. A sort of mischievous water-spirit, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.

"Gin kelpie be na there." . . . *Old Ballad.*

Ken. To know, *ken'd*, or *ken't*, knew.

"Ken ye whare cleekie Murray's gane." *Jac. Relics.*

Kennin. A small matter.

"Gif o' this world a kennin maer.
Some get than me." . . .

Ket-Ketty. Matted, a fleece of wool.

"The soil is said to be ketty when bound together with quickgrass." . . . *Jamieson.*

Kiaugh. Carking, anxiety; to be in a flutter.

"Sae laughing and kaughing.
Ye fain wad follow me." . . *Scots Song.*

Kilt. To truss up the clothes.

"I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee." . *Scots Song.*

Kimmer. A young girl, a gossip.

"My kimmer an' I lay down to sleep. *Scots Song.*

Kin'. Kindred.

"Began to reckon kin and rent." . . *Scott.*

Kin'. Kind.

"I'll row thee owre the lea rig
My ain kin' dearie O." . . *Old Song.*

King's-hood. A certain part of the entrails of an ox.

"Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan." *Burns.*

Kintra, kintrie. Country.

"Keep the kintrie, bonnie lassie." . *Scots Song.*

Kirn. The harvest supper, a churn.

"He reserved several handfuls of the fairest corn for the harvest kirn." . . . . *Scots Story.*

Kirsen. To christen, to baptize.

"The morning dew had kirsen'd the young flowers." *Scots Story.*

Kist. Chest, a shop counter.

"He dunted the kist, an' the boards did flee."
Scots Song.

Kitchen. Anything that eats with bread, to serve for soup, gravy.

"Better hae a louse i' the pot than nae kitchen."
Scots Proverb.

Kittle. To tickle, ticklish.

"Or dread a kittle cast." . . *Ramsay.*

Kittling. A young cat. The ace of diamonds is called among rustics the kittlin's ee.

Knaggie. Like knags, or points of rocks.

"She said, where's my necklace? I've hung it quo' he on a knag." . . . . *Scots Presb. Eloq.*

Knappin-hammer. A hammer for breaking stones; *knap*, to strike or break.

"When the lady lets a pap, the messan gets a knap."
Scots Proverb.

Knurlin. Crooked but strong, knotty.

"A knurlin's ay a wurlin." . . *Scots Saying.*

Knowe. A small round hillock, a knoll.

"Ca' the yowes to the knowes." . *Scots Song.*

Kuittle. To cuddle. *Kuitlin*, cuddling, fondling.

"Sat knittling wi' the maiden kimmer." *Scots Story.*

Kye. Cows.

"Tydy kye lowis valis by them rennis." *G. Douglas.*

Kyle. A district in Ayrshire.

"Cause in disdain he called him king of Kyle." *Bl. Harry.*

Kyte. The belly.

"Mony a weary day, but ne'er a fou kyte." *Scots Song.*

Kythe. To discover, to shew one's self.

"His craftes gan he kythe." . . *Sir Tristrem.*

L.

Labour. Thrash.

"And aften labour them completely." . *Burns.*

Laddie. Diminutive of lad.

"I lo'e ne'er a laddie but ane." . . *Scots Song.*

Laggen. The angle between the side and the bottom of a wooden dish.

"And coost a laggen-gird mysel'." . . *Ramsay.*

Laigh. Low.

"Thai ewyn laiche with the erde has made." *Wyntown.*

Lairing, lairie. Wading, and sinking in snow, mud, &c. miry.

"Carried me through the dub an' the lairie." *Scots Song.*

Laith. Loath, impure.

"Sic fisching to neglect they will be laith." *Lyndsay.*

Laithfu'. Bashful, sheepish, abstemious.

"A landward lad is ay laithfu'." . *Scots Proverb.*

Lallans. Scottish dialect, Lowlands.

"And scorned to own that Lallan sangs they knew."
A. Wilson.

Lambie. Diminutive of lamb.

"For 'tweesh twa hillocks the poor lambie lies." *Ross.*

Lammas moon. Harvest moon.

"Light's heartsome, quo' the thief to the lammas moon."
Scots Proverb.

Lampit. A kind of shell fish, a limpet.

"Lapstaris, lempettis, muscellis in schellis." *Scots Chron.*

Lan'. Land, estate.

"I wad gie a' my lan's an' rents,
I had that lady within my stents." *Scots Ballad.*

Lan'-afore. Foremost horse in the plough.

"My lan'-afore's a wordy beast." . . *Burns.*

Lan'-ahin. Hindmost horse in the plough.

"My lan-ahin's a weel gaun fillie." . . *Burns.*

Lane. Lone; *my lane, thy lane,* &c., myself alone.

"That none unto it adew may say but the deith lane." *Dunbar.*

Lanely. Lonely.

"Lang hae I lain, my love, lanely and eerie." *Scots Song.*

Lang. Long; *to think lang,* to long, to weary.

"He lede a lang tyme of his life." .. *Wyntown.*

Lap. Did leap.

"He lap quhill he lay on his lendis." . *K. James I.*

Late and air. Late and early.

"They plague me air and late." . . *Scots Song.*

Lave. The rest, the remainder, the others.

"And the lave syne, that dede war thar." *Barbour.*

Laverock. The lark.

"An' the lift has faun an' smoored the laverocks." *Scots Saying.*

Lawlan'. Lowland.

"The lawlan' lads think they are fine." . *Scots Song.*

Lay my dead. Attribute my death.

"Should she refuse I'll lay my dead
To her twa een o' bonnie blue." . . *Burns.*

Leal. Loyal, true, faithful.

"Yere a lad baith true and leal,
The priest-cat ye winna steal." . *Scots Rhyme.*

Lear. Learning, lore.

"Had leuer have known the science and the lair." *Douglas.*

Lee-lang. Live-long.

"A' the lee-lang night I dim my een wi' weeping." *Scots Song.*

Leesome luve. Happy gladsome love.

"The tender heart o' leesome luve." . . *Burns.*

Leeze me. A phrase of congratulatory endearment; I am happy in thee or proud of thee.

"Leeze me on liquor, my todlin dow." . *Old Song.*

Leister. A three-pronged and barbed dart for striking fish.

"He could not conceive why a man should be put in fetters for leistering a salmon." . *Cal. Mer.*

Leugh. Did laugh.

"The lordes on the tothir side for liking thay leugh." *Gawan and Gol.*

Leuk. A look, to look.

"He leukit east, he leukit west." . *Scots Ballads.*

Libbet. Castrated.

"Gif libbet Italy be singing." . . . *Burns.*

Lick, licket. Beat, thrashen.

"To lend his loving wife a loundering lick." *Ramsay.*

Lift. Sky, firmament.

"High in the lift full glaide he gan behald." *G. Douglas.*

Lightly. Sneeringly, to sneer at, to undervalue.

"His lychtly scorn he shall repent fu' sair." *Bl. Harry.*

Lilt. A ballad, a tune, to sing.

"And Rosie lilts sweetly the 'milking the ewes.'" *Ramsay.*

Limmer. A kept mistress, a strumpet.
"Syne gart the limmers tak their heels." *Scots Ballad.*

Limp't. Limped, hobbled.
"Them wha gae jumping awa aften come limpin back." *Scots Saying.*

Link. To trip along; *linkin*, tripping along.
"Linkin o'er the lea." . . *Old Song.*

Linn. A waterfall, a cascade.
"Sen owre the linn it came." . . *Montgomery.*

Lint. Flax; *lint i' the bell*, flax in flower.
"Now Bessie's hair's like a lint tap." . *Ramsay.*

Lint-white. A linnet, flaxen.
"She lilts like ony lint-white." . *Scots Saying.*

Loan. The place of milking.
"And muckle kye stand routing i' the loans." *Ramsay.*

Loaning. Lane.
"But now there's a moaning, in ilka green loaning." *Old Song.*

Loof. The palm of the hand.
"Schaw me the lufe, sir, of your hand." *Lyndsay.*

Loot. Did let,
"Loot a' his duddies fa." . . *James V.*

Looves. The plural of loof.
"Wi' weel spread looves an' lang wry faces." *Burns.*

Losh man! Rustic exclamation modified from Lord man.
"Them that cry losh, fain wad cry Lord." *Scots Saying.*

Loun. A fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue.
"Quod I loun thou leis." . . *G. Douglas.*

Loup. Leap, startled with pain.
"A loup rycht lychtly maid he than." . *Barbour.*

Louper-like. Lan-louper, a stranger of a suspected character.
"A horse couper and a lan-louper." *Scots Rhyme.*

Lowe. A flame.
"Than low or rek sall it dyscower." . *Barbour.*

Lowin'. Flaming; *lowin-drouth*, burning desire for drink.
"A smiths hause is aye lowin." . *Scots Prov.*

Lowrie. Abbreviation of Lawrence.
"Then Lowrie as ane lyoun lap." . *K. James.*

Lowse. To loose.

"They may bide in her window till Beltane ere I lowse them." . . . . *Scott.*

Lowsed. Unbound, loosed.

"She lowsed her unhallowed tongue on me." *Scots Story.*

Lug. The ear.

"Ye canna mak a silk purse o' a sow's lug." *Scots Prov.*

Lug of the law. At the judgment seat.

"Ye live at the lug of the law." . *Scots Proverb.*

Lugget. Having a handle.

"Ye've a lang nose, an' yet yere cut lugget." *Scots Prov.*

Luggie. A small wooden dish with a handle.

"Wi' green horn spoons beech luggies mingle." *Ramsay.*

Lum. The chimney; *lum-head*, chimney top.

"An' clouds o' reek frae lum-heads do appear." *Ross.*

Lunch. A large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.

"They may dunch that gie the lunch." *Scots Proverb.*

Lunt. A column of smoke, to smoke, to walk quickly.

"Auld Simon sat luntin' his cuttie." . *A. Scott.*

Lyart. Of a mixed colour; gray.

"The bandsters are runkled, lyart, and gray." *Scots Song.*

M.

Mae and *mair.* More.

"And break my pipe an' never whistle mair." *Ramsay.*

Maggot's-meat. Food for the worms.

"Wha I wish were maggots' meat." . . *Burns.*

Mahoun. Satan.

"Gramercy, tailor, said Mahoun." . . *Dunbar.*

Mailen. A farm.

"To tak ane mailen that grit lawbour requyris." *Maitland.*

Maist. Most, almost.

"Maist dead's lang in filling the kirkyard." *Scots Prov.*

Maistly. Mostly, for the greater part.

"And some were maistly thrapplet." . . *Cock.*

Mak'. To make; *makin'* making.

"Gif e'er I heir ought o' your makin' mair." *Kennedy.*

Mally. Molly, Mary.

"Mally's meek, Mally's sweet, Mally's modest and discreet." *Scots Song.*

Mang. Among.

"Mang men, wae's heart, we aften find." *Fergusson.*

Manse. The house of the parish minister is called "the manse."

Manteele. A mantle.

"Mae than the diel wear a black manteel." *Scots Prov.*

Mark. Marks. This and several other nouns which, in English, require an *s* to form the plural, are in Scotch, like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers.

Mark, merk. A Scottish coin, value thirteen shillings and fourpence.

Marled. Party coloured.

"They delight to wear marled clothes." *Monypenny.*

Mar's year. The year 1715. Called Mar's year from the rebellion of Erskine, Earl of Mar.

Martial chuck. The soldier's camp-comrade, female companion.

"When up arose the martial chuck." . . *Burns.*

Mashlum. Mixed corn.

"Nae man shall presume to grind wheat, maisloch, or rye, with hand." . . *Statutes.*

Mask. To mash, as malt, &c. to infuse.

"They grind the malt over small in the miln that it will not run when it is masked."

Maskin-pat. Teapot.

"Then up they gat the maskin-pat." . . *Burns.*

Maukin. A hare.

"There's mair maidens than maukins." *Scots Proverb.*

Maun, mauna. Must, must not.

"My mother says I mauna." . . *Scots Song.*

Maut. Malt.

"I hae brewed a forpet o' maut." . *Scots Song.*

Mavis. The thrush.

"The mavis frae the new-bloom'd thorn." *Fergusson.*

Maw. To mow.

"Without reskew down mawis with his brand." *Gaw. Douglas.*

Mawin. Mowing; *maun*, mowed; *maw'd*, mowed.

"In simmer I maw'd my meadow." . *Scots Song.*

Mawn. A small basket, without a handle.
"We'll cover him wi' a mawn, o'." . *Scots Song.*

Meere. A mare.
"The auld man's meere's dead." . *Old Song.*

Melancholious. Mournful.
"Come join the melancholious croon,
O Robin's reed." . . *Burns.*

Melder. A load of corn, &c. sent to the mill to be ground.
"Our simmer melder niest was milled." . *Morison.*

Mell. To be intimate, to meddle; also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough.
"But Diomede mells aye wi' thee." . *Scots Poem.*

Melvie. To soil with meal.
"Nor melvie his braw claithing." . . *Burns.*

Men'. To mend.
"Ye may en' him, but ye'll never men' him." *Scots Prov.*

Mense. Good manners, decorum.
"Thair manhead and thair mense." *Priests of Peblis.*

Menseless. Ill-bred, rude, impudent.
"As menseless as a tinkler's messan." *Scots Saying.*

Merle. The black-bird.
"Sic mirth the mavis and the merle couth mae."
Henryson.

Messin. A small dog.
"He is our mekill to be your messoun." *Dunbar.*

Middin. A dunghill.
"Come lyk a sow out of a mydding." . *Dunbar.*

Middin-creels. Dung-baskets, panniers in which horses carry manure.
"Her waly neeves like midden creels." . *Burns.*

Middin-hole. A gutter at the bottom of a dunghill.
"Beyond was the dungstead, with a pond of putrid water, termed the midden-dub, into which the juices of the dung were collected." *Agric. Survey.*

Milkin'-shiel. A place where cows or ewes are brought to be milked.
"Its a sma' sheal that gies nae shelter." *Scots Proverb.*

Mim. Prim, affectedly meek.
"As ony lamb as modest and as mim." . *Ross.*

Mim mou'd. Gentle-mouthed.

"A mim-mou'd cat is na gude mouser." *Scots Proverb.*

Min'. To remember.

"O dinna ye min' Lord Gregorie." . *Old Ballad.*

Minawae. Minuet.

"She moves mim in a minawae.". . *Scots Rhyme.*

Mind't. Mind it, resolved, intending, remembered.

Minnie. Mother, dam.

"Sin' that I was born of my minnie." . *Evergreen.*

Mirk. Dark.

"And the myrk nycht suddanly." . *Wyntown.*

Misca'. To abuse, to call names; *misca'd,* abused.

"And Russel sair misca'd her." . . *Burns.*

Mischanter. Accident.

"Did sic a mishap and mischanter befa' me." *Ross.*

Misleard. Mischievous, unmannerly.

"Nor maun she be mislear'd." . . *Fergusson.*

Misteuk. Mistook.

"He misteuk
His niebours pouch for his ain plaid neck." *Scots Poem.*

Mither. Mother.

"Quo Jock, an' laughing like to rive,
What think ye o' my mither." . *Ramsay.*

Mixtie-maxtie. Confusedly mixed, mish-mash.

"Yon mixtie maxtie, queer hotch-potch." *Burns.*

Moistify, moistified. To moisten, to soak; moistened, soaked.

"Some are gay drouthy, but ye're aye moistified."
Scots Saying.

Mons-meg. A large piece of ordnance, composed of iron bars welded together and then hooped.

"Oh willawins! Mons-meg for you." *Fergusson.*

Mools. Earth.

—"have seen the cauld-rife mools on thine." *Ramsay.*

Mony, or *Monie.* Many.

"Sure nature herried mony a tree." . *Fergusson.*

Moop. To nibble as a sheep.

"The parings of their brede to moup up soon."
G. Douglas.

Moorlan. Of or belonging to moors.
"The wale o' our maidens is moorlan Meg." *S. Song.*

Morn. The next day, to-morrow.
"The fiest the fidler to morne." . . *G. Douglas.*

Mou. The mouth.
"Wha thraw their mous' and tak the dorts." *Fergusson.*

Moudiwort. A mole.
"Ane may like to be luved, but wha wad mool in wi' a moudeiwort." . . . *Scots Saying.*

Mousie. Diminutive of mouse.
"But mousie thou art no thy lane." . *Burns.*

Muckle, or *mickle.* Great, big, much.
"There's mickle gude love in bonds and bags. *Ramsay.*

Muses-stank. Muses-rill, a stank, slow flowing water.
"And fand ane stank that flowed from ane well."
G. Douglas.

Musie. Diminutive of muse.
"My musie tired wi' mony a sonnet." . *Burns.*

Muslin-kail. Broth, composed simply of water, shelled barley and greens—thin poor broth.
"Penny-wheep's gude enough for muslin-kale."
Scots Proverb.

Mutchkin. An English pint.
"The mutchkin-stoup it hauds but dribs,
Sae bring us in the tappit-hen." . *Ramsay.*

Mysel. Myself.
"I winna blaw about mysel." . . . *Burns.*

N.

Na' No, not, nor.
"Na: all sic labour is for nocht, and tynt." *Douglas.*

Nae, or *na.* No, not any.
"That on na manner micht accord."

Naething, or *naithing.* Nothing.
"He had naething for to despend." . *Barbour.*

Naig. A horse, a nag.
"On a' the Nith there's nae sic smith
For shoeing outher naig or gelding." *Scots Rhyme.*

Nane. None.
"Thus I declare the nane uncertaine thing." *G. Douglas.*

Nappy. Ale, to be tipsy.
"And when that the carles grew nappy." *Old Ballad.*

Negleckit. Neglected.
"But then to see how ye're negleckit." . *Burns.*

Neebor. A neighbour.
"An' aye sinsyne the neebors roun',
They jeer me air and late." . , *Scots Song.*

Neuk. Nook.
"The sun frae the east neuk o' Fife." . *Ramsay.*

Niest. Next.
"A meaner phantom niest wi' meikle dread." *Ramsay.*

Nieve, nief. The fist.
"Hard on the left nief was the scharp stele hede." *G. Douglas.*

Nievefu'. Handful.
"A nievefu' o' meal or a gowpen o' groats." *Old Ballad.*

Niffer. An exchange, to exchange, to barter.
"He's fond o' barter that niffers wi' auld Nick." *Scots Say.*

Niger. A negro.
"That made Canaan a niger." . . *Burns.*

Nine-tailed cat. A hangman's whip.
"But haud ye're nine-tailed cat a wee." . *Burns.*

Nit. A nut.
"Ye're owre fair o' flesh to live upon deaf nits."
Scots Saying.

Norland. Of or belonging to the north.
"Was like the norlan' blast." . *Scots Ballad.*

Notic't. Noticed.
"Them wha stand on a knowe 's sure to be notic't."
Scots Saying.

Nowte, Black cattle.
"Als bestiall as horse and nowte within." *Bl. Harry.*

O.

O'. Of.
"I'm Willie o' the Wastle." . *Scots Rhyme.*

O'ergang. Overbearingness, to treat with indignity, literally to tread.

"For fear that truth should clean o'ergang them." *Pennecuik.*

O'erlay. An upper cravat.

"He faulds his owrelay down his breast wi' care." *Ramsay.*

Ony, or *Onie.* Any,

"Gin there be ony that lykis." . *Wyntown.*

Or. Is often used for ere, before.

"Wittail wore scant or August coud appear." *Bl. Harry.*

Orra-duddies. Superfluous rags, old clothes.

"To drink their orra-duddies." . . *Burns.*

O't. Of it.

"Jock will make a bridal o't." . *Scots Song.*

Ourie. Drooping, shivering.

"The ourie cattle hang their heads." . *Nicol.*

Oursel, oursels. Ourselves.

"There's nae sel sae dear as our ain sel." *Scots Prov.*

Outlers. Outlyers; cattle unhoused.

"The deil, or else an outlier quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon." . . *Burns.*

Ower, owre. Over.

"Owre the water to Charlie." . *Scots Song.*

Owre-hip. Striking with a fore-hammer by bringing it with a swing over the hip.

"Brings hard owre hip wi' sturdy wheel,
The strang forehammer." . . *Burns.*

Owsen. Oxen.

"I hae three gude owsen ganging in a pleuch." *Scots Song.*

Oxtered. Carried or supported under the arm.

"The priest he was oxtered, the clerk he was carried." *Scots Song.*

P.

Pack. Intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.

"An' pack an' thick as tods could be." . *Nicol.*

Paidle, paidlen. To walk with difficulty, as if in water.

"He's but a paidlen bodie O." . . . *Old Song.*

Painch. Paunch.

"Pakand thair painch like epicureans." *Scots Poem.*

Paitrick. A patridge.

"An' paitricks scraichan loud at een." . *Burns.*

Pang. To cram.

"As fou's the house could pang." . . *Ramsay.*

Parle. Courtship.

"A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle." *Burns.*

Parishen. Parish.

"Thair parishyns ful lytil enfourming." *Hardynge.*

Parritch. Oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.

"Frae the milk coggie or the parritch caup." *Fergusson*

Pat. Did pat, a pot.

"Fier pat my heart in sic a flocht." . . *Burel.*

Pattle, or *pettle.* A small spade to clean the plough.

"I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
Wi' murdering pettle." . . *Burns.*

Paughty. Proud, haughty.

"And pauchtie pride rycht sair I do detest." *Scots Poems.*

Pauky. Cunning, sly.

"A pauky auld carle cam o'er the lea." *K. James V.*

Pay't. Paid, beat.

"He's easily payt that's payt wi' paiks." *Scots Proverb.*

Peat-reek. The smoke of burning turf, a b[illegible]r exhalation, whisky.

"Wi' gude peat-reek my head was light." . *Duff.*

Pech. To fetch the breath shortly, as in an asthma.

"Begood to pech and limp behind." . *Mayne.*

Pechan. The crop, the stomach.

"He puts in a bad purse that puts it in his pechan."
Scots Proverb.

Pechin. Respiring with difficulty.
"Hence homeward they post pechin wi' their spoil." *Davidson.*

Pennie. Riches.
"The pennie siller sends mae souls to Satan than the sword." . . . . *Scott.*

Pet. A domesticated sheep, &c. a favourite.
"The Deil's pet lambs lo'e Claverses lads." *Scots Saying.*

Pettle. To cherish.
"An' pettle ye up a dainty lamb." . *Scots Song.*

Philabeg. The kilt.
"Wi' his philabeg and tartan plaid." . *Scots Song.*

Phraise. Fair speeches, flattery, to flatter.
"They need na mak sae great a phraise." *Skinner.*

Phraisin. Flattering.
"The favorites o' the nine
Are aye right gude o' phraisen." . *Picken.*

Pibroch. A martial air.
"Heardst but the pibroch answering brave,
To many a target clanking round." . *Scott.*

Pickle. A small quantity, one grain of corn.
"O gin my love were a pickle o' wheat." *Scots Song.*

Pigmy-scraper. Little fidler; a term of contempt for a bad player.
"A pigmy-scraper wi' his fiddle." . . *Burns.*

Pint-stoup. A two-quart measure.
"Some can stan the sword better than the pint stoup." *Scots Proverb.*

Pine. Pain, uneasiness.
"In meikle dule and pine O." . . *Scots Song.*

Pingle. A small pan for warming children's sops.
"Ye want a pingle lassie weel and guid." *Scots Poem.*

Plack. An old Scotch coin, the third part of an English penny.
"He'll no mak his plack a bawbee." *Scots Proverb.*

Plackless. Pennyless, without money.
"The case is clear my pouch is plackless." *Tarras.*

Plaidie. Diminutive of plaid.
"Come under my plaidie and sit down beside me." *Macneill.*

Platie. Diminutive of plate.
"Whyles owre the wee bit cup and platie." *Burns.*

Plew, or *pleugh*. A plough.

"At mornin when frae pleugh or fauld I come." *Fergusson.*

Pliskie. A trick.

"Their lugs in onie rackless pliskie." . . *Nicol.*

Plumrose. Primrose.

"The plumrose and the snawdrap
Are the flowers that's dear to me." *Scots Song.*

Pock. A meal-bag.

"Then she took up the meal pocks,
And flang them owre the wa'." . *K. James V.*

Poind. To seize on cattle, or take the goods as the laws of Scotland allow, for rent, &c.

"To pryk and poynd bathe to and fra." *Wyntown.*

Poorteth. Poverty.

"But poortith Peggy is the warst of a'." *Ramsay.*

Posie. A nosegay, a garland.

"I'll tie this posie round wi' the silken bands o' love." *Burns.*

Pou, poud. To pull, pulled.

"When Samson poud to ground the great pillars." *Bl. Harry.*

Pouk. To pluck.

"And ay as they at the auld carlin plaid pouk." *Scots Song.*

Poussie. A hare or cat.

"And morning poussie whidding seen." . *Burns.*

Pouse. To pluck with the hand.

"Pride prinks her pow for the deil to pouss." *Scots Prov.*

Pout. A polt, a chick.

"O' woodcocks, teals, moor-powts, an' plivers." *Ramsay.*

Pou't. Did pull.

"Pride pou't at ae side an' vanity pout at the other."
Scots Saying.

Poutherey. Fiery, active.

"Mounted on a pouthery pownie." *Scots Saying.*

Pouthery. Like powder.

"The snaw has gien the hills a pouthering." *Scots Poem.*

Pow. The head, the skull.

"Abiet my pow was bald and bare." . *Ramsay.*

Pownie. A little horse, a pony.

"He'll gang mad on a horse wha's proud on a pownie."
Scots Saying.

Powther, or *pouther*. Gunpowder.

"And for the pouther I e'en changed it, as occasion served, for gin and brandy." . . *Scott.*

Preclair. Supereminent.

"More pleasand and preclair." . . *A. Scott.*

Preen. A pin.

"Thousands a year's no worth a preen." *Ramsay.*

Prent. Printing, print.

"That na prenter presume to prent onie books, balladis sangs." . . . . *Acts Marie.*

Prie. To taste; *prie'd*, tasted.

"That ye're awa', ae peacefu' meal to prie." *Fergusson.*

Prief. Proof.

"To preif thair horse with jauvelins in thair hands." *G. Doug.*

Prig. To cheapen, to dispute; *priggin*, cheapening.

"I thought by priggin that she might hae spun," &c. *Ferg.*

Primsie. Demure, precise.

"A primsie damsel maks a daidlen dame." *Scots Prov.*

Prepone. To lay down, to propose.

"The poet first proponing his intent." *G. Douglas.*

Pund, pund o' tow. Pound, pound weight of the refuse of flax.

"But a' that she cou'd mak o' it
Was ae puir pund o' tow." . . *Scots Song.*

Pyet. A magpie.

"Thair was pyats, and paitricks, and plivers anew." *Scots Poem.*

Pyle, a pyle o' caff. A single grain of chaff.

"The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' chaff in." . . *Burns.*

Pystle. Epistle.

"An' penn'd a pretty pistle." . *Scots Rhyme.*

Q.

Quat. Quit.

"Come quat the grup ye tinkler loon." *Scots Song.*

Quak. Quack, the cry of a duck.

"When wi' an eldritch stoor quak, quak." *Burns.*

Quech. A drinking cup made of wood with two handles.
"Never count the lawin wi' a toom quech." *Scots Prov.*

Quey. A cow from one to two years' old, a heifer.
"A cannie quey maks a sonsie cow." *Scots Prov.*

Quines. Queans.
"It will cost the quine a skirling." . *Scots Saying.*

Quakin. Quaking.
"Gude L—d but he was quakin." . . *Burns.*

R.

Ragweed. Herb-ragwort.
"As rank a witch as e'er rade on a ragweed." *Scots Saying.*

Raible. To rattle, nonsense.
"There's plenty o' raible whan drink's on the table."
Scots Saying.

Rair. To roar.
"Under thy feet the erd did rair and trymbill." *G. Douglas.*

Raize. To madden, to inflame.
"And she ran aff as raised as ony deer." . *Ross.*

Ramfeezled. Fatigued, overpowered.
"The tapetless ramfeezled hizzie." . . *Burns.*

Rampin'. Raging.
"The diel he heard the stour o' tongues,
And rampin' came amang us." . *Old Song.*

Ramstam. Thoughtless, forward.
"The least we'll get if we gang ramstam in upon them."
Scott.

Randie. A scolding sturdy beggar, a shrew.
"Was Rab the beggar randie." . *Old Song.*

Rantin'. Joyous.
"They ca' me the rantin' laddie." . *Old Song.*

Raploch. Properly a coarse cloth, but used for coarse.
"Thair clais quhilk wes of reploch grey." *Lyndsay.*

Rarely. Excellently, very well.
"The sun it raise and better raise,
And owre the hill lowed rarely." . *Old Song.*

Rash. A rush; *rash-buss*, a bush of rushes.
"Becaus the rasche-buss keipis his kow." *Lyndsay.*

Ratton. A rat.
"Thocht rattones ouer them rin, thay tak na care." *Lyndsay.*

Raucle. Rash, stout, fearless, reckless.
"O rakel hond to do so foule a mis." . *Chaucer.*

Raught. Reached.
"Swith swelleand that morsel raucht had sche." *G. Douglas.*

Raw. A row.
"He driuis forth the stampand hors on raw." *G. Douglas.*

Rax. To stretch.
"Begoud to rax and rift." . . *Ramsay.*

Ream. Cream, to cream.
"Without ream, sugar and bohea." . *Ramsay.*

Reamin'. Brimful, frothin'.
"He merely ressauis the remand tais." *G. Douglas.*

Reave. Take by force.
"To rieffe that crown that is a great outrage." *Bl. Harry.*

Rebute. To repulse, rebuke.
"That I rebutet was and doung abak." *G. Douglas.*

Reck. To heed.
"There's little to reck, quo' the knave to his neck."
Scots Saying.

Rede. Counsel, to counsel, to discourse.
"And for I think off him to rede." . *Barbour.*

Red-peats. Burning turfs.
"A toom tar-barrel and twa red peats." . *Burns.*

Red-wat-shod. Walking in blood over the shoe-tops.
"In tyrants' blood walked red wat shod." *Scots Poem.*

Red-wud. Stark mad.
"Some are only daft, but yere red-wud raving." *Scots Say.*

Ree. Half drunk, fuddled; *a ree yaud*, a wild horse.
"Ye love a' ye see like Rob Roole when he's ree." *Scots Say.*

Reek. Smoke.
"And the rek rais richt wonder fast." . *Barbour.*

Reekin' Smoking.
"Nae reekin' ha in fifty miles,
But naked corses sad to see." . *Scots Song.*

Reekit. Smoked, smoky.
"A reekit wee devil looked over the wa'." *Scots Song.*

Reestit. Stood restive; stunted, withered.

"It was a bogilly bit: the horse saw something, and snorted and reestit." . . *Scots Story.*

Remead. Remedy.

"All makes for the ruin of this isle, and I see yet no means to remied it." . . . *Baillie.*

Requite. Requited.

"A drap and a bite's a sma' requite." *Scots Saying.*

Restricked. Restricted.

Rew. To smile, look affectionately, tenderly.

"Rew on me true Thomas, she said." *Thomas the Rhymer.*

Rickles. Shocks of corn, stooks.

"A pickle's no mist in a rickle." . *Scots Saying.*

Riddle. Instrument for purifying corn.

"The dumb riddle, the coarse riddle, and the fine riddle." *Farmer's Inventory.*

Rief-randies. Men who take the property of others, accompanied by violence and rude words.

"Rief-randies I disown ye." . . *Burns.*

Rig. A ridge.

"Quhare thou thy riggis tells for to saw." *G. Douglas.*

Rin. To run, to melt: *rinnin'*, running.

"Whare will I get a bonnie boy
My errant for to rin." . . *Scots Ballad.*

Rink. The course of the stones, a term in curling on ice.

"Be this they wan near to the renkis end." *G. Douglas.*

Rip. A handful of unthreshed corn.

"Hae there's a rip to thy auld baggie." . *Burns.*

Ripples. Pains in the back and loins, sounds which usher in death.

"I rede ye beware of the ripples, young man." *Old Song.*

Ripplin-kame. Instrument for dressing flax.

"Lassie, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
An' I'll lend you my ripplin-kame." *Scots Song.*

Riskit. A noise like the tearing of roots.

"While spretty knowes just raired an' riskit." *Burns.*

Rockin'. A denomination for a friendly visit. In former times young women met with their distaffs during the winter evenings, to sing, and spin, and be merry; these were called "rockings."

Roke. Distaff.
"The roke and the wee pickle tow." . *Scots Song.*

Rood. Stands likewise for the plural, roods.

Roon. A shred, the selvage of woollen cloth.
"The best o' web is rough at the roons." *Scots Saying.*

Roose. To praise, to commend.
"Come view the men thou likes to roose." *Ramsay.*

Roun'. Round, in the circle of neighbourhood.
"The king lies doun, yet the warl rins roun."
Scots Saying.

Roupet. Hoarse, as with a cold.
"O may the roup ne'er roost thy weason." *Beattie.*

Row. To roll, to rap, to roll as water.
"Rowet at ains with stormes and windis thre." *G. Douglas.*

Row't. Rolled, wrapped.
"He has nae mair sense than a hen could haud in her rowed neeve." . . *Scots Saying.*

Rowte. To low, to bellow.
"Frae faulds na mair the owsen rowte." *Fergusson.*

Rowth. Plenty.
"I dinna want a rowth o' country fare." *Ramsay.*

Rowtin'. Lowing.
"Gies terrible routis and lowi's mony fald." *G. Douglas.*

Rozet. Rosin.
"Full of roset doun bet is the fir tree." *G. Douglas.*

Rumble-gumption. Rough common sense.
"Ye suld hae stayed at hame, and wantit a wife till ye got mair rumble-gumption." . . . *Hogg.*

Run-deils. Downright devils.
"Jock's a mislear'd imp, but ye're a run-deil."
Scots Saying.

Rung. A cudgel.
"Quhen rungys wes laid on riggis." . *K. James.*

Runt. The stem of colewort or cabbage.
"Bairns when ye're weary digging, ye can pou kale runts." . . . *Scots Saying.*

Runkled. Wrinkled.
"A moupin runkled granny." . *Ramsay*

Ruth. A woman's name, the book so called, sorrow.
"I'the book o' truth there's love and ruthe."
Scots Saying.

Ryke. Reach.
"Let me ryke up to dight that tear." . *Burns.*

S.

Sae. So.
"Sae thrang this day." . . *Fergusson.*

Saft. Soft.
"Saft ease shall teach you to forget." . *Old Song.*

Sair. To serve, a sore; *sairie*, sorrowful.
"He has a saw for a' sairs." . *Scots Proverb.*

Sairly. Sorely.
"Sairly boundin hard with bandes." . *G. Douglas.*

Sair't, Served.
"She sair't them up, she sair't them down." *Old Ballad.*

Sark. A shirt.
"Held on his sark, and tuk his suerd so gud." *Barbour.*

Sarkit. Provided in shirts.
"But here half mad, half fed, half sarkit." . *Burns.*

Saugh. Willow.
"He rules easier wi' a saugh wand than a sharp brand."
Scots Saying.

Saugh woodies. Withies, made of willows, now supplanted by ropes and chains.
"The sonks o' his yaud war tyed wi' saugh widdies."
Scots Story.

Saul. Soul.
"An lous the saul out of this mortall state." *G. Douglas.*

Saumont. Salmon.
"He kens nae a selgh frae a saumont. *Scots Proverb.*

Saunt, sauntet. Saint; to vanish.
"Ilka name has a saunt, save that auldest ane sinner."
Scots Proverb.

Saut. Salt.
"And get their tails weel sautit." . . *Fergusson.*

Saw. To sow.
"In fragil flesche your febill sede is saw." *Douglas.*

Sawin'. Sowing
"Hope is sawin while death is mawin." *Scots Proverb*

Sax Six.
"Sax score o' lambs I sauld them ilka clute." *Ramsay.*

Scaud. To scald.
"Ye had better get a scaud than a scouther." *Scots Prov.*

Scauld To scold.
"My Eppie's tongue I vow its sweet,
E'en though she flytes an' scaulds a wee." *Scots Song.*

Scaur. Apt to be scared; a precipitous bank of earth which the stream has washed red.
"That chafes against the scaur's red side." *Sir. W. Scott.*

Scawl. A scold.
"A things hae a hal' save the tongue o'a scaul." *Scots Proverb.*

Scone. A kind of bread.
"The floure skonnys were set in by and by." *Douglas.*

Sconner. A loathing, to loath.
"We sconner at most parts o' meat." *Cleland.*

Scraich and *Scriegh.* To scream, as a hen or partridge.
"It is time enough to screigh when ye're strucken" *Scots Proverb.*

Screed. To tear, a rent, *screeding*, tearing.
"Screeding of kerches crying dool and dair." *Ross.*

Scrieve, Scrieven. To glide softly, gleesomely along.
"And owre the hill gade scrieven." *Burns.*

Scrimp. To scant.
"There's Johnnie Trams has got a wife,
That scrimps him in his cogie." *Scots Song.*

Scrimpet. Scant, scanty.
"As scrimpt of manners as of sense and grace." *Ramsay.*

Scroggie. Covered with underwood, bushy.
"Amang the braes sae scroggie."

Scauldudrey. Fornication.
"Could sa'r scaldudrey out like John." *Ramsay.*

Seizin' Seizing.

Sel'. Self; *a body's sel'*, one's self alone.

"Sel'! Sel'! has peopled hell." *Scots Proverb.*

Sell't. Did sell.

"He sell't his saull for a cracket sixpence." *Scots Saying*

Sen'. To send.

"An' then she'll sen' ye to the deil." *Scots Song*

Servan.' Servant.

"Godliness is great gain, but sin keeps monie a servan," *Scots Saying.*

Settlin. Settling; *to get a settlin'*, to be frighted into quietness

"She gat a fearfu' settlin." - - - *Burns*

Sets, sets off Goes away.

Shachlet-feet Ill shaped

"Ye shape shoon by your ain shachlet feet." *Scots Proverb*

Shair'd. A shred, a shard.

"Ye're grown a skrinkie an' a shaird." *Scots Saying*

Shangan. A stick cleft at one end for pulling the tail of a dog, &c by way of mischief, or to frighten him away.

"Like collie wi' a shangan." . *Davidson*

Shank it Walk it; shanks, legs.

"Them that canna ride maun shank it." *Scots Saying*

Shaul Shallow.

"Shaul water's never smooth" *Scots Proverb*

Shaver. A humourous wag, a barber

"He was an unco shaver
For mony a day" . . *Burns.*

Shavie To do an ill turn

"I played my filly sic a shavie" *Burns*

Shaw. To shew; a small wood in a hollow place.

"Amang the shaws are nuts and haws." *Scots Rhyme.*

Sheep-shank. *To think one's self nae sheep shank*, to be conceited.

"He has gowd in the bank, an' he's nae sheep shank." *Scots Rhyme.*

Sherra-muir. Sherriff-Muir, the famous battle of, 1715.

"Sherra-Muir was but a cock-fight till't" *Scots Saying*

Sheugh. A ditch, a trench, a sluice.

"The ciete circulet, and markit be ane seuch [Sheugh.] *G. Douglas.*

Shiel-Shealing. A shepherd's cottage.
"Ten miles frae ony town this shealing lies." *Ross.*

Shill. Shrill.
"A miller's daughter has a' a shill voice." *Scots Prov.*

Shog. A shock, a push off at one side.
"Gien earth a shog, and made thy will a law." *Ramsay.*

Shoo. Ill to please, ill to fit.
"Then daughter ye should na be sae ill to shoo." *Old Song.*

Shool. A shovel.
"Let spades an' shools do what they may,
Dryfe will hae Dryfesdale Kirk away." *Old Rhyme.*

Shoon. Shoes.
"Where can I get a bonny boy
That will win hose and shoon." *Scots Ballad.*

Shore. To offer, to threaten.
"When she disna scaul she shores." *Scots Saying.*

Shor'd. Half offered and threatened.
"He shored the dog an' then he shot at it." *Scots Story.*

Shouther. The shoulder,
"Shouther to shouther stands steel an' pouther."
Scots Saying.

Shot. One traverse of the shuttle from side to side of the web.
"He has nae put in a single shot i' the wab this blessed day." *Scots Story.*

Sic. Such.
"Sic like a Robin Hood debates." *Fergusson.*

Sicker. Sure, steady.
"Out thourch his ribs a sicker straik he drew." *Barbour.*
"I mak sicker." *Motto of the Kirkpatrick Arms.*

Sidelins. Sideling slanting.
"For Nory's sake this sydeling hint he gae." *Ross.*

Silken-snood. A fillet of silk, a token of virginity.
"The lassie lost her silken snood,
Which cast her mony a blirt and bleary. *Scots Song.*

Siller. Silver, money, white.
"Her e'en were o' the siller sheen." *Fergusson.*

Simmer. Summer.
"O' simmer's showery blinks, and winter sour."
Fergusson.

Sin. A son.
"There's mirth 'mang the kin when the kimmer cries a sin." . . . *Scots Proverb.*

Sinsyne. Since then.
"Its no that lang sinsyne." - - *Scots Poem.*

Skaith. To damage, to injure, injury.
"And kisses laying a' the wyte
On you if she kep ony skaith." . . *Ramsay.*

Skeigh. Proud, nice, saucy, mettled.
"She's skiegh, but she winna skriegh." *Scots Saying.*

Skeigh. Shy, maiden coyness.
"She's no sae skeigh as she's skeigh-like." *Scots Prov.*

Skellum. A noisy, reckless fellow.
"She tauld thee weel thou wert a skellum." *Burns.*

Skelp. To strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step, a smart stroke.
"And laid on skelp for skelp." . *Lyndsay.*

Skelpi-limmer. A technical term in female scolding.
"Ye little skelpi limmer's face." . . *Burns.*

Skelpin, Skelpit. Striking, walking rapidly, literally striking the ground.
"I cam to a place where there had been some clean skelping." . . . *Scott.*
"A skelpit bottom breaks nae banes." *Scots Saying.*

Skinklin. Thin, gauzy, scaltery.
"Squire Pope but busks his skinklin-patches." *Burns.*

Skirling. Shrieking, crying.
"Sitting skirling on a cauld brae side." . *Scott.*

Skirl. To cry, to shriek shrilly.
"And skirl out bauld, in Norlan' speech." *Fergusson.*

Skirl't. Shrieked.
"I skirl't fu' loud, 'Oh! wae befa' thee.'" *Fergusson.*

Sklent. Slant, to run aslant, to deviate from truth.
"Of drawin' swords sklenting to and fra." *Douglas.*

Sklented. Ran, or hit, in an oblique direction.
"The draps sklented aff like rain from a wild duck's wing." *Scots Saying.*

Skouth. Vent, free action.
"The rain comes skouth when the win's i' the south. *Scots Saying.*

Skreigh A scream, to scream, the first cry uttered by a child.
"For what wad gar her skirl and skreigh some day" *Ramsay*

Skyte. A worthless fellow; to slide rapidly off.
"He's a selfish skyte that cares but for his kyte." *Scots Say*

Skyrin. Party coloured, the checks of the tartan.
"And a' the skyrin brins o' light." *Scots Poem*

Slae Sloe.
"Ane buss of bitter slaes" *Montgomery.*

Slade Did slide.
"The wife slade cannie to her bed." *Burns.*

Slap A gate, a breach in a fence.
"He's a sharp tyke that can catch at every slap" *Scots Prov.*

Slaw Slow
"The feet are slaw when the head wears snaw." *Scots Say*

Slee, sleest. Sly, slyest
"Or Fergusson the bauld and slee" *Burns.*

Sleekit. Sleek, sly.
"He's an auld farrant sleekit bodie." *Scots Story.*

Sliddery Slippery.
"He slaid and stammerit on the sliddry ground." *G. Douglas*

Slip-shod. Smooth shod.
"Slip shod's no for a frozen road." *Scots Saying*

Sloken. Quench, slake.
"To keep the life, but not to sloken thirst." *Hudson*

Slype. To fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough
"Its owre slape an' slype for me to haud the gripe"
Yorkshire Saying

Slypet-o'er. Fell over with a slow reluctant motion.
"Till spretty knowes just-raired and risket,
And slypet owre." *Burns.*

Sma' Small
"Though my fortune be but sma'" *Scots Song.*

Smeddum Dust, powder, mettle, sense, sagacity.
"Has forth o' sense an' smeddum in her." *Skinner*

Smiddy. A smithy.
"Sae I joined the smiddy thrang." *A. Scott.*

Smirking. Good-natured, winking.

Smoor, smoored. To smother, smothered.
"That his hie honour should not smure." *Lyndsay*

Smoutie. Smutty, obscene; *smoutie phiz*, sooty aspect.

"The smoutrie smith, the swart Vulcanus." *Eng. Poem.*

Smytrie. A numerous collection of small individuals.

"A smytrie o' wee duddie weans." . . *Burns.*

Snapper. Mistake.

"He's never out o' ae whipper-snapper till he's into anither"

Snash. Abuse, Billingsgate, impertinence.

"The 'tither says I'll hae't, an' that right snash" *Morison.*

Snaw Snow, to snow.

"He's ane o' Snaw-ba's bairntime." *Scots Saying*

Snaw-broo. Melted snow.

"The river, swelled wi' snaw-broo, was raging frae bank to brae." . . . *Scots Story.*

Snawie. Snowy.

"Her skin like snawy drift." . . . *Fergusson.*

Sned. To lop, to cut off.

"It is good that God snedde the unfruitful and rotten branches." . . . . . *Boyd.*

Sned-besoms. To cut brooms.

"But I'll sned besoms thraw-saugh woodies
Before they want." . *Burns*

Sneeshin. Snuff.

"Or else they are not worth a sneeshin" . *Meston.*

Sneeshin-mill A snuff box.

"And there his sneezing milne and box lyes"
Colvil's Mock Poem.

Snell and snelly. Bitter, biting; *snellest*, bitterest.

"[illegible]areas that sae snelly blaws." . *Fergusson.*

Snick-drawin[illegible] contriving.

"[illegible]en you, ye auld snic-drawing dog." *Burns*

Snick The latchet of a door.

"Fast lift the sneck, and say peace be here"
Scots Advice.

Snirt, snirtle. Concealed laughter, to breath through the nostrils in a displeased manner.

"Now let her snirt and fyke her fill." . *Ward.*

Snool. One whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak.

"Our dotard dads, snool'd wi' their wives." *Ramsay.*

Snoove. To go smoothly and constantly, to sneak.

"The naigs snoovèd awa', and the furrow fell owre like a ribbon." . . . . . *Scots Story.*

Snouk, snowkit. To scent or snuff as a dog, scented, snuffed.

"The drink and eke the offerings great and small,
Snokis and likis." . *Gaw. Douglas.*

Sodger. A soldier.

"On town guard sodgers' faces." . *Fergusson.*

Sonsie. Having sweet engaging looks, lucky, jolly.

"Sonsie and cantie and gansie." . . *Old Song.*

Soom. To swim.

"He'll swoom wi' the stream, gae contrair wha will."

Souk. To suck, to drink long and enduringly.

"And aye she took the 'tither sook
To drouck the stowrie tow." . *Scots Song.*

Souple. Flexible, swift.

Soupled. Suppled.

"As he rins he grows warm, an' as he grows warm he gets soupled, and then ye canna cast saut on his tail." *Scots Saying.*

"The eel, fu' souple wags her tail." . *Fergusson.*

Souther. To solder.

"Ye hae cowpit the southering pan, my lass." *Scots Song.*

Souter. A shoemaker.

"Up wi' the souters o' Selkirk." . . *Scots Song.*

Sowens. The fine flour remaining among the seeds of oatmeal made into an agreeable pudding.

"And sowens and farles and baps." . *Scots Song.*

Sowp. A spoonful, a small quantity of anything liquid.

"A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink." . *Burns.*

Sowth. To try over a tune with a low whistle.

"The soft sowth of the swyre and sound of the streams." *Dunbar.*

Spae. To prophesy, to divine.

"For thoch sho spayit the soith." . . *G. Douglas.*

Spails. Chips, splinters.

"Some stikkit thraw the coist with the spalis of tre." *Doug.*

Spaul. A limb.

"Auld Sathan claught him by the spaul." *Jac. Relics.*

Spairge. To clash, to soil, as with mire.
"Spairges about the brunstane cootie." . *Burns*

Spates. Sudden floods.
"The burne on spate hurls down the bank." *G Douglas*

Spavet Having the spavin.
"Ye winna men a spavist horse wi' a braw bridle." *S P.*

Speat A sweeping torrent after rain or thaw.
"Unguarded was the hallan gate,
And Whigs poured in like Nith in spate." *Jac. Relics.*

Speel To climb.
"I hope to speel a higher tree,
And herry a richer nest" *Scots Song*

Spence The parlour of a farm house or cottage
"Intil a spense where victual was plentye." *Henryson.*

Speer To ask, to enquire, *spiert*, inquired
"Whare do ye win, gin ane may spier" *Fergusson*

Spinnin-graith. Wheel and roke and lint.
"Then Meg took up the spinning-graith" *Burns*

Splatter To splutter, a splutter.
"There's an unco' splutter, quo' the sow in the gutter" *S. Say*

Spleughan A tobacco pouch
"Ilk chiel screwed up his dogskin spleuchan" *Davidson.*

Splore A frolic, noise, riot.
"We have had some bits o' splores thegither." *Scott.*

Sprachled Scrambled.
"Came spraughlin in a hurry out" . *Mactaggart*

Sprattle. To scramble
"And making a sprattle for your life." . *Scott.*

Spreckled. Spotted, speckled.
"The spreckled mavis greets your ear" *Fergusson*

Spring. A quick air in music, a Scottish reel.
"Playand on his harp of Trace sa pleasand springis" *Doug.*

Sprit, spret. A tough-rooted plant something like rushes, jointed-leaved rush.
"The ground is for the most part covered with sprit."
Highland Society

Sprittie Full of sprits.
"He was lying in a little green spretty hollow." *S. Story*

Spunk. Fire, mettle, wit, spark,
"Is nocht left in ane spunk." . . *Godly Songs.*

Spunkie. Mettlesome, fiery; will o' the wisp, or ignis fatuus, the devil.
"He'll get a leguakie that lippens to spunkie." *Scots Say.*

Spurtle. A stick used in making oatmeal pudding or porridge, a notable Scottish dish.
"Ane spurtle braid, and ane elwand." *Bannatyne Poems.*

Squad. A crew or party, a squadron.
"The same day the council ordered out a squad of the guards." . . . . *Wodrow.*

Squatter To flutter in water, as a wild duck, &c.
"Syne squaterit down into the sea." . *Lyndsay*

Squattle. To sprawl in the act of hiding.
"Swith in some beggars haffit squattle." . *Burns.*

Squeel. A scream, a screech, to scream.
"I trow he gaured the kimmers squeel." *Scots Song.*

Stacker. To stagger.
"Like a stirk stackarand in the rye." . *Dunbar*

Stack. A rick of corn, hay, peats
"A peat stack at the door to keep a ranting fire" *Old Song.*

Staggie. A stag.
"An' could hae flown like onie staggie." . *Burns*

Staig A two year old horse.
"Quhiles, thou stall staigs and stirks." *G. Douglas.*

Stalwart. Stately; strong.
"Now strong Gyane, now stalwart Cloantheus" *Douglas*

Stang. Sting, stung.
"In herrying o' a bee bike I hae got a stang." *Scots Song.*

Stan't. To stand, *stan't*, did stand.
"I canna stan't, I canna stan't; taking my siller is like taking my heart's blude." . *Scots Story*

Stane. A stone.
"Sum strack with stingis, sum gadderit stanes." *K. James.*

Stank. Did stink, a pool of standing water, slow moving water.
"And fand ane stank that flowit from ane well." *Doug.*

Stap. Stop, stave.
"I'll take a stap out o' your cog." . *Scots Saying.*

Stark. Stout, potent.
"Stark mighty wines and small wines." *Aberdeen Records.*

Startle. To run as cattle stung by the gadfly.
"That gars thee startle." . . . . *Burns.*

Staukin. Stalking, walking disdainfully, walking without an aim.
"He gangs staup staukin, and yet he's wide waking."

Staumrel. A blockhead, half-witted.
"A full staumrel is half a gomeral." *Scots Saying.*

Staw. Did steal, to surfeit.
"We'll staw'd wi' them, he'll never spier." *Fergusson.*

Stech. To cram the belly.
"His father stecht his fortune in his wame." *Ramsay.*

Stechin. Cramming.
"There's meat and drink, and sae stech yoursels well." *A Scotch Exhortation.*

Steek. To shut, a stitch.
"When thrasher John, sair dung, his barn-door steeks." *Fergusson.*

Steer. To molest, to stir.
"Steer her up and haud her gaun." *Scots Song.*

Steeve. Firm, compacted.
"As hot as ginger, and as steeve as steel." *Robertson.*

Stell. A still.
"Her nainsel does as gude as keep a sma' stell." *S. Story.*

Sten. To rear as a horse, to leap suddenly.
"My heart to my mou gied a sten." *Burns.*

Stravagin. Wandering without an aim.
"He has gi'en up a trade and ta'en to stravaugin." *Scots Saying.*

Stents. Tribute, dues of any kind.
"To tax and stent the hale inhabitants within the Parochin." *Acts James VI.*

Stey. Steep; *styest*, steepest.
"Set a stout heart to a stey brae." *Scots Proverb.*

Stibble. Stubble; *Stubble rig*, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.
"Shod i' the cradle and barefoot i' the stubble." *S. Prov.*

Stick-an'-stow. Totally, altogether.
"Which gin I gie you stick an' stow." *Sheriffs.*

Stilt-stilts. A crutch; to limp, to halt; poles for crossing a river.
"The Dunscore salt lairds stilt the Nith." *Scots Song.*

Stimpart. The eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
"Them that canna get a peck maun pit up wi' a stimpart." *Scots Saying.*

Stirk. A cow or bullock a year old.

"Bryttynt our stirkis and young beistis mony ane." *G. Doug.*

Stock. A plant of colewort, cabbages.

"A body's no broke while they hae a green kale-stock." *Scots Proverb.*

Stockin'. Stocking; throwing the stockin' when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it falls on is the next that will be married.

Stook, Stooked. A shock of corn, made into shocks.

"And when its a' cut I'll stook it wi' pleasure." *Galloway.*

Stot. A young bull or ox.

"Semin young stottis, that yoik bare neuir nane." *Doug.*

Stound. Sudden pang of the heart.

"So tyl hys heart stoundis the pryk of death." *G. Doug.*

Stoup, or *Stowp.* A kind of high narrow jug or dish with a handle, for holding liquids.

"Freyr Robert sayd, dame, fill ane stoup of ale." *Dunbar.*

Stowre. Dust; more particularly dust in motion; *stowrie,* dusty.

"The strang stowre raise like reek amang them fast." *Blind Harry.*

Stownlins. By stealth.

"And stownlins when there was na thinking." *Nicol.*

Stown. Stolen.

"Aft tymis gear tynt or stowin is getten agane be conjurers." *Hamilton.*

Stoyte. The walking of a drunken man.

"He gies mony a stoyte, but never a tumble." *S. Say.*

Strack. Did strike.

"He had the same sword in keeping that strak the field o' Flodden. . . . . . . *Pitscottie.*

Strae. Straw; *to die a fair strae death,* to die in bed.

"And out he drew his gude brown sword
And straket it on the strae." . . . *Old Ballad.*

Straik. To stroke; *straiket,* stroked.

"That straykes thir wenches hedis them to please." *G. Doug.*

Strappen. Tall, handsome, vigorous.

"The English minister proposed to hire a band of strapping Elliotts." . . . . . *Scott.*

Strath. Low alluvial land, a holm.

"A strath is a flat piece of arable land lying along the side or sides of some capital river." . *Burt.*

Straught. Straight.

"Hand of woman or of man either will never straught him." *Scott.*

Streek. Stretched, to stretch.

"Nane o't she wyled but forward on did streck." *Ross.*

Striddle To straddle.

"Lads like to striddle to the soun' o' the fiddle." *Scots Rhyme.*

Stroan. To spout, to piss.

"An' streaned on stanes and hillocks wi' him." *Burns.*

Stroup. The spout.

"O haste ye an' come to our gate en'
And sowther the stroup o' my lady's pan."

Studdie. The anvil.

"Item, three iron studdies and ane cruke studdie" *Inventory.*

Stumpie. Diminitive of stump; a grub pen.

"And down gade stumpie in the ink." . *Burns.*

Strunt. Spirituous liquor of any kind, to walk sturdily, to be affronted.

"Gif ony wayward lassie tak' the strunt." *Scots Poem.*

Stuff. Corn or pulse of any kind.

"And snodly cleaned the stuff." . . . *Tarras.*

Sturt. Trouble, to molest.

"To sturt them on the streme fra hand to hand." *Doug.*

Startin. Frighted.

"When death lifts the curtain its time to be startin'." *Scots Proverb.*

Styme. A glimmer.

"Suppose thou sees her not a styme." *Montgomery.*

Sucker Sugar.

"An' just a wee drap spiritual burnin'
And gusty sucker." . . . *Burns.*

Sud. Should.

"That you sud musing gae." . . *Fergusson.*

Sugh. The continued rushing noise of wind or water.

"Cald blaws the nippin' north wi' angry sugh." *Ferg.*

Sumph A pluckless fellow, with little heart or soul
"Surveys the self made sumph in proper light" *Ramsay*

Suthron Southern, an old name of the English
"A southern there he slew at every stroke" *B Harry*

Swaird Sword.
"Yere a fine swaird quo the fole to the wheat braird" *Scots Saying.*

Swall'd Swelled
"Its a world's pity to see how these rings are pinching the poor creature's swalled fingers" *Scott*

Swank Stately jolly
"Mair hardy, souple, steeve and swank" *Fergusson.*

Swankie or *Swanker* A tight strapping young fellow or girl
"At een in the gloamin'
Nae swankies are roamin'" *Scots Song.*

Swap An exchange, to barter,
"I trou we swappit for the warse" *Old Song*

Swarfed Swooned
"The scene dumfoundered the wretch, and swarfed him sae that he could not utter a word" *Mactaggart*

Swat Did sweat
"They swat like ponies when they speel
Up braes or when they gallop" *Ramsay*

Swatch A sample
"A swatch—a pattern, or piece for a sample" *Sinclair*

Swats Drink, good ale, new ale or wort
"Nor kept dow'd tip within her wana
But reamin' swats" *Ramsay*

Sweer Lazy, averse, dead-sweer, extremely averse
"Deferred hopes needna make me dead sweer" *Rutherford.*

Swoor Swore, did swear

Swinge To beat, to whip
"Swynget and faught fall sturdeley" *Barbour*

Swinke. To labour hard
"To swinke and sweat withouten meat or wage" *Henrysone.*

Swirlie. Knaggy, full of knots.
"He taks a swirlie auld moss aik,
For some black gruesome carlin" *Burns.*

Swirl. A curve, an eddying blast or pool, a knot in wood
"The swelland swirl uphaist us to heaven." *Douglas*

Swith. Get away.
"Swith roast a hen an' fry some chickens." *Ramsay*

Swither To hesitate in choice, an irresolute wavering in choice
"Sae there's nae time to swidder 'bout the thing" *Ross*

Sybow A thick-necked onion.
"Wi' sybows, an' rifarts, and carlins." *Scots Song*

Syne Since, ago, then
"The meal was dear short syne." *Scots Song*

T.

Tackets Broad headed nails for the heels of shoes
"Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets." *Burns*

Tae A toe, *three-taed*, having three prongs.
"Owre mony masters quo' the toad to the harrows when every tae gied him a tig." *Scott.*

Tak To take, *takin*, taking.
"They tak te horse then by the head." *Scots Song*

Tangle A sea weed, used as salad
"Scraped haddocks, wilks, dulse, and tangle" *Scots Song*

Tap The top
"I'll tak my tap in my lap and rin." *Scott*

Tapetless Heedless, foolish
"That she grew tabetless and swarft therewith" *Ross*

Targe *Targe them tightly*, cross question them severely

Tarrow To murmur at one's allowance.
"A tarrowing bairn was never fat" *Scots Proverb*

Tarry-breeks, A sailor.
"Tarry breeks are toom when tartan trews are fou" *S Prov*

Tassie. A small measure for liquor
"Here's my Jean's health in the siller lipt tassie." *Scots Song*

Tauld, or *tald.* Told.
"I trow anither tale she tauld" . . *Scots Song*

Taupie A foolish, thoughtless young person.
"Porrige," quoth Hab, "ye senseless taupie." *Ramsay*

Tautit, or *Tautie.* Matted together (spoken of hair and wool)
"He had an ill fawr't tautie face" . *Tannahill*

Tawie. That allows itself peaceably to be handled (spoken of a cow, horse, &c.)

"He fund when a fiel' he was tawie an' tame." *Picken.*

Teat. A small quantity.

"And we'll get teats o' woo." . *Scots Song.*

Teethless bawtie. Toothless cur.

"When our dog Bawtie barks, fast to the door I rin." *S. Song.*

Teethless gab. A mouth wanting the teeth, an expression of scorn.

"While ae gab's teething anither's growing teethless." *S. Prov.*

Ten-hours-bite. A slight feed to the horse while in the yoke in the forenoon.

"Or dealing through amang the naigs,
Their ten-hours bite" . . *Burns.*

Tent. A field pulpit, heed, caution; to take heed.

"Dawnus, son Turnus, in the ayate tak tent." *G. Douglas.*

Tentie Heedful, cautious.

"Be wyse and tentie in thy governing." *Maitland Poems*

Tentless. Heedless, careless.

"She that fa's owre a strae 's a tentless taupie."
Scots Proverb.

Teugh. Tough.

"Wi' aureate leuis, and flexibil twistis teuch." *Douglas.*

Thack. Thatch; *thack an' rape*, clothing and necessaries.

"Some grathis first the thak and rufe of tree." *Douglas.*

Thae. These.

Thairms. Small guts, fiddle strings.

"He that has a wide thairm has never a lang arm."

"For while I kittle hair on thairms." . *Burns.*

Thankit Thanked.

"He first said bethankit an' syne he drank it." *S. Prov.*

Thekkit. Thatch'd.

"With lede the south yle thekyd alsua." *Wyntown.*

Thegither. Together.

"Gin we be seen thegither in the mirk." *Ross.*

Themsel' Themselves.

"Them that tent nae themsel' will tent nae body else."
Scots Proverb.

Thick. Intimate, familiar.

"Nae twa were ever seen mair thick." *Davidson.*

Thigger Crowding, make a noise a seeker of alms
"Thiggers are those who beg in a genteel way" *Mactaggart*

Thir These
"To thir twa wardanys athis swar" *Barbour*

Thirl To thrill
"An elbuck dirle will lang play thirl" *Scots Proverb*

Thirled Thrilled, vibrated
Thro' ilka limb an' lisk the terror thirled" *Ross*

Thole To suffer, to endure
"Quhat danger is he suld thole on land and see" *Doug*

Thowe A thaw, to thaw
"Dighted his face, his handies thow'd *G Douglas*

Thowless Slack, lazy
"He was thowless and had in wown" *Wyntown*

Thrang Throng busy, a crowd
"A thoughtless bodies aye thrang" *Scots Proverb*

Thrapple Throat, windpipe
"Till thropil and wesand gade in two" . *Barbour*

Thraw To sprain, to twist, to contradict
"Thraw the wand while it's green" *Scots Proverb*

Thrawin' Twisting, &c
"Alecto hir thrawin visage did away" *G Douglas*

Thrawn Sprained, twisted, contradicted, contradiction
"Thraw the widdie whan the wood's green" *Scots Prov*

Threap To maintain by dint of assertion.
"'Bout once threap when he and I fell out' *Ross*

Threshin'. Thrashing; *threshin'-tree*, a flail

Threteen Thirteen.

Thrissle Thistle
"Bot thrissil, nettil, brier, and thornt" *Lyndsay*

Through To go on with, to make out
"Hey ca' through ca' through" . *Scots Song*

Throuther Pell mell, confusedly (through-ither)
"And sae throwither warpled were that she" *Ross*

Thrum Sound of a spinning wheel in motion, the thread remaining at the end of a web.
"He's no a gude weaver that leaves lang thrums" *S Prov*

Thud To make a loud intermittent noise
" Throw cluds so, he thuds so " *Montgomery*

Thummart Foumart, pole cat.
" May the foumart lay his crawin " *Scots Song*

Thumpit Thumped
" When pulpit thumpers did express " *Maston*

Thysel Thyself
" Mind thysel' —the warld will mind the lave " *Scots Prov*

Till t To it
" Till t they gade ye see on a braw simmer morning " *S ill*

Timmer Timber
" Timmeris for helmis war the tane " *Barbour*

Tyne To lose *tint*, lost
" Micht he do ocht bot tyne him as it was " *Bl Harry*

Tinkler A tinker
" It canna be warse that s no worth a tinkler s curse " *S Prov*

Tip A ram
" Young Colin plodded wi' his strayed tips " *Davidson*

Tippence Two pence money
" Wae to him that lippens to others for tippence " *S Pro*

Tirl To make a slight noise, to uncover
" When the wind blaws loud and tirls our stra " *S Song*

Tirlin, tirlet Uncovering
" And aff his coat they tirlet by the croun " *S Poem*

Tither The other
" An' the tae fat boutcher fryed the tither *Jac Relics*

Tittle To whisper, to prate idly
" My old and great acquaintances at the court of France tittled in the Queen s ear " *Melvil*

Tittlin Whispering
" Here sits a raw o' tittlin jades " *Burns*

Tocher Marriage portion, *tocher bands*, marriage bonds
" She need na mind a clochar wha has a rich tocher "
Scots Proverb

Tod A fox " *Tod i' the fauld* " fox in the fold
" Birds hes their nests and tods hes thair den " *Lyndsay*

Toddle To totter, like the walk of a child, *todlen-dow*, toddling dove
" Todling burns that smoothly play " *Ferguson*

Too-fa'. "Too fa' o' the nicht," when twilight darkens into night; a building added, a lean to
"The to fallis twa war made but were." *Wyntoun.*

Toom. Empty
"Of toom dominion on the plenteous main" *Ramsay.*

Toomed. Emptied.
"And as they shot the saddles toomed, toomed." *S Story*

Toop A ram.
"My poor toop lamb, my son an' heir" *Burns.*

Tost A toast
"An a forbye my bonnie sel',
The toss o' Ecclefechan"

Tone Warm and ruddy with warmth, good-looking, intoxicating
"And brought them wealth of meat and tosie drink" *Hamilton*

Toun A hamlet, a farm house.
"Will ye ca' in by our toun, as ye gae to the faul" *S Song*

Tout The blast of a horn or trumpet, to blow a horn or trumpet
"O lady I heard a wee horn tout" *Old Ballad.*

Touzles, touzling. Romping, ruffling the clothes.
"Whilk touzles a' their tap, and gars them shak wi' fear." *Fergusson.*

Tow. A rope
"His towes I find hae been sae fine" *Scots Poem*

Towmond A twelvemonth
"To this towmond I'se indent" *Ramsay.*

Touzie Rough, shaggy.
"He's an auld tawtie touzie beast." *Scots Song*

Toy A very old fashion of female head-dress.
"My grannie's joy is her grannie's toy." *Scots Saying*

Toyte To totter like old age
"He's auld and feckless, an' a' he dow do is to toyte about." *Scots Song*

Trams. *Barrow trams*, the handles of a barrow.
"We'll bether it wi' a barrow tram." *Dunbar.*

Transmugrified. Transmigrated, metamorphosed.
"It has undergone a great transmogrification" *Galt.*

Trashtrie. Trash, rubbish.
"Wi' sauce, ragouts an' sic like trashtrie." *Burns.*

Trickie. Full of tricks.

"A trickie chap's easiest tricket." . *Scots Saying*

Trig. Spruce, neat.

"Full taicht and trig socht blet and to their dammes" *Douglas.*

Trimly. Cleverly, excellently, in a seemly manner.

"An trimly other tryme conceits" . *Scots Poem.*

Trinle, trintle. The wheel of a barrow, to roll.

"An' my auld mither burnt the trinle." . *Burns.*

Trinklin. Trickling.

"Lyke to the trinklin black stemes of pik" *G. Doug.*

Troggers, troggin'. Wandering merchants, goods to truck or dispose of.

"The second are those called troggers who carry on a species of traffic." . . . . *Sinclair.*

Trow To believe, to trust to.

"And gif that ye will trow to me." . . *Barbour*

Trowth. Truth, a petty oath.

"And trowth had in swylk fantasie." . *Wyntoun.*

Trysts. Appointments, love meetings, cattle shows.

"Was at that tryste that ilke day." . *Wyntown.*

Tumbler-wheels. The wheels of a kind of low cart

"She can digest the wheels o' tumbler cars like Willie Stalker's mare." . . . . *Scots Saying.*

Tug. Raw hide, of which in old time plough traces were frequently made

Tug or tow. Either in leather or rope.

"As e'er in tug or tow was traced." . . *Burns.*

Tulzie. A quarrel, to quarrel, to fight.

"Sevin' sum that the tulzie maid." . *K. James.*

Twa. Two, *twa-fuld,* two fold.

"They made a partiou 'tween them twa." *K. James* [illegible]

Twa-three A few.

"In twa-three words I'll gie ye my opinion." *S Poem*

'Twad It would [illegible]

Twal. Twelve; *twal pennie worth,* a small quantity, a penny worth.—N B. One penny English is 12d. Scotch.

"In twal year throw his douchty dede." . *Barbour.*

Twa fauld. Two fold.

"He's laid him twa fauld owre his steed." *Scots [illegible] Ballad.*

Twin To part.
"He'll no twin wi' his gear." *Old Ballad*

Twistle Twisting, the art of making a rope
"I'll twistle yere thrapple in a jiffy." *Scots Story*

Tyke A dog
"Thocht he dow not to leid a tyk" *Dunbar*

Tysday Tuesday
"Saw ye ought o' the rinaway bride
Should been married on tysday teen" *Scots Song*

U.

Unback'd filly A young mare hitherto unsaddled.
"But take it like the unbacked filly,
Proud o' her speed." *Burns*

Unco Strange, uncouth, very, very great, prodigious
"Ye've lain in an unco bed, and wi' an unco man" *Scots Song*

Uncos News
"Sae tells the uncos that ye've heard or seen" *Morison*

Unfauld. Unfold
"The news grow cauld that slow tongues unfauld" *S Prov*

Unkenn'd Unknown
"An unkenn'd sea has ay an unkenn'd shore" *S Prov*

Unsicker Uncertain, wavering, unsecure
"Unsicker unstable, quo' the wave to the cable" *S Prov*

Unskaithed Undamaged, unhurt

Upo' Upon

V.

Vap'rin. Vapouring.
"In wrath she was sae vaprin." *Burns*

Vauntie Joyous, delight which cannot contain itself
"'Tis daffin to be vaunty" *Old Song*

Vera. Very
"Other fowk are well faured, but ye're no sae vera." *Scots Saying*

Virl. A ring round a column, &c
" Of plumb-tree made, with ivory virl round." *Ramsay.*

Vogie Vain.
" And vogie that I ca' my ain." *Ross*

W.

Wa' Wall, *wa's*, walls
" The lady looked over the castle wa',
Cried wha maks a' this din ?" *Scots Ballad*

Wabster A weaver
" Find me ane Wabster that is leill " *Lyndsay*

Wad Would, to bet, a bet, a pledge

Wadna Would not.
" What writer wadna gang as far as
He could for bread " *Fergusson*

Wadset Land on which money is lent, a mortgage
" An' what's his lairdship, a mere wadset no worth redeeming "

Wae Woe, *waefu*, sorrowful, wailing
" It was wae-days wi' Charlie " *Scots Song*

Waefu' woodie Hangman's rope
" But wearly-fa' the waefu' woodie " *Burns.*

Waesucks ! *Wae's me !* Alas ! O the pity !
' Some that hae least to dree are loudest wi' waes me !' *Scots Proverb*

Wa' flower Wall-flower
" Ye may fin the smell o' the wa' flower for three miles
frae the abbey tap when the win's in the west "
Scots Story

Waft Woof, the cross thread that goes from the shuttle through the web
" True love's the waft o' life, but it whiles comes through
a sorrowfu' shuttle " *Scots Saying*

Waifs an' crocks Stray sheep and old ewes, past breeding
" And sittin down like sarye crokkis " *Dunbar*

Wair. To lay out, to expend
" Wi' ten pund Scots, on sarkin to ware " *Scots Song*

Wale. Choice, to choose
" The wale o' our lasses is moorland Meg " *Scots Song.*

Wal'd Chose, chosen.

"She her man like a lammie led,
Hame wi' a weill waled wordie." . *Ramsay*

Walie Ample, large, jolly, also an exclamation of distress

"O waly, waly up the bank." *Scots Song.*

Wame. The belly.

"A rotten sod across his wame." . *Hogg.*

Wamefu' A belly full.

"Let ne'er a wamefu' be a missing." . *A. Scott.*

Wanchansie. Unlucky.

"Wi' creels wanchancie heap'd wi' bread." *Fergusson.*

Wanrest, Wanrestfu'. Restless, Unrestfull.

"Quo' she, I wis I could your wanrest ken." *Ross*

Wark. Work.

"Rise early to their wark" . *Fergusson*

Wark-lume. A tool to work with

"An' cause she soon that wark-lume quit." *Scots Poem.*

Warld's worm. A miser.

"Some ca' him Haud the-grip, and ithers the Warld's
worm." . . . *Scots Story.*

Warle, or *Warld.* World

"Its ill to quarrel wi' a misrid warl"

Warlock A wizard; *Warlock Knowe,* a knoll, where warlocks once held trysts.

"Ye'll neither die for ye're wit, nor be drowned for a
warlock." . . *Scots Proverb.*

Warldy. Worldly, eager in amassing wealth.

"The warldly race may riches chase" . *Burns.*

Warran'. A warrant, to warrant.

"Indeed, quo' she, I'se warran." *Scots Song*

Warsle. Wrestle.

"Quha with this warld dois warsell and stryfe." *Dunbar*

Warsl'd, or *Warsl'led.* Wrestled.

"Weve foughten teugh and warsled sair." *Scots Song.*

Wastrie. Prodigality.

"A house in a hastrie is downright wastrie." *S. Prov.*

Wat Wet *I wat—I wot—* I know.

"After their yokin—I wat weel." . *Fergusson.*

Wat A man's upper dress, a sort of mantle.
"To make a wat to Johnnie o't." *Burns*

Water brose Brose made of meal and water simply, without the addition of milk, butter, &c.
"Them that likes na water brose will scunner at cauld steerie." *Scots Proverb*

Wattle A twig—a wand.
"He cut a wand and gae her a wattlin." *Scots Song*

Wauble To swing—to reel.
"He's grown sae wauf he scarce can wauble." *Scots Saying*

Waukin Waking—watching.
"Yet weel I like to meet her
At the waukin o' the fauld." *Ramsay*

Waukit Thickened as fullers do cloth.
"Done, quo Pate, and syne his erles
Nailed the dyster's waukit loof." *A. Wilson*

Waukrife Not apt to sleep.
"Thou art a gay and a kindlie quean,
But thou hast a waukrife minnie." *Scots Song*

Waur Worse—to worst.
"And what the waur am I?" *Old Song*

Waur't Worsted.
"Wad aiblins waur't thee at a brattle." *Burns*

Wean A child.
"Ilka year a dainty wean." *Motherwell*

Weary widdle Toilsome contest of life.
"This warl's a widdle, as weel as a riddle." *Scots Prov.*

Weason. Weasand—windpipe.
"Weet your weason, or else it will gezon." *Scots Say.*

Weaven' the stockings To knit stockings.
"To ca' the crack an' weave our stockin." *Burns*

Weeder-clips Instrument for removing weeds.
"I turned the weeder clips aside." *Burns.*

Wee. Little: *wee things*, little ones; *wee bit*—a small matter.
"Oh! wee, wee man, but ye be strang." *Scots Ballad*

Weel Well; *weelfare*, welfare.
"They're weel guidet that God guides." *Scots Proverb*

Weet Rain—wetness, to wet.
"Logan water's wide and deep,
And I am laith to weet my feet." *Scots Song.*

We'se We shall.
"We'se a' be fu' when the corns i' the mow." *Scot's Song.*

Wha Who.
"Ye wha hae sung o' Hallow fair." *Fergusson.*

Wheazle To wheeze.
"Ye fuff and wheazle like a hunted weasel." *Scots Pro.*

Whalpit Whelped.

Whang A leathern thong—a piece of cheese, bread, &c.
"Cut frae the new cheese a whang." *James V.*

Whare Where. *Whare'er*—wherever.
"Whare will our gudeman lie?" *Scots Song.*

Wheep To fly nimbly—to jerk. penny wheep—small beer.
"He hated penny wheep and water." *Scots Rhyme.*

Whase, wha's Whose—who is.
"Wha's killed forby me?" *Scots Exclamation.*

What reck Nevertheless.
"And yet what reck he at Quebec." *Burns.*

Whid The motion of a hare running, but not frightened—a lie.
"He'll tell you a whid about what he's bid." *Scots Say.*

Whidden Running as a hare, or coney.
"The linnet's flittin frae cowe to cowe,
The hare is whiddin frae knowe to knowe." *Scots Song.*

Whigmeleeries Whims—fancies—crotchets.

Whilk Which.
"Than whilk I trow." *Fergusson.*

Whingin' Crying—complaining—fretting.
"Fears are pingin and sorrows aye whingin." *Scots Sayin.*

Whirligigums Useless ornaments—trifling appendages.
The capitals which surmount the columns on the new bridge of Ayr.

Whissle A whistle—to whistle.
"The shrill sound of a thin sword blade in the act of striking."

Whisht Silence, *to hold one's whisht*—to be silent.
"Whisht gude wife—is this a day to be singing your ranting fule sangs in." *Scott.*

Whisk, whisket. To sweep—to lash.

"He whisket it across my lips I trow
Which makes them baith sae mealy." *Scots Song.*

Whiskin' beard. A beard like the whiskers of a cat.

"A whiskin beard about her mou'." *Burns.*

Whisted. Lashed. The motion of a horse's tail removing flies.

Whitter. A hearty draught of liquor.

"He's na flitter while the cog yields a whitter." *Scot's Song.*

Whittle. A knife.

"Pits ilk chiel whittle i' the pye." *Ferguson.*

Whunstane. A whinstone.

"Be to the poor like onie whunstane." *Burns.*

Wi'. With.

"How's a' wi' my sonsie lammie." *Scots Song.*

Wick. To strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling.

"[illegible] *[illegible]*

Widdiefu'. Twisted like a withe—one who merits hanging.

"[illegible]" *[illegible]*

Wiel. A small whirlpool.

"[illegible] she will drown me." *Old Ballad.*

Wifie, wifikie. A diminutive or endearing name for wife.

"There was a wee bit wifickie was comin' frae the fair." *[illegible]*

Wight. Stout—enduring.

"A nobell knight
Stout and manly, bauld and wight." *Wyntoun.*

Wilyart glen. A bewildered [illegible] glen.

"[illegible]
[illegible]" *Burel.*

Wimplin'. [illegible] meandered, to enfold.

"[illegible] and busket in ane bludy bend." *G. Douglas.*

Wimplin. Waving, meandering.

"Where wimpling waters make their way." *Ramsay.*

Win. To wind—to winnow.

"A weel win corn, should be housed ere the morn." *Scots Proverb.*

Winnin' thread. Putting thread into hanks.

"Prudence should be winning when thrift is spinning." *Scots Saying.*

Win't. Winded as a bottom of yarn.

Win'. Wind.

"O, is there water in your glove,
Or win' into your shoe." . . *Old Ballad.*

Win. Live.

"Where do ye win, gin ane may speer." . *Fergusson.*

Winna. Will not.

"In troth I winna steer ye." . . *Scots Song.*

Winnock. A window.

"May gain a place in Fame's high winnock." *Tannahill.*

Winsome. Hearty—vaunted—gay.

"Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow." *Hamilton.*

Wintle. A staggering motion—to stagger—to reel.

"He'll wintle in a widdie as sure as I'm i' the body."
Scots Saying.

Wiss. To wish,

"There was nae need o' her to wis to pit me daft." *Galt.*

Withouten. Without.

Wizened. Hide-bound—dried—shrunk.

"He's wizened, but gere geisond." That is, he is dry, but you are dryer.

Winze. A curse, or imprecation.

"He loot a winze and drew a straik." . *Burns.*

Wonner. A wonder—a contemptuous appellation.

"Some are unlo'esome enough, but ye're a warls wonner."

Woo'. Wool.

"Simmer it is coming in an we'll get teats o'woo."
Scots Song.

Woo. To court—to make love to.

"Wooing at her, puin at her." . . *Scots Song.*

Widdie. A rope—more properly one of withs or willows.

"He was missed by the water but caught by the widdie."
Scots Prov.

Woer-bobs. The garter knitted below the knee with a couple of loops.

Wordy. Worthy.

"He's weel wordy o'er her, or the best o' a her kin." *Scots Song.*

Worset. Worsted.

"Her braw new worset apron." . . . *Burns.*

Wrack. To teaze—to vex

"I'll teaze him an' wrack him until I heart break him." *Burns.*

Wud. Wild—mad—*wud-mad*—distracted

"Ance wud, and aye waur." . . . *Scots Prov.*

Wumble. A wimble.

"To do sic a darke is like boring wi' a fipless wumble." *Scots Saying.*

Wraith. A spirit—a ghost—an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death; also wrath.

"And in her sleep loud wraith in every place." *Douglas.*

Wrang. Wrong—to wrong.

"With rycht or wrang it hav wald thae." . *Barbour.*

Wreeth. A drifted heap of snow.

"Anes she lay a week or langer,
Underneath a wreeth o' snaw." .. . *Skinner.*

Wyliecoat. A flannel vest.

"The bride in wylie coat sae braw,
Sat on her nether en." . . *Ramsay.*

Wyte. Blame—to blame.

"Had I the wyte she bade me." . . *Scots Song.*

Y.

Ye. This pronoun is frequently used for thou.

Yearns. Longs much.

"He's aye in a yearn, yearn or a girn, girn." *Scots Say.*

Yeelings. Born in the same year—coevals.

"Near eeldins wi' the sun your God." . *Ramsay.*

Year. Is used both for singular and plural years.

Yell. Barren—that gives no milk.

"A yell sow was never gude to grices." *Scots Prov.*

Yerk. To lash—to jerk

"If I canna sew, quoth Wat, I can yerk." . *Scott.*

Yerket. Jerked—lashed,

"Their skins are gayley yerkit," . . *Ramsay.*

Yestreen. Yesternight.

"Yestreen I saw the new moon
Wi' the auld moon in her arm." . *Scots Ballad.*

Yett A gate

"Thai wist not weill at what yett he ingaid." *Bl. Harry.*

Yeuk's Itches

"I'll gar ye scart where it disna yeuk." *Scots Say.*

Yill Ale

"Aye blithely, sir, an' drink his health too, when the yill's gude." *Scott.*

Yird, yirded Earth—earthed—buried

"Into great pitts earded were." *Barbour.*

Yokin Yoking

"Or haud the yokin' o' a plough." *Tr. Relics.*

Yont, ayont Beyond

"The auld wife ayont the fire." *Herd.*

Yirr Lively

"You yirr and yowl, you bark but dare na bite." *Scots Sayings.*

Yow An ewe

"And ane black yowe to God of tempests fell." *Douglas.*

Yowie Diminutive of Yowe

"The ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Sic a ewie ne'er was born." *Skinner.*

Yule Christmas

"And held his yhule in Aberdeen." *Wynton.*

APPENDIX.

[The following poems form part of a vast number of verses written at various periods and in various moods in memory of Burns: too few perhaps are selected; but to admit all would be to print a volume.]

ON THE DEATH OF BURNS.

BY

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

REAR high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy shelter'd valleys proudly spread,
And SCOTIA, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red;
But ah! what poet now shall tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he, the sweetest bard is dead
That ever breath'd the soothing strain?

As green thy towering pines may grow,
As clear thy streams may speed along,
As bright thy summer suns may glow,
As gaily charm thy feathery throng;
But now, unheeded is the song,
And dull and lifeless all around,
For his wild harp lies all unstrung,
And cold the hand that wak'd its sound.

What tho' thy vigorous offspring rise,
In arts, in arms, thy sons excel;
Tho' beauty in thy daughters' eyes,
And health in every feature dwell;
Yet who shall now their praises tell,
In strains impassion'd, fond and free,
Since he no more the song shall swell
To love, and liberty, and thee?

With step-dame eye and frown severe
His hapless youth why didst thou view?
For all thy joys to him were dear,
And all his vows to thee were due:
Nor greater bliss his bosom knew,
In opening youth's delightful prime,
Than when thy favoring ear he drew
To listen to his chaunted rhyme.

Thy lonely wastes and frowning skies
To him were all with rapture fraught;
He heard with joy the tempest rise
That wak'd him to sublimer thought.
And oft thy winding dells he sought,
Where wild flowers pour'd their rathe perfume,
And with sincere devotion brought
To thee the summer's earliest bloom.

But ah! no fond paternal smile
His unprotected youth enjoy'd;
His limbs inur'd to early toil,
His days with early hardships tried:
And more to mark the gloomy void,
And bid him feel his misery,
Before his infant eyes would glide
Day-dreams of immortality.

Yet, not by cold neglect depress'd,
With sinewy arm he turn'd the soil,
Sunk with the evening sun to rest,
And met at morn his earliest smile.
Wak'd by his rustic pipe, meanwhile
The powers of fancy came along,
And sooth'd his lengthen'd hours of toil
With native wit and sprightly song.

—Ah! days of bliss, too swiftly fled,
When vigorous health from labour springs,
And bland contentment smooths the bed,
And sleep his ready opiate brings;
And hovering round on airy wings
Float the light forms of young desire,
That of unutterable things
The soft and shadowy hope inspire.

Now spells of mightier power prepare,
Bid brighter phantoms round him dance;
Let flattery spread her viewless snare,
And fame attract his vagrant glance:
Let sprightly pleasure too advance,
Unveil'd her eyes, unclasp'd her zone,
'Till lost in love's delirious trance
He scorn the joys his youth has known.

Let friendship pour her brightest blaze,
  Expanding all the bloom of soul;
And mirth concenter all her rays,
  And point them from the sparkling bowl;
And let the careless moments roll
  In social pleasures unconfin'd,
And confidence that spurns control
  Unlock the inmost springs of mind:

And lead his steps those bowers among,
  Where elegance with splendor vies,
Or science bids her favor'd throng
  To more refin'd sensations rise:
Beyond the peasant's humbler joys,
  And freed from each laborious strife,
There let him learn the bliss to prize
  That waits the sons of polish'd life.

Then whilst his throbbing veins beat high
  With every impulse of delight,
Dash from his lips the cup of joy,
  And shroud the scene in shades of night;
And let despair, with wizard light,
  Disclose the yawning gulf below,
And pour incessant on his sight
  Her specter'd ills and shapes of woe:

And shew beneath a cheerless shed,
  With sorrowing heart and streaming eyes,
In silent grief where droops her head,
  The partner of his early joys;
And let his infant's tender cries
  His fond parental succour claim,
And bid him hear in agonies
  A husband's and a father's name.

'Tis done, the powerful charm succeeds;
His high reluctant spirit bends;
In bitterness of soul he bleeds,
Nor longer with his fate contends
An idiot laugh the welkin rends
As genius thus degraded lies;
'Till pitying Heaven the veil extends
That shrouds the Poet's ardent eyes.

—Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy shelter'd valleys proudly spread,
And Scotia, pour thy thousand rills
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red;
But never more shall poet tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he the sweetest bard is dead
That ever breath'd the soothing strain.

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

BY EDWARD RUSHTON.

Poor, wildly sweet uncultur'd flow'r,
Thou lowliest of the Muse's bow'r,
"Stern ruin's ploughshare, 'mang the stowre,
"Has crush'd thy stem,"
And sorrowing verse shall mark the hour,
"Thou bonnie gem."

'Neath the green turf, dear Nature's child,
Sublime, pathetic, artless, wild,
Of all thy quips and cranks despoil'd,
Cold dost thou lie!
And many a youth and maiden mild
Shall o'er thee sigh!

Those pow'rs that eagle-wing'd could soar,
That heart which ne'er was cold before,
That tongue which caus'd the table roar,
Are now laid low,
And Scotia's sons shall hear no more
Thy rapt'rous flow.

Warm'd with "a spark o' Nature's fire,"
From the rough plough thou did'st aspire
To make a sordid world admire;
And few like thee,
Oh! Burns, have swept she minstrel's lyre
With ecstasy.

Ere winter's icy vapours fail,
The violet in the uncultur'd dale,
So sweetly scents the passing gale,
That shepherd boys,
Led by the fragrance they inhale,
Soon find their prize.

So when to life's chill glens confin'd,
Thy rich, tho' rough untutor'd mind,
Pour'd on the sense of each rude hind
Such sonsy lays,
That to thy brow was soon assign'd
The wreath of praise.

Anon, with nobler daring blest,
The wild notes throbbing in thy breast,
Of friends, wealth, learning unpossess'd,
Thy fervid mind
Tow'rds fame's proud turrets boldly press'd,
And pleas'd mankind.

But what avail'd thy pow'rs to please,
When want approach'd and pale disease;
Could these thy infant brood appease
That wail'd for bread?
Or could they, for a moment, ease
Thy wo-worn head?

Applause, poor child of minstrelsy,
Was all the world e'er gave to thee;
Unmov'd, by pinching penury
They saw thee torn,
And now, kind souls! with sympathy,
Thy loss they mourn.

Oh! how I loath the bloated train,
Who oft had heard thy dulcet strain;
Yet, when thy frame was rack'd with pain,
Could keep aloof,
And eye with opulent disdain
Thy lowly roof.

Yes, proud Dumfries, oh! would to Heaven
Thou had'st from that cold spot been driven,
Thou might'st have found some shelt'ring haven
On this side Tweed:—
Yet, ah! e'en here, poor bards have striven,
And died in need.

True genius scorns to flatter knaves,
Or crouch amidst a race of slaves;
His soul, while fierce the tempest raves,
No tremor knows,
And with unshaken nerve he braves
Life's pelting woes.

No wonder, then, that thou shouldst find
Th' averted glance of half mankind:
Shouldst see the sly, slow, supple mind
To wealth aspire,
While scorn, neglect, and want combin'd
To quench thy fire.

While wintry winds pipe loud and strong,
The high-perch'd storm-cock pours his song;
So thy Eolian lyre was strung
'Midst chilling times;
Yet clearly didst thou roll along
Thy "routh of rhymes."

And oh! that routh of rhymes shall raise
For thee a lasting pile of praise.
Haply some wing, in these our days,
Has loftier soar'd :
But from the heart more melting lays
Were never pour'd.

Where Ganges rolls his yellow tide,
Where blest Columbus' waters glide!
Old Scotia's sons, spread far and wide,
Shall oft rehearse,
With sorrow some, but all with pride,
Thy 'witching verse.

In early spring, thy earthly bed
Shall be with many a wild flow'r spread ;
The violet there her sweets shall shed,
In humble guise,
And there the mountain-daisy's head
Shall duly rise.

While darkness reigns, should bigotry,
With boiling blood, and bended knee,
Scatter the weeds of infamy
O'er thy cold clay,
Those weeds, at light's first blush, shall be
Soon swept away.

And when thy scorners are no more,
The lonely glens, and sea-beat shore,
Where thou hast croon'd thy fancies o'er
With soul elate,
Oft shall the bard at eve explore,
And mourn thy fate.

ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF BURNS.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Mid crowded obelisks and urns
I sought the untimely grave of Burns:
Sons of the bard, my heart still mourns
With sorrow true;
And more would grieve, but that it turns
Trembling to you!

Through twilight shades of good and ill
Ye now are panting up life's hill,
And more than common strength and skill
Must ye display,
If ye would give the better will
Its lawful sway.

Hath nature strung your nerves to bear
Intemperance with less harm, beware!
But if the poet's wit ye share,
Like him can speed
The social hour—for tenfold care
There will be need.

Even honest men delight will take
To spare your failings for his sake,

Will flatter you,—and fool and rake
Your steps pursue;
And of your father's name will make
A snare for you.

Far from their noisy haunts retire,
And add your voices to the quire,
That sanctify the cottage fire
With service meet;
There seek the genius of your sire,
His spirit greet.

Or where mid "lonely heights and hows"
He paid to nature tuneful vows;
Or wiped his honourable brows,
Bedewed with toil,
While reapers strove, or busy ploughs
Upturned the soil.

His judgment with benignant ray
Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way;
But ne'er to a seductive lay
Let faith be given;
Nor deem that "light which leads astray
Is light from heaven."

Let no mean hope your souls enslave;
Be independent, generous, brave;
Your father such example gave,
And such revere;
But be admonished by his grave,
And think and fear!

1803.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS,

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Soul of the Poet! wheresoe'er,
Reclaimed from earth, thy genius plume
Her wings of immortality,
Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,
And with thine influence illume
The gladness of our jubilee.

And fly like fiends from secret spell,
Discord and strife at Burns's name,
Exorcised by his memory;
For he was chief of bards that swell
The heart with songs of social flame
And high delicious revelry.

And love's own strain to him was given
To warble all its extacies
With Pythian words, unsought, unwilled
Love, the surviving gift of heaven,
The choicest sweet of paradise
In life's else bitter cup distilled.

Who that has melted o'er his lay
To Mary's soul in heaven above,
But pictured sees, in fancy strong,
The landscape and the livelong day
That smiled upon their mutual love,—
Who that has felt forgets the song?

Nor skilled one flame above to fan
His country's high-souled peasantry;
What patriot pride he taught;—how much
To weigh the inborn worth of man!
And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Him in his clay-built cot the muse
Entranced, and showed him all the forms
Of fairy-light and wizard gloom,
(That only gifted poet views)
The genii of the floods and storms,
And martial shades from glory's tomb.

On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse
The swain whom Burns's song inspires?
Beat not his Caledonian veins
As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,
With all the spirit of his sires,
And all their scorn of death and chains?

And see the Scottish exile, tanned
By many a far and foreign clime,
Bend o'er his home-born verse and weep,
In memory of his native land,
With love that scorns the lapse of time,
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

Encamped by Indian rivers wild,
The soldier resting on his arms,
In Burns's carol sweet recalls
The scenes that blest him when a child,
And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls.

O deem not, midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the poet brings;
Let high philosophy controul,
And sages calm the stream of life;
'Tis he refines its fountain springs,
The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the muse that consecrates
The native banner of the brave,
Unfurling at the trumpet's breath
Rose, thistle, harp—'tis she elates
To sweep the field or ride the wave,
A sunburst in the storm of death.

And thou, young hero, when thy pall
Is crossed with mournful sword and plume,
When public grief begins to fade,
And only tears of kindred fall,
Who but the bard shall dress thy tomb,
And greet with fame thy gallant shade?

Such was the soldier;—Burns, forgive
That sorrows of mine own intrude
In strains to thy great memory due:
In verse like thine, oh! could he live
The friend I mourned, the brave, the good,
Edward* that died at Waterloo!

* Major Edward Hodge, of the 7th Hussars, who fell at the head of his squadron in the attack on the Polish lancers.

Farewell, high chief of Scottish song,
That couldst alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong,
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage.

Farewell! and ne'er may envy dare
To wing one baleful poison drop
From the crushed laurels of thy bust;
But while the lark sings sweet in air,
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop
To bless the spot that holds thy dust.

TO A FRIEND

Who had declared his intention of writing no mor Poetry,

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Dear Charles, whilst yet thou wert a babe, I ween
That genius plunged thee in that wizard fount
Hight Castalie: and (sureties of thy faith)
That Pity and Simplicity stood by,
And promised for thee, that thou shouldst renounce
The world's low cares, and lying vanities,
Steadfast and rooted in the heavenly muse,
And washed and sanctified to poesy.
Yes—thou wert plunged, but with forgetful hand
Held, as by Thetis erst her warrior son;
And with those recreant unbaptized heels
Thou'rt flying from thy bounden ministries—
So sore it seems and burthensome a task
To weave unwithering flowers. Is thy Burns dead?
Thy Burns, and nature's own beloved bard,
Who to the "Illustrious* of his native land

* Verbatim from Burns' dedication of his poems to the nobility and gentry of the Caledonian Hunt.

So properly did look for patronage."
Ghost of Mecænas! hide thy blushing face!
They snatched him from the sickle and the plough
To gauge ale firkins.
Oh! for shame return!
On a bleak rock mid-way the Aonian mount,
There stands a lone and melancholy tree,
Whose aged branches to the midnight blast
Make solemn music: pluck its darkest bough
Ere yet the unwholesome night-dew be enhaled,
And weeping wreath it round thy poet's tomb.
Then in the outskirts, where pollutions grow,
Pick the rank henbane, and the dusky flowers
Of night-shade, or its red and tempting fruit;
These, with stopped nostril and glove-guarded hand,
Knit in nice intertexture, so to twine
The illustrious brow of Scotch nobility.

1796.

BURNS.

BY F. G. HALLECK.

The memory of Burns—a name
  That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
A nation's glory and her shame,
  In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory—be the rest
  Forgot—she's canonized his mind;
And it is joy to speak the best
  We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage-bed
  Where the bard-peasant first drew breath,
A straw-thatched roof above his head,
  A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
  His monument—that tells to heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle
  To that bard-peasant given.

There have been loftier themes than his,
  And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with poesy's
  Purer and holier fires.

Yet read the names that know not death—
Few nobler ones than Burns are there,
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek.

And his, that music to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne," is sung!

Pure hopes that lift the soul above,
Come with the cotter's hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry are there,
And death's sublimity.

Praise to the bard! his words are driven,
  Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er beneath the sky of heaven
  The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! a nation stood
  Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
  As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
  Men stand his cold-earth couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
  To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
  The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
  Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
  Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
  The Meccas of the mind.

Sages with wisdom's garland wreathed,
  Crowned kings and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
  The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
  Is lit by fortune's dimmer star,
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,
  From countries near and far;

Pilgrims whose wandering feet have pressed
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,
My own green forest land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth,
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries,
The poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns,
Were there not graven on the heart,
The name of Robert Burns?

ON BURNS.

BY ANDREW MERCER.

The lark that builds the lowest nest
  Soars on the highest wing;
She mounts aloft with dewy breast,
  And hails the opening spring.

In ambient heaven her course is bright,
  Wild carolling on high;
Remote, beyond the reach of sight;
  Her voice is melody.

Burns! like the lark, thy home was low,
  Like her thy song was sweet;
The daisy on the mountain's brow
  Was not more "neighbour meet."

h

In rustic numbers warbling wild,
  Thine were the sweetest strains
That ever in the lowly field
  Delighted Scottish swains.

They will delight from age to age,
  And wide thy glory spread;
As the wise sayings of the sage
  Seem wiser when he's dead.

Tho' here thy course was but a span,
  And early sunk in gloom,
Thine immortality began,
  And dated from the tomb.

Like as the bird that fable sings
  From ashes grows anew,
And soars on still more vigorous wings,
  And far more glorious hue.

So, Burns, until the end of time,
  Thy fame shall still abound!
In voice unborn, in untried clime,
  Thy song shall yet resound.

SONNET TO THE SHADE OF BURNS,

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Mute is thy wild harp now, O, bard sublime!
  Who, amid Scotia's mountain solitude,
Great nature taught to build the lofty rhyme,
  And even beneath the daily pressure rude
  Of labouring poverty, thy generous blood
  Fired with the love of freedom. Not subdued
Wert thou by thy low fortune; but a time,
Like this we live in, when the abject clime
  Of echoing parasite is best approved,
Was not for thee. Indignantly is fled
  Thy noble spirit; and, no longer mov'd
By all the ills o'er which thine heart has bled,
Associate worthy of the illustrious dead,
  Enjoys with them the liberty it loved.

ON BURNS'S ANNIVERSARY,

BY HUGH AINSLIE.

We meet not here to honour one
  To gear or grandeur born,
Nor one whose bloodiness of soul
  Hath crowns and kingdoms torn.

No, tho' he'd honours higher far
  Than lordly things have known,
His titles spring not from a prince,
  His honour from a throne.

Nor needs the bard of Coila, arts
  His honour to prolong,
No flattery to gild his fame;
  No record but his song.

O! while old Scotia hath sons
  Can feel his social mirth,
So long shall worth and honesty
  Have brothers upon earth.

So long as lovers, with his song,
  Can spurn at shining dust,
So long hath faithful woman's breast
  A bosom she may trust.

And while his independent strain
  Can make one spirit glow,
So long shall freedom have a friend,
  And tyranny a foe!

Here's to the social, honest man,
  Auld Scotland's boast and pride!
And here's to Freedom's worshippers
  Of every tongue and tribe.

And here's to them, this night, that meet
  Out o'er the social bowl,
To raise to Coila's darling son
  A monument of soul.

What heart hath ever matched his flame?
  What spirit matched his fire?
Peace to the prince of Scottish song,
  Lord of the bosom's lyre!

LINES

For the Dumfries Anniversary, Commemorative of

ROBERT BURNS.

MRS. G. G. RICHARDSON.

Where Scotia's minstrel pour'd along
His noontide waves of gushing song,
Vigorous and free, as fringed sweep
Of ocean billows o'er the deep ;—
Where flowed his last, his requiem strains,
And where his honoured dust remains.
Pilgrims from many lands have come
To view and moralize—his tomb ;
They gaze on that pale marble show
Of ardent life with awe and woe,—
That seems to stand in mockery there.
A sentinel o'er a plundered shrine !

A dial severed from the sun!
Till the soul's deeper homage done,
Breaks forth the tributary line.
As echo answers to the air,
Cold, cold and rocky though she be;
His chiselled rest hath often rung
With notes by deepest feelings strung!
And not the less the spell prevailed,
That sculpture's triumph here hath failed.
As well a marble sun might warm,
As mortal art pourtray the fire
The glow, the intellectual charm,
That halo'd round that *living lyre.*
The soul-less form, the frigid stone,
Say eloquently—he is gone!—
But blame not sculpture's bounded power,
That reaches but life's scentless flower!
And oh! for memories need we turn
To the cold artificial urn;
While yet remain the sun, the sky,
The stream that waked his minstrelsy?
The daisy, or the harebell blue,
Each simplest flower that sips the dew;
Beneath his touch a wreath would bow,
Worthy to bind Apollo's brow.
He struck a war-note—Valour heard,
And made his song her gath'ring word!
And Love, the tyrant of his own,
In other's breasts a purer tone,
A holier tenderer breath respires,
For listening to his Doric wires.
Go to his "Cotter's Hearth," and read
The beauty of his nation's creed!

See Piety, in simplest vest
(To eye, and ear, and soul addrest,)
Plead for the inspir'd artist who
Her reverend form so chastely drew;
No altar-piece in Bigot lands,
A deeper, holier thrill commands!
Oh! give his errors to the dust,
And be to perilous genius just.
That "ark which bravely through the waves,
Of deluge-time earth's spices saves!"
Into what distant lands have gone
The hearts his song e'er breath'd upon,
Nor carried with them warmer love
  Of kindred, country, and of home?
By Mississippi's, Ganges' stream,
  In fancy Scotia's sons will roam
Nith's, Devon's banks, nor idly dream!
The moon that lights on foreign plain
Her exil'd soldier, on the main
Her wand'ring sailor hears his lays,
That bring sweet thoughts of early days;
(As dews to drooping leaves arrive
Their fading freshness to revive;)
Oft caroll'd in that social hour,
And patriot passion owns their power.
For gifted was our master-hand
To tune the hearts of every land;
His voice could sweeter utterance give
  To nature's universal tone;
To latest time his name shall live,
  For nature's harp was all his own.
Flow verse for ever o'er his tomb!
  No other song with his may vie;

But he who mark'd the daisy's bloom,
Though plum'd to range the empyrean high,
And lov'd the linnet's lowly lay,—
Ne'er scorned the faintliest—shed perfume
That nature's worshippers would pay,
If but the incense flow'd sincere,
And oh, such worshippers are here.

[From a second series of poems—a beautiful volume—just published by Mrs. Richardson, of Langholme.]

VERSES

Written on a blank leaf of Currie's Life of Burns.

By T. H.—Dunfermline.

I came, the minstrel on the hills was singing,
 The happiest swain in mountain Caledon;
For in him was a joy—fount ever springing
 Which none could poison, save himself; and none
Could quench, save death! As yet without alloy
It welled in rapture in the Minstrel Boy.

I came again—Ah! he was quickly changing!
 No more would he upon the manna live
Of his own heaven—but through the desert ranging
 For raptures which his soul alone could give,
He lost the jewel of eternal joy:—
He was no more the happy Minstrel Boy.

I came again.—His heart so free, so warm,
 Was breaking in the thrall of woe intense;
And his Æolian soul, which once could charm
 The tempest that swept o'er it into strains
Of wildest joy was now itself unstrung,
And to the blast its chords in madness flung.

I came again—The morning beams were sleeping
  Upon a grave—The gifted and the young
Lay there—the scented mountain flowers were weeping
  Their tears of dew upon its sward, and sung
The lark a requiem o'er the silent bed
Of him—the free—the mighty soul'd—the dead!

Oh! had the tithe of monumental offering,
  Which wealth and rank have on his memory rolled,
Been poured upon the living, and the suffering,
  E'er yet the twelfth hour of his fate had tolled,
How changed had been his tale, so bright, so brief!
He had not filled his grave.—nor I this leaf.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF BURNS.

By David Vedder.

When Januar winds were ravin' wil',
O'er a' the districts o' our isle;
There was a callant born in Kyle,
An' he was christened Robin.
Oh Robin was a dainty lad,
Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin;
It made the gossips unco glad,
To hear the cheep o' Robin.

That ne'er to be forgotten morn,
When Coila's darling son was born;
Auld Scotland on her stock an' horn,
Play'd "welcome hame" to Robin.
And Robin was the blythest loon,
Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin,
That ever sang beneath the moon,
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

The Muses round his cradle hung,
The Graces wat his infant tongue,
And independence, wi' a rung,
Cried, "Red the gate for Robin."
For Robin's soul-arousing tones,
Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin,
Gart tyrants tremble on their thrones;
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

Then let's devote this night to mirth,
And celebrate our poet's birth,
While Freedom preaches in the earth,
She'll tak her text frae Robin.
Oh Robin's magic notes shall ring,
Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin;
While rivers run, and flowrets spring,
Huzza! huzza! for Robin.

DUNDEE.

GENERAL INDEX

TO

THE POEMS,

IN THE ALPHABETICAL ORDER OF THE FIRST LINES.

A.

H.

I.

K.

L.

P.

R.

S.

T.

U.

W.

GENERAL INDEX

TO

THE SONGS,

IN THE ALPHABETICAL ORDER OF THE FIRST LINES.

A.

C.

D.

H.

J.

L.

M.

N.

O.

T.

U.

W.

Y.

THE END.

W. NICOL, 51, PALL-MALL.

